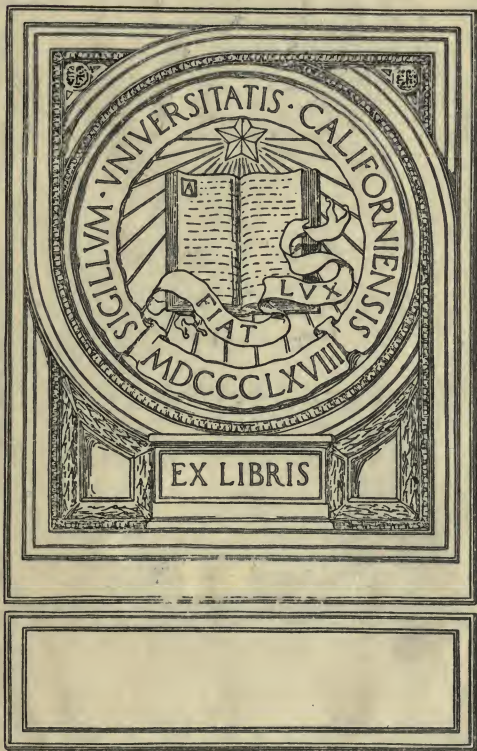


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HISTORICAL SKETCHES  
OF THE  
ANGLING LITERATURE  
OF  
ALL NATIONS.

By ROBERT BLAKEY,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND, &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Bibliography of English Writers on Angling.

LONDON:  
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, 36, SOHO SQUARE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE published these miscellaneous materials respecting Fish and Fishing, from a desire to place in every Angler's hand something like a general historical sketch of the "gentle art," and of the sayings and doings about it, for many bygone centuries. I conceive it will prove of interest to all true Piscatorians. Whatever imperfections, either of commission or omission, which the volume may display, will, I trust, receive some degree of critical indulgence from the fact that this is the first attempt, as far as my knowledge extends, of any thing of the kind in any language whatever.

I beg to mention that, for the Bibliography of Angling Literature, at the end of my volume, I am indebted to the indefatigable Publisher.

*July, 1855.*



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# HISTORY OF ANGLING LITERATURE.

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## CHAPTER I.

On the Angling Literature of the Ancients, and on matters connected with Fish in general, from the earliest times to the Christian Era.

THERE have been many odd notions and quaint fancies on the origin of angling. Some of the middle age writers imagined that Seth was the first who handled a rod and fixed a hook upon a line, and that he taught his family the gentle art with great minuteness and success. Angling, like everything else, having been once fairly established as a pursuit of human life and amusement, was subsequently handed down by tradition to posterity; and, during particular epochs, it might possibly be engraved, in common with music and other arts, upon large stone pillars, which would survive the havoc of time, and the universal deluge. Whether there be any truth in these dim traditions, certain it is, that angling of some sort can be traced to a very remote period in the history of the

human family. In the days of Moses, we find that the Israelites ate freely of fish, which were served up with cucumbers, as salmon is at present. This is related of them in their sojourn in the land of Egypt, and is mentioned in the eleventh chapter of the book of Numbers.

In other books of Scripture we find mention is made of angling; in Job, Amos, Isaiah, and Habakkuk. Bishop Lowth, in his *Isaiah*, translates the prophetic description of the destruction of Egypt in these terms:—

“ And the fishes shall mourn and lament ;  
 All those that cast the hook in the river,  
 And those that spread nets on the surface of the waters  
 shall languish.  
 And they that work the fine flax shall be confounded,  
 And they that weave net-work ;  
 And her stores shall be broken up ;  
 Even all that make a gain of pools of fish.”

It is likewise recorded of Solomon that “ he spake of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and *of fishes*.”

In the Mosaic Law (Lev. ii, 9-12), the species of fish permitted to be used for food are distinguished by having scales and fins; while those without scales were held to be unclean, and therefore not useable. The knowledge of the different kinds of fish among the Jews was comparatively limited. They had in their sojourn in Egypt partaken of those of the Nile; then of those found in the Lake of Tiberias, and in the tributaries of the

Jordan ; and likewise of the different species which were caught in the Orontes, and the Euphrates. The chief portion, however, of the fish used for food in Judea, came from the Mediterranean ; and we have the authority of Nehemiah (xiii, 16) for the statement that Phœnicians of Tyre lived at Jerusalem, who dealt exclusively in fish.

In the Remains from Nineveh, there is a bas-relief of the Fish-God (Khorsabad). Mr Layard says, "In a bas-relief from Khorsabad representing a naval engagement, or the siege of a city on the sea-coast, we have the god nearly as described by Berossus. To the body of a man as far as the waist is joined the tail of a fish. The three-horned cap, surmounted by a flower in the form of a fleur-de-lis, as worn by the winged figures of the bas-reliefs, marks the sacred character. The right hand is raised as in the representations of the winged deity in the circle. This figure is in the sea amongst fish and marine animals"<sup>1</sup>

The Fish-god of the Assyrians combined the human shape with that of the fish. "The head of the fish," says Mr. Layard, "formed a mitre above that of the man ; while its scaly back and fan-like tail fell as a cloak behind, leaving the human feet and limbs exposed." . . . . "We can scarcely hesitate to identify this mythic form from the Oannes or sacred Man-fish, who, according to the traditions preserved by Berossus, issued from the Erythræan Sea, instructed the Chaldeans in all wisdom, in

<sup>1</sup> Nineveh, vol. ii, 466.

the sciences, and in the fine arts, and was afterwards worshipped as a god in the temples of Babylonia. Its body, says the historian, was that of a fish, *but under the head of a fish was that of a man*, and to its tail were joined women's feet. Five such monsters rose from the Persian Gulf at fabulous intervals of time. It is conjectured that this myth denotes the conquest of Chaldea at some remote and prehistoric period, by a comparatively civilized nation, coming in ships to the mouth of the Euphrates." The Dagon of the Philistines and of the inhabitants of the Phœnician coast was worshipped, according to the united opinion of the Hebrew commentators of the Bible, under the same form. When the ark of the Lord was brought into the great temple of the idol at Ashdod, and the statue fell a second time, "the head of Dagon, and the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the *fishy part* of Dagon was left to him" (1 Sam. v, 4). His worship appears to have extended over Syria, as well as Mesopotamia and Chaldea. He had many temples, as we learn from the Bible, in the country of the Philistines; and it was probably under the ruins of one of them that Samson buried the people of Gaza, who had "gathered together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice!"<sup>2</sup>

Angling must have been followed in the East, from the earliest times, much in the same fashion as at present.

<sup>2</sup> See also, *Types of Mankind, or Ethnological Researches, &c. &c.* London, 1854.

We find figures of persons angling painted on Egyptian tombs, and even on the walls of Herculaneum. Wilkinson states, in his book on Egypt, that anglers in that country adopted a ground-bait, without any float; and that it does not appear that they had ever devised any process similar to our present system of artificial fly-fishing, which is an art still unknown to the modern Egyptians. The ancient hooks of that country were made of bronze. The use of fish-spears was likewise general, as appears from many of the antique paintings of Egyptian origin. The spear consisted of a long and stout pole, terminating in two long and fine prongs, single barbed, and one of them longer than the other. These instruments seem to have been employed by the fishers as they gently floated down the waters in their boats.

Fishing was an amusement in which the Egyptians particularly delighted; and not contented with the abundance afforded by the Nile, they constructed within their grounds spacious sluices or ponds for fish, like the Vivaria of the Romans, where they fed them for the table, and where they amused themselves by angling, and the dexterous use of the *bident*.

These favourite occupations were not confined to young persons, nor thought unworthy of men of serious habits; and an Egyptian of consequence is frequently represented in the sculptures catching fish in a canal or lake with the line, or spearing them, as they glided past the bank. Sometimes the angler posted himself in a shady spot at

the water's edge, and having ordered his servants to spread a mat upon the ground, he sat upon it, as he threw the line; and some with higher notions of comfort, used a chair for the same purpose. The rod used was short, and apparently of one piece; the line usually single, though instances occur of a double line, each furnished with its own hook, which, judging from those commonly found, was of bronze.

The fishermen, who, it may be observed, composed one of the sub-divisions of the Egyptian casts, and who gained their livelihood by fishing, generally used nets in preference to lines, but on some occasions they employed the latter, seated or standing on the bank. It is, however, probable, that these were people who could not afford the expense of nets; and the use of the line is generally confined, in like manner, at the present day, to the poorer classes, who depend upon skill or good fortune, for their subsistence.

In all cases they adopted a ground bait (as is still the custom in Egypt) without any float; and though several winged insects are represented in the paintings hovering over the water, it does not appear that they ever put them to the hook, and still less that they had devised any method similar to our artificial fly-fishing; which is, as just noticed, still unknown to the Egyptians, though the fish of the Nile are occasionally seen to rise at insects on the water's surface.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Wilkinson's Egypt.

The most favourite mode of fishing, among the Egyptians, who took a pleasure in it, and prided themselves on their skill in the art, was with the bident spear. The anglers stood on the banks of a canal or river, but generally used a punt or boat made of papyrus, in which they glided smoothly over the waters, within their own grounds, without disturbing the fish as they lay beneath the broad leaves of the lotus plant. The custom of angling for amusement, and spearing with the bident, was considered peculiar to the aristocratic portion of the community; the poorer classes contenting themselves with the use of the net and hook.<sup>4</sup>

Herodotus writes on Fish and Fisheries, and tells us that a large sum was annually produced by the fisheries of the Lake Mœris. "During six months," says he, "the water of the river flows into it, and during the remaining half of the year it returns from the lake into the Nile. At this time, while the waters are retiring, the profits derived from the fisheries, and paid daily into the royal treasury, amount to a talent of silver; and during the other six months, when the water flows from the Nile into the lake, the profits do not exceed twenty minæ," or about £64. 12s. of our money. He likewise tells us, that this Mœris, from whom the Lake derived its name, and who was supposed to have constructed the canal, had arranged the sluices for the introduction of the water, and established everything connected with

<sup>4</sup> Strabo, lib. 17.

it; he also assigned the sum, equal to £193. 15s. of English money, annually derived from this source, as a dowry to the queen, for the purchase of jewels, ointments, and other objects connected with her Majesty's toilet.<sup>5</sup>

In the hieratic papyri certain fish are mentioned as brought from the Puharuta, or Euphrates, to Egypt (*Select Papyri*, pl. 75, l. 7); and another fish or fishy substance called "Rura," as coming from the land of the great waters of Mesopotamia. (*Ibid.* pl. 96.)

Fish are depicted in Egyptian hieroglyphics; and in the Mummy-room, in the British Museum, various articles of domestic use among the Egyptians are stamped with figures or representations of different kinds of fish.

Thebes and Beni Hassan abound with representations of gentlemen engaged in fishing for their amusement; sometimes in running brooks, sometimes in ponds constructed within their own grounds. One angler appears seated in a chair; others are reclining on mats spread on the green turf, beneath a shady tree, wrapped, if we may judge from the expression of the countenance, in one of those delicious reveries described by old Izaak as amongst the pleasing consequences of his favourite occupation. The rod was short, and of one piece; the line generally single, and furnished with a bronze hook.

Some keener sportsmen used the spear with two barbed points. Embarked in a boat of papyrus, they glided, as

<sup>5</sup> Herodotus, i, 52.

just noticed, over the surface of the lake on the canal as gently as possible, so as not to disturb the fish lying beneath the broad leaves of the lotus. They plunged the instrument with one or both hands. Some appear to have used a spear, which they darted to a short distance, a line being fastened to it to prevent its being lost. This species of spear was occasionally furnished with feathers, like an arrow, to assist its flight. The end of the line was held in the hand, or wound upon a reel. It is a remarkable circumstance that the South Sea Islanders fish with winged spears nearly in the same manner.

The Egyptians had abundance of salt fish, which they cured much in the same way as we do. The body was laid open with a knife from the head to the tail, being divided as far as the back-bone, salted, and exposed in the sun to dry. They had a rule somewhat analogous to our habit of eating salt fish on certain days in Lent. It was imposed upon them also by a religious ordinance, which enjoined that at a particular period of the year every person (the priests alone excepted) should eat a fried fish before the door of his house. The quantity of this cheap provision of nature supplied by the Nile, and transferred from it during the annual inundation to the internal canals and lakes, was in those remote days, as it still is, immense.

We are told that Gatis, queen of Syria, was so fond of fish that, in order to be continually supplied with them, she ordered that all that were taken in her dominions

should be brought to her, and that none should be eaten unless by royal permission.<sup>6</sup>

In conjunction with those indications of the art of Angling found among the remains of the ancient Egyptians, we may place those recently discovered in the valuable collections of monuments brought from Nineveh and Thebes, partly deposited in the British Museum, and partly distributed in private collections in this and other countries. A gentleman in the county of Essex has recently purchased, through a private channel, some remains from Nimroud, on one of which there is a distinct representation of an Angler, with a rod in hand, fish by his side, and a fish-basket on his shoulder, exactly of the same construction as rods and baskets are now made in Britain. In the Nineveh marbles in the British Museum we have a large figure called the Fish-Deity; and in the long slabs now fixing up in this establishment, but not yet open to the public, there are several representations of fishermen with baskets, and in the act of fishing with rod and line; and there are representations of hundreds of fish, not unlike our salmon-trout, floating about in the portion of the marble in which water is represented. In another slab, depicting the vanquished after a battle, we see the dead bodies of the slain thrown into the water, and eagerly attacked by fish. On a tombstone from Thebes there is a very beautiful and accurate representation of a fish of the bream or perch kind.

<sup>6</sup> Athen., viii, 4.

The art of Angling is mentioned in Homer. In Pope's version of the *Iliad*, we have the following passage:—

“As from some rock that overhangs the flood,  
The silent fisher casts the insidious food;  
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,  
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies.”

We find likewise in Homer that the companions of Ulysses, being pressed by hunger, partook of some fish; and the poet makes a kind of apology for them by saying, “Hunger pressed their digestive organs.”<sup>7</sup>

We are familiar, from our schoolboy days, with the Fables of Æsop, and that of the Fisherman and the Little Fish. Here is the English translation imitated from the French of La Fontaine.

“The smallest fry grow fish in time,  
If not cut off before their prime;  
But he that throws them in the stream  
In hopes when grown to take again,  
Will very likely loose his aim,  
And bait his hook in vain.

“A little carp from spawn just hatch'd,  
Once on a luckless day was catch'd;  
The fisher smiling at his prey;  
Quoth he, 'tis something to begin,  
Into my wallet show the way  
For greater to go in.

<sup>7</sup> Odyss. xii, 332.

"The carpling saw th' impending fate,  
 And strove with all his little prate  
 To ward the fatal blow ;  
 Alas ! he cried, in me  
 A puny, scanty thing you see,  
 Not worth a shrimp or grig ;  
 Indeed you'd better let me go,  
 And catch me when I am big.  
 I then may prove a noble fish  
 To grace my Lord Mayor's board ;  
 Thus he will have a dainty dish,  
 And you increase your hoard.  
 I am not a mouthful for a child ;  
 A hundred such as I  
 Might on a saucer lie,  
 Unfit for eating, fry'd or boil'd.  
 Why then you shall be broil'd,  
 Our Angler made reply,  
 And that this very night.  
 The fisherman was in the right."

## MORAL.

"This lesson can never too often be conn'd,  
 One fish in the pan is worth two in the pond."

Theocritus was a native of Syracuse, and the son of Praxagoras and Philinna. He flourished about the year 270 B. C. He is represented by classical critics as the founder of Greek *bucolic* poetry, a branch of literature subsequently imitated with great success by Virgil and

<sup>s</sup> See *Æsop's Fables*, by Dr. Carai, Paris, 1810.

others. The twenty-first *idyl* is the poem in which Theocritus represents the life of Greek fishermen.<sup>9</sup> It refers more particularly to a discussion of two anglers upon a dream. The piece is in the form of a dialogue. One of the fishermen says :—

“ Last evening, weary with the toils of day,  
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay ;  
Full late we supp'd, and sparingly we eat ;  
No danger of a surfeit from our meat.  
Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,  
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep ;  
Suspended by rod, I gently shove  
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took—  
(Sleeping we image what awake we wish ;  
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish).  
Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood,  
With crimson stream, distain'd the silver flood.  
I strecht my arm out lest the hook should break ;  
The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak !  
Anxious I gaz'd ; he struggled to be gone :  
' You 're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—  
Still do you teaze me ? ' for he plagu'd me sore ;  
At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,  
Then graspt him with my hand, for surer hold,  
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold !  
But fears suspicious in my bosom throug'd,  
Lest to the god of ocean he belonged ;  
Or, haply wandering in the azure main,  
Some favourite fish of Amphitrite's train.

<sup>9</sup> Hoffman's *Lexicon Bibliographicum*.

My prize I loos'd, and strictest caution took,  
For fear some gold might stick about the hook,  
Then safe secur'd him, and devoutly swore  
Never to venture on the ocean more,  
But live on land as happy as a king.  
At this I wak'd; what think you of the thing?  
Speak free, for know I am extremely loth,  
And greatly fear to violate my oath."

## FRIEND.

"Fear not, old friend; you took no oath, for why?  
You took no fish—your vision's all a lie.  
Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake;  
Hunger will soon discover your mistake;  
Catch real fish: you need not, sure, be told,  
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold."

The Greek work of OPPIAN, 'On the Nature of Fishes, and the Fishing of the Ancients,' is an interesting performance. It is in five books: the first and second discuss the nature of fish; and the other three, the art of fishing. The author was a native of *Anazarbus*, a city of Cilicia, and was born in the latter portion of the reign of the Roman emperor Commodus. The father of the poet was a man of wealth and learning; but falling under the displeasure of the emperor Severus, he was banished to the island of Malta. His son Oppian determined to share his exile; and it is generally supposed that he wrote all his works during the period of this voluntary banishment with his parent. Having returned again to

his own country, and being favourably received at the court of Severus, he was soon after seized with the plague, which terminated his life, in the thirtieth year of his age. The citizens of his native city were deeply afflicted by this bereavement, and erected a statue to his memory with the following inscription :—

“ Though much they lov’d, no *Heliconian* maid  
Could *Oppian* save, or fallen fate persuade ;  
The rigid destinies’ superior power  
Snapt quick the thread, and fixt the hasten’d hour.  
But had these *sisters*, like the *nine*, been kind,  
Nor *Oppian*’s life to thrice ten years confin’d ;  
All the inspir’d had him their chief allow’d,  
And all to his their humbler laurels bow’d !”

The first two books of the poem, as already mentioned, are devoted to the nature, habits, and instincts of fish. These are described with the accuracy of a naturalist, and the fancy of a poet. The art of Angling, as known and practised in his day and country, is detailed with great minuteness and dexterity of colouring. In the third book, he says :—

“ By those who curious have their art defin’d,  
Four sorts of fishers are distinct assign’d.  
The first in hooks delight ; here some prepare  
The angler’s taper length, and twisted hair :  
Others the tougher threads of flax entwine,  
But firmer hands sustain the sturdy line.  
A third prevails by more compendious ways,  
While num’rous hooks one common line displays.”

The author then goes on describing other kinds of fishers, such as use nets, spears, &c. On the instincts of the finny tribes to elude their enemies, he says—

“Fishes have, too, their self-preserving arts,  
Not that alone which home-bred fear imparts;  
Their foreign foes, they equally deceive;  
The entangling net and burden'd hook relieve.”

The critics of all ages have spoken in terms of eulogy of this treatise of Oppian's. Eustathius and the Scholiasts often quote him. Bodin says, his epithets are proper and expressive, and his metaphors bold and dashing. The elder Scaliger calls him a divine and incomparable poet; and Sir Thomas Brown says, “It is a wonder that Oppian's elegant lines are so much neglected: surely we hereby reject one of the best epic poets.” Laurentius Lippius translated the poem into Latin verse; and the English translation is by Mr. Draper and Mr. Jones.

A paraphrase on Oppian's work, in Greek prose, bearing the name of Eutecnius, is in several European libraries; but has as yet never been published.<sup>10</sup>

There is an historical incident connected with Cleopatra and Antony, which has often been mentioned in connection with the early history of the gentle art. According to Plutarch the story runs thus: Antony had been unsuccessful in his angling enterprises in the presence

<sup>10</sup> Oppian's *Halieutica* was translated into French by J. M. Limes, Paris, 1817; and into Italian by A. M. Salvini, Firenze, 1728.

of the Queen, but to redeem his credit for skill he gave directions to some of his attendants to dive into the water, and fix several large fish on his baits. Cleopatra discovered the trick; and sent down one of her own slaves to affix a large *salted* fish of the Euxine sea on his hook, Antony was mortified at the exposure of his puerile vanity, and manifested some degree of displeasure at being duped in this manner. The artful Queen threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Resign, dear general, this kind of sport to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus: your game is cities, provinces and kingdoms." Gay, the poet, has rendered this story into verse as follows:—

"What gudgeons are we men,  
Every woman's easy prey;  
Though we've felt the hook again,  
We bite and they betray."

In the British Museum we have a figure of a Greek fisherman, with fish in hand, and a fishing basket on the other arm, evidently belonging to the early works of the sculpture of Greece; on another piece of Greek marble, bearing the date of A. D. 334, we see the odd representation of a man turned into a fish!

The skin of the sole fish was, through the fertile fancy of the Greeks, suggested as sandals for the Ocean nymphs.

"They served those sandals of the foamy sea  
Which nimble Nereids sent on errands fleet  
Apply protective to their tender feet."

Ælian was a writer on Fish and Fishing: there is a well-known chapter in his work, entitled, "On an unusual mode of fishing practised in Macedonia," in which modern critics conceive that he alludes to the mode of angling with an artificial fly. This subject has been recently handled (Frazer's Magazine for October 1853) in a very superior manner; and we make no apology for inserting the following remarks on the question at issue. The writer says, "Ælian speaks, as we have elsewhere noticed, of certain speckled fish, *ἰχθύες τὴν χροάν κατὰστικτοί* (whose name he advises the curious to make out from the Macedonians themselves), which are secured, he says, by the device of an artificial fly called *hippurus*, for the due dubbing of which, not to encumber our text with too much Greek, the reader may consult the appended foot-note.<sup>11</sup> That these speckled fish were some species of trout is rendered extremely probable from the mode adopted to take them. Menesitheus, in Athenæus, speaks of certain fish called *pyrantes*, excellent for the table, easy of digestion, and only found in clear, rapid, and cold streams; which were also probably some kind of trout. It seems, too, all but certain that the *thymalus* of Ælian

<sup>11</sup> Οἷον τῷ ἀγκίστρῳ περιβάλλουσιν ἔριον φοινικοῦν, ἤρμονται τε τῷ ἐρίῳ δύο πτερὰ ἀλεκτρυόνος, ὑπὸ τοῖς καλλέοις πεφυκότα, καὶ κηρᾷ τὴν χροάν παρειασμένα. The line to which this was attached measured four cubits, and the rod was the same length as the line.

corresponds to the modern *umbra*,<sup>12</sup> or grayling; for, in the first place, a fish of this name, which he assigns to the Ticino and Adige, still continues to abound in both these rivers; secondly, the name itself, which he derives from the thyme-like odour exhaled by the thymalus, further countenances this view, as it accords perfectly with modern testimony concerning the fragrance of the grayling. "Some think he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it on first being taken out of the water," says Walton. "So sweetly scented is his whole body," says St. Ambrose, "as to have procured for a person highly aromatized the equivocal compliment, 'that he smelt as daintily as a flower or a fish.'" (Gesner, Rondolet, and others also bear similar testimony to the peculiar *bouquet* exhaled by a grayling when just caught.) Thirdly, the size of the fantail thymalus—a cubit in length—and its shape, like a mugil, are items neither of them inapplicable to the modern fish; and, fourthly, a last point of resemblance, which helps very materially to establish the identity of the two, is the similar mode resorted to by anglers in the capture of both these fishes. Every one knows that the favourite food of the *grayling* is flies; and the Greek sophist tells us to the same purpose, that there is but one way for Piscator to take the *thymalus*, and that is, by "foregoing all the more ordinary fish baits and em-

<sup>12</sup> Ausonius has excellently described, in one line, the movements of this shy fish:—

"Effugiens oculis celeri umbra natatu."

ploying for his purpose the little fly, which night and day torments by his buzz and his bite, the κώνωψ,<sup>13</sup> or mosquito, using which for his lure, the sport, whenever there are any thymali in the neighbourhood, is assured." Aldrovandi, citing the above passage from Ælian, marvels what hook could be fine enough to impale a gnat; and it seems quite clear that this author (no great adept himself, apparently, in myology or fly-fishing) has substituted by mistake the *culex pipiens* in this place for some other fly more or less resembling it in shape—perhaps for the Mayfly itself!

We do not find that the Greeks were in the habit, like the Romans, of keeping *Vivaria*, or fish-ponds. There is one instance mentioned of a stew made by the inhabitants of Girgenti (Sicily) for the use of the tyrant Gelon. According to Diodorus Siculus, it was a reservoir of several miles in extent, made very deep, filled with *fresh water*, and well stocked with fish of all kinds. In addition to the mention of this pond, we have Moschon's account of Hiero's ship, which is a very curious one. This vessel was built at Syracuse, under the superintending eye of Archimedes, and destined for the transit of corn. Her timbers were cut down from the sides of mount Ætna, the working of which occupied sixty common galleys. When Hiero collected all the planks, nails, cordage, pitch,

<sup>13</sup> Κώνωπι δὲ αἰρεῖται μόνω, πονηρῷ μὲν ζῶν καὶ μεθ' ἡμέραν καὶ νύκτωρ ἀνθρώποις ἐχθρῷ καὶ δακεῖν καὶ βοῆσαι αἰρεῖ δὲ τὸν θύμαλλον τὸν προειρημένον, φιληδεῖ γὰρ αὐτῷ μόνω.

and other materials, he brought his shipwrights together, and set them to their task. The master builder's name was Archias. There were three hundred carpenters, besides assistants, who all worked night and day by turns. When the structure attained to half its bulk, it was launched by Archimedes himself, and the remaining portion of the vessel finished on the water. It had three decks, and twenty rows of rowers. The floors in all the rooms were mosaics, ornamented with figurative representations taken from the *Iliad*. There was a gymnasium, and an English flower-garden, a trelliced vineyard and avenue of trees, to shade the promenades on deck. There was an Aphrodisium, inlaid with a rich and brilliant assortment of Sicilian agates, and cypress panels; an academic saloon, a library, ten stables, on each side the gangway, and cribs all along the ship's sides, for grooms, harness, and accoutrements. Besides all these surprising things, there was a large reservoir, made of planks caulked and pitched, containing 21,000 gallons of water, under lock and key. By the side of this reservoir, and fed by it, was a pond, also made of planks, lined with lead and carefully covered; and in this a great number and variety of fish were kept.

Aristotle's Treatise on Fish is an important one. In his *Animalia*, he recognises 117 kinds of fishes. He dwells on their habits of life, their peregrinations, their likings and aversions, their cunning, loves, modes of propagation, &c. &c.

According to the philosophical creed of India, fish are the emblems of the world's salvation.

“In the whole world of creation  
None were seen but these seven sages, Menu and the Fish.  
Years on years, and still unwearied drew that Fish the bark along,  
Till at length it came where reared Himavan its loftiest peak,  
There at length they came, and smiling thus the Fish addressed  
the Sage :

‘Bind thou now thy stately vessel to the peak of Himavan.’  
At the Fish’s mandate, quickly to the peak of Himavan  
Bound the Sage his bark : and even to this day that loftiest peak  
Bears the name of Naubaudhana.”<sup>14</sup>

The Romans were passionately fond of fish : they used a net as well as a hook for angling ; and Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Nero was accustomed to fish with a net of gold and purple. There was a great variety of nets in common use for obtaining the various kinds of fish. We find figures of persons angling on the walls of Herculaneum. Plutarch mentions corks and leaden weights as additions to the nets. In the British Museum there is a marble figure of a Roman angler of fine artistic workmanship, but not supposed to be so ancient as some Greek ones in the same establishment.

In the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles there are remarks introduced on the nature of fish sauces.

Symmachus, Polycrates, and Lamprias wrote for the purpose of repressing the taste for fish and fishing, by

<sup>14</sup> Quarterly Review, 1839.

maintaining that those who ate fish were the most cruel and repulsive of men.

The construction of *Vivaria*, or fish-ponds, was carried to a most extravagant length by the Romans. As the luxurious habits of the upper classes increased, the keeping of these reservoirs became, in fact, quite a mania. They were made on house-tops and in dining-rooms; and many of the most wealthy and distinguished men of the age wasted their time and fortune in these insane projects, as we may learn from Cicero, who ironically calls Lucullus, Hortensius, and Philippus, the "Tritons of the fish-ponds." Varro says of Hortensius, "that he not only was never entertained by his fish at table, but was scarcely ever easy unless engaged in entertaining and fattening them. For his mullet gives him infinitely more concern than my own mules and asses do; for whilst I, with one lad, support all my thrifty stud on a little barley and common water, Hortensius' fish-servants are not to be counted. He has fishermen in fine weather toiling to procure them bait; and when the weather is too boisterous for fishing, then a whole troop of butchers and dealers in salt provisions send in their estimates of terms for keeping his alumni fat. Hortensius so looks to his mullet as to forget his men; and a sick slave has less chance of getting a draught of cold water in a fever than these favoured fish of being kept cool in their stews at midsummer."

Ludi piscatorii were held every year on the 6th June

in the plain on the right bank of the Tiber, and were conducted by the Prætor Urbanus, on behalf of the fishermen of that river who made the day a holiday.

Among the Romans the love of fish, as an article of food, was likewise quite a passion. Pliny tells us that the great epicures among this people preferred the scarus to every other kind of fish. The eel-pout, or lotos-liver, was the next in estimation. The red mullet was in high favour, from the fact that when the scales are removed from this fish, it still retains a fine pink colour. "The fops of Rome having remarked that, at the death, this colour passed through a succession of the most beautiful shades, the poor mullet was served alive, inclosed in a glass vessel; and the guests, attentive and greedy of emotions, enjoyed this cruel spectacle, which presented to them a gradation of colours which insensibly disappeared."<sup>15</sup> It is further stated, in reference to this fish, that "the greatest sensualists killed it in brine, and Apicius was the first who invented this kind of luxury. The brine most in use, in such cases, was made with the blood of mackerel, and that was one of the varieties of that famous garum, so highly praised by the Latin authors, and which was to them, at that period, what the fish sauces of the English are now."<sup>16</sup>

Apicius offered a prize to any one who would invent a new brine, made with the liver of red mullets. Juvenal

<sup>15</sup> Seneca, Quæst. Natural. 3, 17, 18.

<sup>16</sup> Soyer's Pantropheon, p. 213.

informs us that Asinius Celer offered sixty pounds for one of these fish which weighed 6lbs.<sup>17</sup>

Julius Pollux, in speaking of fishermen, divides them into the following orders:—Anglers; fishermen, by nets and fire (that is, a torch at the end of a boat for night-fishing with spear); divers for sponges, or the purple fish; and catchers of wild-fowl. The ordinary instruments used were:—the *nassa* or *net*, said to be made of twigs; baskets of various kinds; a casting net; a universal net; a drag-net; the *γάγγαμον*, or *sagena*, from which it was said fish could not escape; corks; bamboo fishing-rods; poles or stakes to fix into the ground; fishing-lines; flax and sewing thread; hooks; leads, and fishing-spears. To this list the author adds the boat utensils; and observes that in the night-fishery the fishermen propelled the boat down the stream with poles, and had ropes for mooring on land, machines for drawing the boat, connected with towing, the boats being drawn up trenches; skins used to protect their hulls from injuries; and props, or perforated stones, to which they attached the mooring ropes. This catalogue, to which are added explanations from known practices, is confirmed by Plutarch and others, and proves that few or no additions have been made in this branch of the art of fishing in the present day. In this art, successful deception and security of the tackle were the essential points constantly insisted on. The fishing-rods were

<sup>17</sup> Juvenal, 4, 11.

slender, lest they should shade the water too much; the line was made of the fewest possible knots, and the hair of horses, more especially of stallions. The whitest hair was recommended, to render the line less perceptible, and to be placed next the hook; and above that was a small hollow piece of horn, which the fish was obliged to swallow before it could touch the bait, and which prevented it from closing its mouth so as to bite the line asunder; and there were likewise round and straight hooks, according to the different kinds of fish.<sup>18</sup>

In the reign of Domitian, there was a prodigious large turbot caught, such as had never before been seen. It was ordered to the imperial kitchen. The emperor convoked the senate to consider in what dish it should be cooked, and served up entire. The deliberation was long and stormy; all Rome was in a state of excitement by the debate; and the august body of senators endeavoured to prove itself worthy of the confidence reposed in them by Cæsar. They were unanimous in their resolutions that a dish should be made expressly for this enormous fish, since there were none large enough ready made; and also that a stove should be constructed sufficiently capacious to allow the dish to be conveniently placed upon it. The emperor, the city and the whole court applauded the singular sagacity of the senate; and "*le turbot fut mis à la sauce piquante.*"

<sup>18</sup> Pollux, 7, 10, 31.

Among the Latin poets we often find allusions to fish. Speaking of the turbot, Horace says,—

“ *Grandes rhombi patinæque*  
*Grande ferunt una cum damno dédecus.*”

“ Great turbots and late suppers lead  
 To debt, disgrace, and abject need.”

And Martial, on the same fish, says,—

“ *Quamvis lata gerat patella rhombum,*  
*Rhombus latior est tamen patellis.*”

“ The border of the broadest dish  
 Lay hid beneath the monster fish.”

A fisherman with his rod and line in a boat, from an antique in the Maffei Collection at Verona, has been engraved; and likewise a beautiful painting of Venus and Cupid angling, found in the house of the tragic poet at Pompeii.<sup>19</sup>

Varro, Columella, and Pliny are the chief authors from whom we derive our knowledge of the nature and construction of these Roman fish stews. Varro was in his eightieth year when he penned his *De Re Rustica*, dedicating it to his wife, with a view to instruct her in the cultivation of his farm when he should be called to his long home. In the language of great common-sense

<sup>19</sup> Sir William Gell's *Pompeiana*, vol. ii.

shrewdness he says, "We have no time, my dear, to lose: if man's estate be, as we are told it is, a soap bubble at the best, much it behoves an old fellow like me, whose eightieth birthday is at hand, speedily to put his house in order, because he departs out of life." He then goes on to descant on the best manner of rearing and feeding cattle, fowls, bees, &c.; and, lastly, on the advantages to be derived from an economical method of managing fish-ponds. These he divides into two kinds—*fresh* and *salt* water reservoirs. The first are within the means of the poor man; but the latter are only for the luxury of the rich, on account of the expenses entailed in their construction.

Columella gives, in his *De Re Rustica*, a more minute account of these *vicaria*. He recommends them to be made on moor or waste land, because they then entail no cost, save for the mere construction. It is advisable to make ponds as near the ocean as possible; and if a communication can be effected with it to the reservoir, it is so much the better, because then the waters of the stews never stagnate: "thus imitating the great waters whence they are derived, which, never being of the same temperature, are in perpetual movement, and renewed every hour." But the most noticeable thing in his work is, that the Romans in making their ponds turned lakes and rivers into them, and this they found to be the sure means of depositing in them not fish only, but the spawn of all

those species which, though bred in salt water, are in the habit of leaving the sea, and running up all estuaries and rivers. He tells us that the experiment was successful in several rivers, which he calls the Velius, Sabastius, Caminus, Volsinius, &c.



OANNES—DAGON, Assyrian fish-god.  
(*Jonah*, i. 17; 1 *Sam.* v. 4.)

## CHAPTER II.

On Angling Literature, from the Christian Era to the Revival of Letters in Europe, and the Institution of the Art of Printing.

PLINY (A. D. 23) treats of the nature, habits, and localities of fish, in his *Historia Naturalis*. The ninth book is devoted to this subject. In the eighteenth chapter he says, that in the country of Aquitaine, in France, the river salmon surpasses all other sea salmon whatever. The mode of catching eels, in the lake *Benacus*, he tells us, is by the employment of *leapweeles* and *weanets*, which were so artistically constructed, that by the *nouse* there was often found a thousand of them wrapped together in one great round ball.

Pliny represents certain fish as appearing when called upon by particular names.

The form of a fish (Notius Poseidon) was, from the most remote ages, a type of protective dominion, which the symbolizing spirits of the ancients caused to pass into Christianity; as appears from Eusebius (*Life of Constantine*), and St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*).

On the walls of the oldest catacombs the represen-

tation of the ΙΧΘΥΣ is frequently discernible, and always interpreted as an emblem of the Saviour.

“Piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.  
 Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ,  
 Qui norunt dominum, manumque lambunt  
 Illam . . . . .  
 Quid quod nomen habent, et ad magistri  
 Vocem quisque sui venit citatus.”

“Rash angler, here thy guilty sport forbear,  
 These finny natives are a monarch’s care;  
 The gentle kind obey his known command,  
 And feed familiar from his sporting hand;  
 Each has his name, which, severally, they hear,  
 And to their owner’s summons straight appear.”

Ausonius flourished in the fourth century of the Christian era. In his poem “Mostella,” Tench, Salmon, and other kinds of fish are described. He was the first Latin poet who mentions the salmon under its present title:—

“Nec te puniceo rutilantem viscere salmo  
 Transierim.”

And elsewhere he distinguishes it by different names according to its age:—

“Teque inter geminas species, neutrumque et utrumque,  
 Qui necdum salmo nec jam salar ambiguusque  
 Amborum, medio Fario intercepto sub ævo.”

Of the salar he writes in another place :—

“Purpureusque salar stellatus tergora guttis.”

Olaus Magnus describes the progress of a band of salmon, shining in their glittering panoply of scales, gleaming fitfully in the sun, and sweeping like an invading army irresistibly onwards, apparently without intermission or end, as a spectacle well worthy of admiration. They have been noticed on these occasions to swim, as wild geese fly, wedgeways; some large old salmoness forming the apex of the triangle, and the young males bringing up the rear. When on a forced march, they can proceed, according to some biographers, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, taking several flying leaps as they go of from twelve to fifteen feet in height.

Among the Fathers of the Church who make allusions to fish and fishing may be mentioned Clemens Alexandrinus, and Sts. Basil, Ambrose, and Athanasius.

St. Isidorus of Seville, in his *De Ordine Creaturarum*, gives an account of fish, and the rivers and seas they inhabit.

We find some account, in the early history of Welsh literature, that angling occasionally furnished a topic for versifying among the poets of Wales. Taliesin is mentioned as one of the piscatory bards, who flourished about A.D. 560, and wrote a poem of some length on one of the Welsh kings having been found in a *salmon weir*, and

likewise about the value and importance of this repository of the "monarch of the streams."

There was a paper read a few years ago, at a society of antiquaries at Arras, in France, on an old manuscript treatise on fishing, found among the remains of the valuable library belonging to the Abbey of St. Bertin's, at St. Omer. This work was supposed, by the style of writing, to have been composed about the year *one thousand*; and to have been divided into *twenty-two* chapters. As far as could be gathered from the mutilated remains of the work, the author's main object was to prove that fishers had been men singularly noticed by Divine approbation; and he supports this theoretical view from the leading incidents in the life of the fishermen of Judea, through whom Christianity was promulgated to the world. There was likewise appended to the manuscript a full list of all river fish, the baits used for taking them, and the suitable seasons for angling for each sort of fish. One of the French critics on this singular production says,—“That angling was sufficiently common in the days of our Saviour is obvious to every one who possesses the New Testament; and it has always proved suggestive to our minds that the greatest event the world has ever witnessed—the greatest change ever effected on human society—and which is destined to advance and increase till all mankind shall feel the benefits of its influence, was brought about by the agency of a few poor fishermen. It would seem as if the innocence

and harmlessness of their gentle occupation had acted as a becoming preparation for that life of gentleness and charity, and purity and benevolence, which was to distinguish them above all men, and to give them their glorious pre-eminence in the universal church of Christ."

In 1350 we have, in the Spanish language, a Poem by Juan Ruiz, designated 'The Battle of Mr. Carnal with Mrs. Lent.' Here the fish and the beasts are arrayed in mortal strife, ending in the complete overthrow of the latter; the fish and the holy cause obtain the victory, and Mr. Carnal is condemned to fast, unless in case of illness, upon one spare meal of fish a day.

Du Cange has described the various modes and instruments of fishing of the middle ages. There was the *Pirvene*, that round net, which he thinks had leaden globules on the lower part of it, the upper ending in a horn; the *Scortiare*, for taking sea-fish near the level shore; the *Trammel-net*, of triple meshes of regulated sizes; the *Tranversarium*, a net for the use of rivers; another net, called *Alcipiter*, a double kind of one, to be used both for large and small fish; the *Frouc-nezze*, a public net belonging to the community; and the *Rivale*, or modern landing-net. This author likewise mentions fishing with a cormorant; by driving the fish to one particular locality; by fisheries formed of wooden materials; by the *Corre*, a method by which the net was cast from the boat according to the course of the water, and, a long circuit being made, drawn back to its first place; by the *Gordus*,

a place marked and staked out in the river for the capture of fish; by the *Junchatica*, an instrument made of rushes; by the *Kedellus*, the beetle and weir; by the *Nassa Follaria*, a thing uncertain, but by which people fished on foot under sluices, in the twelfth century; by the *Per-captura*, a series of pales, so disposed in the rivers that the fish might be readily taken, and preserved in nets; by the *Posta*, a method of fishing by a net fastened at one end to a stake, with which the fishermen made a circuit, returning to the spot from whence they set out; by the *Ramata*, composed of branches of trees thrown into the water, within which the fish might the more easily be captured; and by the *Vena*, an inclosure to intercept fish, but of its exact nature we know nothing at the present day.<sup>1</sup>

We shall insert here the curious tract, taken from the original manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, entitled *Piers Fulham*, supposed to have been written about the year 1420.

### PIERS OF FULLHAM.

EX MS. TO FF. APUD TRIN. COLL. CANT.

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Loo worshipfull sirs here after ffolleweth a gentlymāly tretysse full conveyent for contemplatiff louers to rede and understond made by a noble Clerke Piers of ffulhā sum tyme ussher of Venus

<sup>1</sup> Avers, Lignum Piscatarium.

Schole, whiche hath brieflye compyled many praty conceytis in loue under covert termes of ffysshying and fflowlyng.

“Perdimus anguillam manibus dum stringimus illam.”

A man thath lovith ffisshying and fflowlyng bothe,  
 Ofte tyme that lyff shall hym be lothe,  
 In see in ryver in ponde or in poole,  
 Off that crafte thowe he knowe the scole,  
 Thought his nett never so wide streiche,  
 It happith full ofte hym naught to ketchē.  
 What fissue is slipperer than an ele?  
 Ffor whan thou hym grippist and wenest wele  
 Too haue hym siker right as the list,  
 Than faylist thou off hym, he is owte of thy fyst.  
 Diches sumtyme there samons used to haunte,  
 Lampreyes lucys or pykys plesaunt,  
 Wenying the ffisser suche fissue to ffynde;  
 Than comyth there a noyous north west wynde  
 And dryveth the fissue into the depe,  
 And causeth the draught nat worthe a leeke;  
 But in steide off sturgeon and lamprons  
 He draweth up gurnard, and gojons,  
 Codlyng cunger, and suche coisy<sup>2</sup> fissue,  
 Or wulwiche rochis, nat worthe a rysshe.  
 Suche fortune ofte tymes on ffishers fallys,  
 Though they on Petir prayen and callys.  
 It profiteth nat and skille is why  
 Ffor they to ffisshying goon wyth envy,  
 And put it oute off hiernes and hooles  
 Where as they ffynde the ffatt sooles,  
 And wayte in waraynes all the nyght,  
 Evene a non after the owls flight,

<sup>2</sup> Coisy, *query* quasi?

Whan that true men shulde goo to rest  
To bribe and bere away the best.  
That sojourne and kept bien in stiewe  
Ffor store that nothyng shulde hym remewe.  
But the goode man that oweth that gouernance,  
His costlewe catell and his purviaunce  
And severel oonly for to serue hym self,  
But nowe other that use anglyng ten or twelff,  
Wyth water hookys, and certayne baite,  
That makyth the fisse after their foode to wayt,  
To breeke trunks these traitours use,  
The cely fisses can nat hem self excuse;  
Tyll it be spitted like a sprotte,  
But the goodeman knoweth thereof no grott.  
That paieth for all though that he be blynde  
So that he his fille off fisse may fynde  
It suffiseth he seieth. No man will stele  
Thus berdes been maade all daye full feele  
With anglers and other gynnes over all,  
There may no mans stiewe stonde seuerall,  
Be it closed neuer so well abowte,  
Therfor I stonde cliere out off doute,  
Shall I never ponde wyth pykes store  
Breame tenche. Perche neuer the moore.  
But in rennyng ryvers that bee commone,  
There will I fisse and taake my fortune  
Wyth nettys, and with angle hookys,  
And laye weris and sprepteris in narrowe brookys,  
Ffor loochis, and lampreyes, and good layk,  
I will stele off no mans a strayke.  
Ffor whoo so usith that lyff too, and too,  
His fusteryng sothly is for doo.

Idrowned, on day peraventure sodeynly,  
Taken to prison in povert dye.  
And therfor lett true men liven in pays,  
Stroye natt theire stiewes, stele dat theire plays.  
I see suche thynges afoore the eye  
That dayly encresith save the severalte  
Beeth wise and ware howe that ye wende  
Ffor off false fisshying commyth a fowle ende,  
Therfor eschewe all suche prevy slaunders  
Com there nat daily out off flaunders  
Off ffat elys full many a showte ?  
And grete chepe whoso waiteth aboute,  
But nowe men in deyntyes so hem delyte,  
To feede them on tendre fisshes lyte,  
As floundres, perches, and such pikyng waare,  
I see no man that will gladly spaare  
To suffre them wax unto their age ;  
Theye shullen be endyted for suche damage,  
And ete the olde fische, and leve the yonge,  
Thought they moore towgh be uppon the tonge,  
And the belyes not shewyng an ynche resett,  
Yet savowre off sawce may make goode mete.  
Late this yonge fische lyve till certayn yeres,  
And payne us to fische oure olde weres,  
But stynkkyng fische, and unseasonable,  
Latt passe, and taake such as be able.  
Spaare no man, but love no wast,  
Beth well waare when ye feelee such tast,  
Ffor in fische ffatt is felt no boone,  
But whoo that aboute suche game shulde goon,  
Off governance he must have a name,  
And suffre no man to fische in others game.

Among the earliest productions of British literature relative to angling, is the *Poeticæ*, attributed to a Scottish rhymster called Blind Harry, who flourished about the termination of the fourteenth century. The lines are upon a fishing excursion of Sir William Wallace, who, in his rambles, fell in with Lord Percy, and a contention sprung up between them as to the right to fish.

“ So on a time he descried to play,  
In Aperil the third-and-twentieth day.  
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,  
Sic fantasy fell in his intent.  
To lead his net a child furth with him yede,<sup>3</sup>  
But he, or<sup>4</sup> noon, was in a fellon dread.  
His swerd he left, so did he never again;  
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.  
Of that labour as than he was not slie,  
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.  
Or of the day ten hours o’er couth pass.  
Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,  
The Lord Percy, was captain then of Ayr;  
Frae then’ he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.<sup>5</sup>  
Part of the court had Wallace’ labour seen,  
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,  
And said soon, ‘ Scot, Martin’s fish we wald have!’  
Wallace meekly again answer him gave:  
‘ It were reason, methink, ye should have part;  
Waith<sup>6</sup> should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.’

<sup>3</sup> Went.

<sup>4</sup> Ere.

<sup>5</sup> He was on his way from Ayr to Glasgow.

<sup>6</sup> Spoil taken in sport.

He bade his child, 'Give them of our waithing.'  
The Southron said, 'As now of thy dealing  
We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er small.'  
He lighted down and frae the child took all.  
Wallace said then, 'Gentlemen gif ye be,  
Leave us some part, we pray, for charity.  
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day:  
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'  
'Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,  
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.  
We serve a lord; this fish shall till him gang.'  
Wallace answered, said, 'Thou art in the wrang.'  
'Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw.'  
Till him he ran, and out a swerd can draw.  
William was wae he had nae wappins there  
But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.  
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,  
With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.  
The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.  
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand;  
And with the swerd awkward he him gave  
Under the hat, his craig<sup>7</sup> in sunder drave.  
By that the lave<sup>8</sup> lighted about Wallace;  
He had no help, only but God's grace.  
On either side full fast on him they dang,  
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.  
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane;  
The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.  
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,  
While hand and swerd baith in the field can lie.

<sup>7</sup> Neck.<sup>8</sup> Rest.

The tother twa fled to their horse again ;  
 He stickit him was last upon the plain.  
 Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might  
 After their lord ; but he was out of sight,  
 Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.  
 Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,<sup>9</sup>  
 And cryit, ' Lord, abide ; your men are martyred down  
 Right cruelly, here in this false region.  
 Five of our court here at the water bade,<sup>10</sup>  
 Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.  
 We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'  
 The lord speirit,<sup>11</sup> ' How mony might they be ?'  
 ' We saw but ane that has discomfist us all.'  
 Then leugh<sup>12</sup> he loud, and said, ' Foul mot you fall !  
 Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.  
 Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown !  
 This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'  
 When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,  
 Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,  
 Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.  
 Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,  
 And he for woe well near worthit to weid,<sup>13</sup>  
 And said, ' Son, thir tidings sits me sore,  
 And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore.'  
 ' Uncle,' he said, ' I will no langer bide,  
 Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride.'  
 Then but a child, him service for to mak,  
 His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.  
 This good knight said, ' Dear cousin, pray I thee,  
 When thou wants gude, come fetch eneuch frae me.'

<sup>9</sup> Ere they would stop.<sup>10</sup> Tarried.<sup>11</sup> Inquired.<sup>12</sup> Laughed.<sup>13</sup> Nearly went mad.

Silver and gold he gart on him give,  
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave."

By the way, what curious records of legislation the *sumptuary laws* appear to us now-a-days, relative to the use of fish, and which were in full force for a long period both in England and in France! Under the reign of Edward II, certain fish never appeared in England but on the table of the king; they were prohibited to all others. In 1148, Stephen wanted to modify this exclusive right; but after his death it was again revived, and considered as a royal prerogative.

In former times there was a remarkable consumption of fish in England on the 4th of July, the festival of St. Ulric. This is mentioned by Barnaby Gouge, in the following lines :—

#### ST. HULDYCHE.

"Wheresoever Huldychē hath a place, the people there bring in  
Both capes and pykes, and mullets fat, his favour here to win.  
Amid the Church there sitteth one, and to the aultar nie,  
That selleth fish, and so good cheep, that every man may buie;  
Nor anything he loseth here, bestowing thus his paine,  
For when it hath been offered once, 't is brought to him againe,  
That twise or thrise he selles the same, vngodlinesse such gaine  
Doth still bring in, and plentiously the kitchen doth maintaine,  
Whence comes this same religion newe? What kind of God  
is this?<sup>14</sup>  
Some Huldychē here, that so desires and so delightes in fishe."

<sup>14</sup> The Popish Kingdome, fol. 55.

The sumptuary enactments of Edward VI. and Elizabeth were as stringent as in the days of Papal ascendancy. The statutes of Edward (cap. 6) aim at maintaining with rigour the better observance of Fridays and Saturdays, and other days of accustomed abstinence; and likewise for other two purposes: that fishermen may be set to work, and that much flesh may be saved and increased. In addition to Fridays and Saturdays, Elizabeth added Wednesdays, allowing, however, on this day, one dish of flesh, provided there were consumed at the same meal *three dishes of sea-fish*. At certain seasons this indulgence did not extend to *beef* or *veal*.

The sumptuary laws of France ordained (1294) that a meagre-dinner should consist of two herring-pottages, and only one sort of fish. Louis XII, who was a great epicure, appointed six fishmongers to supply his table with fresh-water fish; Francis I had twenty-two, and Henry the Great, twenty-four. In the reign of Louis XIV, there was quite a mania about fish, chiefly from the circumstance that one of the royal cooks had acquired the marvellous talent of cooking all kinds of fish so as to taste like the most delicate game. And we have a story grounded on this circumstance respecting Vatel, one of the most illustrious officers of the Prince of Condé. This major-domo understood that a dinner without fish was a heartless and cheerless one. One day when his noble master entertained Louis XIV at a royal banquet, at Chantilly which the genius of Vatel rendered more

brilliant, the fish from the coast failed ; he sent everywhere, but none could be procured. He was at his wit's end ; he met his august master, whose kind words, full of benevolence, only served to increase his distress and bewilderment. He left him ; ran to his chamber ; took his sword, and three times pierced his heart ! Shortly after fish arrived from all quarters ; Vatel was called—no Vatel ! He was sought for, and at last discovered—Vatel was no more !

## CHAPTER III.

On the Religious Veneration of, and Superstitious Sacredness  
connected with Fish and Fishing.

ONE of the most curious features in the history of writings, ancient and modern, on the nature of fish and of fishing, is the vast space they occupy in connection with theology, and with the incoherent and superstitious ideas or notions, which have floated in the minds of the human family, relative to the finny tribes, from the earliest records of their existence till the present hour. A thick and impenetrable cloud of theological awe and symbolical mysticism envelopes the entire subject.

In Egypt the eel was devoted to religious worship. These fish were ornamented with silver, gold, and precious stones, and priests daily offered them the entrails of animals served up with cheese.<sup>1</sup> In Bœotia, eels were immolated to the gods.

The *Oxyrinchus*, the *Phagrus*, and the *Lepidotus*, were considered sacred fish, and it was unlawful to touch them.

In the collection of Nineveh Inscriptions now in the British Museum, we find a large slab, with the representation of a Fish-Deity. It is one of the most curious

<sup>1</sup>Apallodor. in Chron. Plutarch, De Soleit. Ælian, De Piscibus.

and perfect of figures among the wonderful relics of a forgotten people.

We are told that among the Greeks, though many of the more refined epicures of this nation were partial to the eating of the Loach; yet the majority of the inhabitants totally refrained from its use, lest the Syrian goddess, the protectress of this fish, should gnaw their legs, cover their bodies with ulcers, and devour their livers.<sup>2</sup>

The Romans offered up the Tunny fish as a sacrifice to the god Neptune, in order that he might deign to prevent the *Xiphias* fish from tearing the nets of the fishermen, and to forbid the too officious dolphins from assisting in their escape.<sup>3</sup>

Martial tells us of fish which belonged to a sacred tank, and which were too holy to be handled. Ælian likewise mentions fish kept in a pond, and dedicated to Jupiter Militant. Varro tells us of some Lydian fish which were considered invested with a remarkable degree of sacredness. In the *History of Lydia* by Polycharmus, we are told that there was a grave on the sea shore, consecrated to Apollo, where a priest usually sat to whom those who had any important matter in hand would bring two spits, to each of which were suspended ten pieces of meat, as consulting bait, and throwing them into the gulf, be desired by him to make note of what followed. As the water came rushing in, the observer saw, on the back of

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch, De Supersti. Athen. i, 6.

<sup>3</sup> Nonnius, Icth. p. 9.

the approaching waves, "an immense number of fish, enough to frighten any one, from their multitude and size." When the inquirer, on the bidding of the priest, had carefully recounted to him the catalogue of the fish he had seen, the other was illumined to take up his parable, and to make known to his client his future destiny.

The spirit for symbolizing all the objects of nature became, in the early history of the Church, very powerful. Material objects of all kinds, animate and inanimate, were invested by religious visionaries with symbolical meanings. Fish formed an important item in this idle worship and veneration.

In the lives of the Christian hermits of the East, we have many of the illustrations between theology and the finny tribes, besides that of Saint Anthony. The residences or cells of these personages were generally hewn out of the solid rock, and almost invariably situated near some clear and running brook or rivulet. This limpid water was a necessary article of their existence. They were in the habit of sitting for hours together musing by the sparkling and murmuring streams ; and the small fish in them became the daily companions of their solitude. The hermits about mount Nitre, we are told, used to feed the fish with crumbs of bread. It was in this way that the various stories, recorded in the lives of the solitaries, arose about the sympathetic affections manifested, by the inhabitants of the waters towards the persons and movements of their friendly benefactors. We are told that one

Dorathus was in the habit of visiting a neighbouring stream, and that the fish at last became so well acquainted with his person, that they allowed themselves to be stroked down the back, and even to be taken out of the water by him at any time. And the story goes on to say, that when the holy man performed any acts of devotion, his finny friends held up their heads, and seemed quite sensible of the general purport or object of his worship.<sup>4</sup> Nearly the same thing is told in the life of St. Macaise, who lived in a cell, on the high parts of the Nile. The fish, in one of the small brooks in the vicinity of his abode, were observed to display various gesticulations, whenever he sang his daily hymns.<sup>5</sup>

In the early periods of the Church, and during the greater portion of the scholastic ages, fish were considered the emblems of purity, and free from the general curse on mankind; the earth only, not the sea, being denounced for man's transgression. There were, at different periods in the history of ecclesiastical disputations several works on this subject, which still remain, however, only in manuscript, chiefly in the large libraries of the continent, particularly in Spain and Portugal. There are some glimpses of this notion of finny purity to be obtained in some of the Catholic books of discipline; but the theory is not very prominently developed, nor the abstract arguments on which it is based, very distinctly stated. As

<sup>4</sup> Les Vies des SS. Pères, Amsterdam, folio, 1704.

<sup>5</sup> Vies des Pères d'Orient, Bruxelles, 1838.

far as we have been able to penetrate this curious discussion, we find that the proofs of this theory are of two kinds—*a priori*, and *a posteriori* stamp. The main proposition of the first class of *a priori* arguments was, that Fish did not stand in the order of creation in any considerable relation to man, as a social and domestic being ;—they could not influence his temporal destiny or happiness in any perceptible degree. They inhabited altogether a different element from man ; and could in no way come in contact with either his virtues or vices, his passions or desires. The whole of animated nature was placed in a different position ; a great portion of animal existence was in direct hostility to human life and health ; and was ever assuming that offensive attitude, calculated to remind our race of their dependant and fallen condition, by the unextinguishable and mortal enmity which subsisted between it and them. One of the essential conditions of man's social and intellectual progress, imposed upon him by the very necessities of his being, was, the utter and complete extinction of a great portion of animated life. This was one of the first and onerous duties he had to perform,—the primary obstacle which he had to remove from his path of progression. The general argument on this point is carried out by some writers with great ingenuity and dexterity. Indeed, any reader, to whom abstract speculations of any kind are in some degree familiar, will readily perceive that the subject opens up a wide

field for the employment of scholastic refinements, and casuistical subtilty.

The *posteriori* arguments for the purity of fish, are mainly derived from the connection of this branch of animal life with the Gospel history ; with the miracles of our Saviour with them, and particularly with the broad fact that several of the Apostles were especially called from the profession of fishermen, to be the heralds of happiness and good-will to mankind.<sup>6</sup>

The peculiar satisfying nature of fish for food was often treated of by visionaries of the middle ages, by their making reference to the miracles of the "Loaves and Fishes," in the New Testament. In the lives of St. John the Almoner, St. Colombanus, St. Apollo, St. Elias the Abbot, St. Hellon, St. Druon, St. Clara, of Assise, St. Richard the Bishop, and St. Francis, many remarks of this kind will be found.<sup>7</sup>

The Greek word for fish being *Ictis*, containing initials emblematical of Christ, fish became a favourite symbol of the early Christians : fish and the *Vesica Piscis*, a rough outline of a fish, was made to enclose the holy symbol. This image was sculptured upon tombs and sepulchral urns, as well as upon seals and rings. The Virgin in a Canopy, or *Vesica Piscis* round the four Evangelists, is very common in old churches.

The legend of St Patrick belongs to this class. The

<sup>6</sup> Des Questions Curieuses du Moyen Age. Folio, Paris, 1602.

<sup>7</sup> See Legends Pieuses du Moyen Age. 2 vols. Lyons, 1787.

saint having an irresistible desire for some flesh meat, obtained a pine of pork, and hid it. An apparition had its eyes upon him, and struck him with remorse of conscience. He repented; and as a proof of his sincere contrition, an angel turns this pine of pork into fish. There is a satirical song, written about fifty years ago, by a well-known angler of Trinity College, Dublin, which we shall here transcribe.

“No doubt, St. Patrick was an angler  
Of credit and renown, sir,  
And many shining trout he caught  
Ere he built Dublin town, sir.  
And story says (it tells no lies)  
He fish’d with bait and line, sir,  
At every throw he had a bite  
Which tugg’d and shook the twine, sir.

“In troubl’d streams he lov’d to fish,  
Then salmon could not see, sir;  
The trout and eels, and also pike,  
Were under this decree, sir.  
And this, perhaps, may solve a point  
With other learned matters, sir,  
Why Irishmen still love to fish  
Among ‘troubl’d waters,’ sir.

“Some likewise say, nay even swear,  
He was a goodly saint, sir;  
And made ‘loose fish’ for all the land,  
And trout as red as paint, sir.

And as a relic of his power  
It was his ardent wish, sir,  
That dear old Erin should always have  
A number of 'odd fish,' sir."

We have a story connected with one of our early bishops, the Bishop of Chichester, which shows the common practice of early times, of ascribing miracles to fish. The first bishop sent from Rome to this part of England, seeing the people eat of the sand-eels caught in the sea near the place, sent information to Rome that here the people eat serpents. A message was sent back, that if they would refrain from such a repulsive and heathenish custom in future, they should be amply supplied with real fish, and that of the very best quality. They consented; and the influence of the Holy See was immediately put into requisition; and a most sumptuous supply of fish was for a long period most miraculously served out to the benighted people.<sup>8</sup>

Sacred fish are still to be found in different parts of the world. Sir J. Chardin saw, in his travels in the East, "fish confined in the court-yard of a mosque, with rings of gold, silver, and copper through their muzzles, not for ornament, but, as I was informed, as a token of their being consecrated. None dared touch them, such a sacrilege being supposed to draw after it the vengeance of the saint to whom they were consecrated, and his votaries, not content to leave them to his resentment, took upon them-

<sup>8</sup> History of Chichester.

selves to punish transgressors. An Armenian Christian, who had ventured to take some of these fish, was killed upon the spot by one of them." Sacred fish also frisk about, occasionally, in the holy waters of cloistered monopolists; and Mr Curzon, if we remember rightly, cites, in his late interesting *Visit to the Monasteries in the Levant*, certain *fried* fish which were wont, to the consternation of strangers and the confirmation of the faithful, to make their fitful appearance, and to swim about with frizzled fins, secure from molestation, in an integument of sacred batter!

We find among the pious legends of many parts of France, and particularly in the section of Europe known under the name of French Flanders, continual allusions made to the story of Jonah's advent into the whale's belly. In several of these stories we find long discussions on what the prophet saw when he was in the deep; how he lived, what he thought would become of him, and how his novel adventure would ultimately terminate. Some editions of these legends are ornamented with odd and rude engravings, illustrative of the various imaginary positions in which the rebellious prophet was placed ere he was cast on shore again.

The hermit's fish-pond, now remaining in a valley, near Glastonbury, furnishes the materials of a legendary tale about fish. In this pond there were three fishes, of which St. Neot had divine permission to take one, and only one, every day, with an assurance that the supply should never

be diminished. Being afflicted with a severe indisposition, his disciple, Barius, one day caught two fishes, and having boiled one and broiled the other, placed them before him. "What hast thou done," exclaimed Neot; "lo, the favour of God deserts us; go instantly and restore these fishes to the water." While Barius was absent, Neot prostrated himself in earnest prayer, till he returned with the intelligence that the fishes were disporting in the pool. Barius again went and took only one fish, of which St. Neot had no sooner tasted than he was restored to perfect health.<sup>9</sup>

The address which was made by St. Anthony of Padua is a striking example of the veneration with which fish were invested in the eyes of the Church. We are told, in his life, that when the heretics would not attend his councils, that he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marechia disembogues itself into the Adriatic Sea. He here called the fish together in the name of God that they might hear His holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their number. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Anthony was so struck with the miraculous submission and obedience of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling

<sup>9</sup> History of St. Neot's, by the Rev. G. C. Gorham.

upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words:—

“My dearly beloved Fish.—Although the infinite power and providence of God discovers itself in all the works of creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars,—in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless, the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner than in any other created beings. For, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of *reptiles*, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are lost among billows, thrown up and down tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of Infinite Goodness. The Holy Scripture has always made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

“Do you think that, without mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were accepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the Paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the good

of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are, all of them, so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

“It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is He that has given you, in compliance with your usual inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is He that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its bottom everything that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of the *Lynx*, or of an *Argus*; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful to you; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, walks and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

“The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence

over your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer; in the fruits of autumn, or in the frost of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

“In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

“All this, I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguished favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praise of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at His name; give some show of gratitude according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able; and be not unmindful of all the benefits He has bestowed upon you.”

We are told that St. Anthony had no sooner left off speaking than the fish, as though they were endued with

reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the holy father. The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

The fine picture of St. Anthony of Padua, preaching to the fish is by Salvator Rosa, and is in the collection at Althorp House, Northamptonshire. Lady Morgan describes a picture in the Borghese Palace at Rome, which represents St. Anthony delivering his sermon. Her ladyship says,—“The salmon look at the preacher with an edified face, and a cod, with his upturned eyes, seems anxiously looking for the new light.”

But Catholic writers have not been the only ones who have descanted on the subject of Jonah's adventure into the whale. We find Protestant writers treating of the same theme, and after a very odd and whimsical manner too. About two hundred years ago, the Rev. Zachary Boyd, a very pious divine of Glasgow, left all his property and manuscripts to the University of that city. These manuscripts consisted of poetical paraphrases, on various topics of bible history. Among the number is the account of Jonah's adventure. The reverend divine here allows his imagination full swing; and scarcely anything can exceed the whimsical grotesqueness with which he

clothes the scripture narrative. The following lines will afford a specimen of the book :—

“What house is this? here’s neither coal nor candle;  
Where I have nothing but guts of fish to handle.  
I and my table are both here within,  
Where day ne’er dawned, where sun did never shine.  
The like of this on earth man never saw,  
A living man within a monster’s maw!  
Buried under mountains which are high and steep,  
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep.  
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,  
For through a window he the light did see;  
He sailed above the highest waves; a wonder!  
I and my boat are all the waters under!  
He and his ark might go and also come;  
But I sit still in such a straightened room  
As is most uncouth; head and feet together,  
Among such grease as would a thousand smother,  
Where I, entombed, in melancholy sink,  
Choked, suffocate with excremental stink.”

The legend of the fish and the ring, is very common, and supposed to be of great antiquity. The classical tale of Polycrates, related by Herodotus, is perhaps the oldest version of it. The Koran of Mahomet mentions the ring. “Solomon intrusted his signet with one of his concubines, which the devil obtained from her, and sat on the throne in Solomon’s shape. After forty days the devil departed, and threw the ring into the sea. The signet was swallowed by a fish, which, being caught and

given to Solomon, the ring was found in its belly, and thus he recovered his kingdom.”<sup>10</sup>

“The legend of the fish and the ring,” says Dr. Dibdin, “is extant in well nigh every class-book in Scotland : old Spotswood is among the earliest historians who garnished up the dish from the Latin monastic legend. They report of St. Kentigern, the first Bishop of Glasgow, that a lady of good place in the country having lost her ring as she crossed the river Clyde, and her husband waxing jealous, as if she had bestowed the same on one of her lovers, she did mean herself unto Kentigern, entreating his help for the safety of her honour, and that he, going to the river after he had used his devotion, willed one who was making to fish to bring the first that he caught, which was done. In the mouth of this fish he found the ring, and sending it to the lady, she was thereby freed of her husband’s suspicions. The creed of this I believe, upon the reporters ; but however it be, the See and the City of Glasgow do both of them bear in their arms a fish with a ring in its mouth, even to this day.”

The well-known monument on the walls of Stepney Church bears a shield of arms, commemorative of a tradition, that the Lady Berry, in whose memory the monument was erected, was the heroine of “the Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer’s Daughter,” a once popular ballad, the scene of which was laid in Yorkshire. It

<sup>10</sup> Sale’s Koran.

describes a ring thrown into the river, and restored by means of a fish.

*The FISH and the RING with the EPITAPH, outside the  
east end of STEPNEY CHURCH.*

Here lieth interred the body of DAME REBECCA BERRY,  
the Wife of THOMAS ELTON, of Stratford,  
Bow,<sup>11</sup> Gent. who departed this Life  
April 26th, 1696, aged 52.

“COME ladies, you that wou’d appear  
Like angels fair, come dress you here ;  
Come, dress you at this marble stone,  
And make that humble grace your own,  
Which once adorn’d as fair a mind  
As e’er yet lodg’d in woman kind.  
So she was dress’d, whose humble life  
Was free from pride, was free from strife,  
Free from all envious brawls and jars,  
Of human life the civil wars ;  
They ne’er disturb’d her peaceful mind,  
Which still was gentle, still was kind.  
Her very looks, her garb, her mien  
Disclos’d the humble soul within.  
Trace her through every scene of life,  
View her as widow, virgin, wife,  
Still the same — she appears,  
The same in youth, the same in years,  
The same in low and high estate,  
Ne’er vex’d with this, nor mov’d with that.

<sup>11</sup> Stratford-le-Bow is in the Hamlet of Stepney.

Go ladies now, and if you'd be  
As fair, as great, as good as she,  
Go learn of her humility."

}

A fish on which the University of Cambridge was in the habit of using on religious feasts, gave rise to the tract entitled 'Vox Piscis; or the Book of Fish;' containing, it was alleged, three treatises found in the belly of a Cod-fish in Cambridge Market, at Midsummer in 1626. This fish, it was said, was caught at Lynn-deeps, carried to the Vice-Chancellor by the Beadle, on the discovery being duly made that it had three written treatises in its belly.

Akin to this story is the one well known about the shark that swallowed a *log-book* thrown overboard by a pirate, and afterwards rapaciously took the first hook that offered, and turned King's evidence, so as to hang the villain by the revelation of the said document—the log-book in his inside!

The same religious notions attached to fishes were transferred to the waters they inhabited. The Celtic race in the Highlands of Scotland refrained entirely from the use of fish, on account of their veneration for springs of water. The following observations appeared in the periodical called 'Notes and Queries,' for December 1853, in reference to the superstitious ideas formerly entertained about rivers, &c.

"*Ancient hallowed Dee.*—What is the historical, traditional, or legendary allusion in this epithet, bestowed by Milton on the river Dee?—J. W. T.

Dewsbury.

“ [Dee’s divinity was Druidical. From the same superstition, some rivers in Wales are still held to have the gift or virtue of prophecy. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in 1188, is the first who mentions Dee’s sanctity from the popular traditions. In Spenser, this river is the haunt of magicians :

‘Dee, which Britons long ygone  
Did call DIVINE.’

And Browne, in his *Britannia’s Pastorals*, book ii, sec. 5, says,

‘Never more let HOLY Dee,  
Ore other rivers brave,’ &c.

Much superstition was founded on the circumstance of its being the ancient boundary between England and Wales ; and Drayton, in his tenth song, having recited this part of its history, adds, that by changing its fords it foretold good or evil, war or peace, dearth or plenty, to either country. He then introduces the Dee, over which King Edgar had been rowed by eight kings, relating to the story of Brutus. See more on this subject in Warton’s note to line 55, in Milton’s *Lycidas* :

‘Now yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.’]”

In the great tempest that destroyed the dykes in Holland, in the year 1430, there was taken at Edam, in West Friezeland, a large fish, supposed of the salmon species, which, not only lived many years on land, but

was actually tamed and rendered somewhat intelligent. It was taken home by some very pious woman, and learned to speak the Dutch language. Parival says, "it had some notion of a deity, and *made its reverences very devoutly* when it passed a crucifix." It was taken to some neighbourring town, but always shewed a longing for the water. At its death it was allowed Christian burial.

In the early part of the reign of James I, the art of Angling was often spiritualized, both in sermons, and in serious moral essays. We have Samuel Gardiner, a Doctor of Divinity, writing a book on fishing, "Wherein is shewed, by conference with Scriptures, the agreement betweene the fishermen, fishes, and fishing of both natures, temporall and spirituall." His text is from Matthew, iv, 19. "I will make you fishers of men." This was printed in 1606, and is dedicated to "Sir Harrie Gaudie, Sir Miles Corbet, Sir Hamond Le Strange, Sir Henry Spelman, knights, my verie kind friends." Rawling's sermon, preached at Mercer's Chapel, "Fishermen Fishers of men," 1609, is well known. In 1615, we find a Dr. Turnbull preaching a sermon, afterwards printed, in which he draws a parallel between the method of angling, and the mode in which the devil seduces people into the commission of crime. The preacher says: "The devil is an arch fisherman. He troubleth the waters—maketh them thick and puddley, that his poor blind captives may not see the baites he is going to trouble them with. He throws in among the passions of men, his ground or

bottom baits, and his lures, and his artifices ; and when his simple fish are sailing about them, they, thinking all is right and safe, swallow the sweet morsels, and are thus chucked out of this life, and thrust into his fishing basket—the great bottomless pit ! ”

In 1665, we have the Hon. Robert Boyle’s work ‘Angling improved to Spiritual Uses,’ which contains likewise observations “Upon Fishing with a counterfeit fly.”

We find that the celebrated John Bunyan did not let the profession of the angler escape from giving it a spiritual application. He says :—

“ You see the ways the fisherman doth take  
To catch the fish ; what engines doth he make ?  
Behold ! how he engaeth all his wits ;  
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets ;  
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,  
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine, can make thine :  
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,  
Or they will not be catch’d, whate’er you do.”

In one of James Hogg’s Lay Sermons we have an allusion to fish. The following words constitute the text :  
“ There be three things for which the earth is disquieted, yea, for four which it cannot bear. For a servant when he reigneth, and a fool when he is filled with drink ; for an odious woman when she is married, and a handmaid that is heir to her mistress.”

After a few introductory observations, the Ettrick

Shepherd goes on to illustrate his subject in the following fashion. I was once in a remote loch in Appin, and in the burn that ran from it ; when I remarked to my associate, who was a stern Radical—rather a stern character among the Stuarts of Appin,—

“ Is it not a strange thing, Mr. Stuart, that if the small fishes begin to rise at the fly, as they are doing to-day, it is very rare that you ever raise a large one ; and on the contrary, if the large ones begin to rise, you never raise a small one ? ”

“ It is very true,” said he ; “ and I have noted it in all my life.”

“ So have I,” returned I ; “ but to assign any specious reason for it is beyond my capacity.”

“ O ! what is it, sir ; said he, “ but a species of that detestable tyranny which pervades all nature,—the rich always lording it over the poor, and the strong over the weak ? But, then, a secondary power is always more arbitrary than a first ; for you will observe, that when the salmon are astir and rising, the little fishes rise fearlessly likewise : but when the secondary sort are upon the look-out, they hide themselves, and not one of them is to be seen.”

His theory is nonsense as far as regards the fishes ; nevertheless the illustration is true, but must depend on the lens of the eyes in small and large fishes, and likewise those of a medium power. However, among mankind, there is not the least doubt that a delegated power is

always more tyrannically used and worse borne than one descending from the immediate head; so that a servant when he reigneth is really one of the things, as Agur saith, which the earth cannot, or can hardly, bear.

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Secondly, a summer angler is rather a dangerous visitor, particular if he have his fishing rod in a waterproof bag, and a new basket on his back, rather well stuffed with clean shirts and stockings. Be sure to observe his feet. If he have on fine boots or shoes, you may note him down as a fool and a ninny; if he have good strong neat's-leather shoes, well shod with iron, you may mark him down as a customer. Many such have I been saddled with, not for days, but weeks at a time. But really, if it were not that they are all such potent eaters and terrible drinkers, they are generally rather fine fellows. A man can hardly be fond of rural sports without having some good-humoured and amiable qualities. It is only the frequency and length of their visits, else they could not be accounted one of the evils under the sun. I suppose there was no angling in Jordan; therefore Agur could not be expected to include this among his intolerable things.

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Fourthly, the misery in these two last cases is reciprocal; for before a genteel townsman would see a countryman, who had been kind to him, and entertained him in his peregrinations, approach his elegant habitation, "he would see the deil puling heather," as John Brunton

said to the minister. The farmer goes to Edinburgh to transact some business; perhaps to sell some sheep, or take off his smearing materials, and expects the warmest reception from the gentleman to whom he was so kind, and who had so often invited him. But he is rather astonished at his reception. The gentleman stares him in the face, with his mouth ready to speak, but utters not a word, until the farmer, giving him a nod meant for a bow, says, "How's a'w'ye the day, sir? I'm thinkin' ye hae forgotten me an' the simmer pool?"

"Oh! how d'ye do? Very glad to see you—very glad indeed—and looking so well too! All well at home I hope? you will take something to drink?"

"Naw, I thank ye; I'll no tak naething e'en now till after."

"Better! When shall our sport in your streams begin? What glorious streams they are! Well, I'm sorry I am so particularly engaged to-day. Good bye. Compliments to all at home. Good bye."

Verily, this is a great evil—yea, it is a sore travail.

## CHAPTER IV.

On the various opinions on the virtues and effects of Fish, as articles of Food, and, likewise, on their Medicinal Qualities and Virtues.

WE beg to premise that the contents of this chapter may possibly present, to many readers, a somewhat desultory and unconnected form ; but the chief reason for this is, that the materials themselves are of so varied, accidental, and apocryphal a character, that they cannot be reduced to any formal or general rules. There is a multitude of opinions, surmises, statements and facts, scattered over more than two score of centuries, and appertaining to various nations ; and to make the entire mass as pleasant reading as possible, it is requisite we should take them in a promiscuous order, and not attempt to burden the judgment with what can scarcely be brought within its province.

This is a somewhat curious chapter in the history of angling writings, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, relative to the supposed medicinal virtues and fancied charms attributed to particular kinds and parts of fish. What could have led the human mind into this direction it is difficult to conjecture. The subject has never been attempted to be accounted for on

abstract or philosophical principles. One of the motives or causes of the absurd and superstitious notions and practices alluded to, seems to have probably had its rise from the fact that fish inhabit an element which shuts them out, comparatively speaking, from all human investigation as to their habits and modes of life. There is something obviously suggestive of mysteriousness connected with this circumstance. The finny tribes do not come in direct contact with man, like terrestrial animals. The powers of procreation, movements, and instincts generally, of the inhabitants of the deep are in great measure hidden from actual observation, and the element they live in has, besides, in its own nature, something awful and impressive, to the rude and uncultivated imaginations of men. The irresistible and impetuous torrent is invested with a power which strikes the mind with fear; and its natural hostility to the mind of man gives additional impressiveness to its movements. Even the most cultivated and enlightened mind feels an awful grandeur in the contemplation of moving waters, and it is chiefly this circumstance that has led untutored man in all ages and countries to people the banks of streams with divinities, fairies, and genii. There must have been a portion of this impressiveness and mysteriousness carried to the account of the animated beings that inhabit the great abyss of waters, and the natural bias given to the mind to consider everything connected with such an element as possessing virtues which do not generally belong

to objects and animals more directly open to observation and control.

It may, likewise, be worthy perhaps of remark, that the connection subsisting between Christianity and angling may have added a portion of strength as to the natural feelings respecting waters and their inhabitants. The apostles come to us as the poor fishermen of Galilee, having their distinct calling, of an interesting and momentous character, connected with movements of waters and the taking of fish. These circumstances may not have been altogether inoperative in the middle ages, when science and investigation lay as it were asleep, and inquiries into the operations of nature were by no means common.

Ancient writers mention that whole nations of mankind subsisted entirely upon fish. Herodotus gives us an account of the *Ichthyophagi*, a people of this kind. See likewise on the point Pliny, 9; Strabo, *Geogr.* 15; Diodorus Siculus, 4, 15; Ptolemæus, *Geogr.* 4; Arrianus, in *Indicis*; Solinus, *Polyhistor*, 65; Philostratus, in *Vita Appolonii*, 3. The description of these nations by Diodorus is, that the simplicity of this fish diet preserved them free from diseases, but that they were short-lived. A very interesting account of the fish-eaters on the borders of the Red Sea is given by Agatharides (Ap Photium). Pliny states that fish was the food of a large section of his countrymen. Eustathius says that in the heroic ages, fish were seldom eaten but in cases of want. They were

generally very high-priced in Greece. In the luxurious days of the Romans they were esteemed as excessive rarities; as may be learned from Horace, Juvenal, and Martial.

Hippocrates gives us a detailed account of the dietetical qualities of fish. Speaking generally, he says, fish of all kinds are light food, both when boiled and roasted—by themselves or when used with other food. Celsus ranks fish among those things which hold an intermediate place between articles of a strong and of a weak nature. Plutarch mentions, that, in his opinion, fish can be much more easily digested than flesh. The qualities of the finny race are largely treated of by Athenæus (*Deipnos*, 8). He tells us, on the authority of Siphnian Diphilus, that of sea fish, those which live among rocks are of easy digestion, contain good juices, are detergent, light, and afford little nourishment; and that those which inhabit the depths of the sea are difficult to digest, are very nutritious, and are of slow assimilation. Galen says, that fishes which live in the marshes, lakes, and muddy waters, are the worst species of human sustenance, because they are little exercised in swimming, and have impure food. He farther tells us that such fish as live in the depths of the sea are almost free from fault as aliment, for they are more wholesome and delicious than any of the other kinds. The characteristics of good fish, he adds, are, that they have no offensive smell, have little fat, and keep sweet for a considerable time.

A *Fragment of Xenocrates*, recently published, with learned notes, by Dr. Coray, of Paris, gives a full account of fish as an article of food. He says that roasted fish are more nutritious than boiled, but more difficult of evacuation; and that sea-fish are savoury, agree with the stomach, are of easy digestion, form proper blood, impart a good colour to the skin, and clear the bowels. Such as live in rivers and lakes, he adds, are generally bad for the stomach, form thick juices, and are of difficult evacuation. The parts near the tail of all kinds of fish are the most wholesome, on account of their being most exercised. The writings of Oribasius on the subject are mostly copied from Xenocrates. The Dissertation of Aëtius on the same topic is full, but displays nothing of any original value.

Actuarius wrote upon the subject, and observes that fishes which live in waters near the shore, and among rocks, the larger supply much nourishment, and of a thick and nutritious nature; and the smaller kinds little nourishment, of a pure nature. The observations of Simeon are chiefly copied from Galen. Alexander Aphrodisiensis enters upon the question why rock fish are peculiarly excellent, and solves the question by saying it is because the water about rocks is constantly in motion, which keeps the fishes in it continually in exercise. Rhases states that sea and river fish are the best for human diet, which have rough scales, are mucilaginous, and are naturally of a white colour. He thinks those of black or red colour should not be used. He also adds, that all

fish remain in the stomach undigested. The Arabian writer on the subject, Haly Abbas, does little more than make an abridgment from Galen.

The brine of pickled fish was considered a powerful calefacient and desiccative, and was externally applied to putrid ulcers, and administered as an injection in dysentery and ischiatic diseases. (Geopon., xx, 46; Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xxxi, 43; Athenæus, Deipnos. 2; and Apicius, c. 7.) Sauce prepared by macerating the intestines of the tunny fish was particularly esteemed; and Cælius Aurelianus praises a sauce made in the same manner from the salurus. Dioscorides recommends the sauce of pickled fish as a cataplasm to persons bitten by mad dogs, and as an injection in sciatica (lib. ii, 34). The same thing is mentioned by the Arabian physicians, Avicenna and Serapion; and Aëtius, Celsus, and Hippocrates speak on the subject in the same decided manner.

The flesh of the legless lobster, when triturated and drunk with the root of bryony, kills and eradicates lumbrici. Dioscorides prescribes the ashes of the river-crab in cases of hydrophobia, and as an application in fissures in the feet and arms, chilblains, and cancers. He likewise says it is an antidote against the bite of all venomous animals. Galen treats fully of the same thing for hydrophobia (book 5). Avicenna and Rhases prescribe the flesh of the river-crab, mixed with milk, as highly beneficial in cases of consumption.

Celsus prescribes the soup of muscles as an excellent

purgative in fevers. Dioscorides recommends them to be externally applied as a stimulant and detergent application in diseases of the eyes, and their flesh for the bites of mad dogs. The Arabian writers speak likewise of their medicinal qualities. The *Silurus* or *Shad fish*, when pickled and eaten, clears the trachea when in a humid state; and cataplasm made of it, extracts sharp weapons of wood from the body. Dioscorides recommends it, and the Arabian Ebn Baithar gives a full account of its many medicinal virtues, both from Greek writers and those of his own country.

Eels were denounced by Hippocrates to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary affections. The conger eel is considered by Galen as hard and indigestible.

The *Salmon* is not mentioned by any Greek author. It is noticed in Pliny's Natural History (9, 12); and the first account we have of it in any Latin classic author is contained in the *Mosella* of Ausonius. Here we have the three progressive stages in the growth of the salmon. The *salar* is the sea-trout, the *fario* is what in Scotland is called the *grilse*, and the *salmo* is the full-grown fish. Of the salmon, the poet says,—

“Tu loricato squamosus pectore, frontem  
Lubricus, et dubiæ facturur fercula cænæ,  
Tempora longarum fers incorrupte morarum,  
Præsignis maculis capitis; cui prodiga nutat  
Alvus, opimatoque fluens abdomine venter.”

The sea-trout is described in the following line :

“*Purpureisque salar stellatus tergora guttis.*”

Some particular fish were highly extolled by the ancients for their gastronomic qualities. The *rhombus* was esteemed a remarkable delicacy. In the fourth satire of Juvenal, a ludicrous importance is given to the capture of one, by the flatterers of Domitian. It is mentioned by Horace and Martial. Athenæus calls it sweet and nutritious. It is generally considered as the species of the *turbot*. The *mullet* is mentioned by Horace as a rare delicacy of great price. See likewise Juvenal (Sat. iv, 15); Martial (Xenia, 74); and Macrobius (Saturnal. iii, 16). Galen tells us that its liver, prepared with wine and oil, was esteemed a peculiar delicacy.

The *murene* was eagerly sought after by the epicures of Rome. Pliny, Martial, and Macrobius tell us that those from Sicily were esteemed the best. Icesius says, it is as luscious and savoury as the eel, and calls it “the Helen of suppers.” It is related of Vedius Pollio that he fed his murenes with the bodies of condemned slaves. L. Crassus, the orator, put on mourning clothes for the death of a murene.

Our common *gudgeon* was the first fish, in point of rarity and delicacy, presented at the rich banquets of the Venetians (Xenia, Ep. 83). Juvenal speaks of it as being of little value. Galen says it is delicious, digestible, and wholesome, especially when taken in waters having a stony or rocky bed. Seth and Diphilus say, that when the flesh

of the gudgeon is white, it is then in its most tender and digestible state. The Capros or *carp*, is called by Arches-tratus, "The flower of nectar." (Athenæus, Diepnos, 7).

Fresh and salt fish were the principal articles of diet with the Hellenes; and we find Aristophanes and Athenæus alluding to the circumstance in many parts of their writings, accompanied with many bitter sarcasms and jeers, on account of their passionate attachment to the mullet, the scar, and the turbot.

Lucian has many witty jokes at the expense of a philosopher of his day who instituted an inquiry into the soul of an oyster! <sup>1</sup>

Philoxenes of Cythera being informed by his medical man that he was in a fair way of killing himself by his excessive indulgence in a most delicious food, said; "Be it so; but before I go, allow me to finish the remainder."<sup>2</sup>

Rhases and Magninus express themselves unfavourable as to fish diet, and maintain that it breeds *viscosities*, and a slimy state of the humours, and contains but a very limited portion of real nourishment. Savanarola says, fish are cold, moist, and phlegmatic food, and consequently unwholesome for all cold and melancholy temperaments. Some authors make a distinction, however, among the finny tribes; recommending some, and excluding others, such as eels, tench, lampreys, crawfish, and such as are bred in muddy and stagnant waters, and have a muddy and earthy taste. Franciscus Bonsuetus poetically describes these:

<sup>1</sup> Lucian, Bion Praxis.

<sup>2</sup> Athen. vii, 20.

“Nam pisces omnes, qui stagna, lacusque frequentant,  
Semper plus succi deterioris habent.”<sup>3</sup>

“All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent  
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.”

Lampreys, Paulus Jovius, c. 34, *de piscibus fluvial.*, highly magnifies, and saith, None speak against them, but *inepti et scrupulosi*, some scrupulous persons: but eels, c. 33, “he abhorreth in all places, at all times, all physicians detest them, especially about the solstice.” Gomesius, lib. 1, c. 22, *de sale*, doth immoderately extol sea-fish, which others as much vilify, and above the rest, dried, soused, indurate fish, as ling, fumados, red-herrings, sprats, stock-fish, haberdine, poor-john, all shell-fish. Tim. Bright excepts lobster and crab. Messarius commends salmon, which Bruerinus contradicts, lib. 22, c. 17. Magninus rejects conger, sturgeon, turbot, mackerel, skate.

“Carp is a fish of which I know not what to determine. Franciscus Bonsuetus accounts it a muddy fish. Hippolitus Salvianus, in his Book *de Piscium naturâ et præparatione*, which was printed at Rome in folio, 1554, with most elegant pictures, esteems carp no better than a slimy watery meat. Paulus Jovius on the other side, disallowing tench, approves of it; so doth Dubravius in his books of Fish-ponds. Freitagius extols it for an excellent wholesome meat, and puts it amongst the fishes of the best rank; and so do most of our country gentlemen that

<sup>3</sup> Lib. De Aquatilibus.

store their ponds with no other fish. But this controversy is easily decided, in my judgment, by Bruerinus. l. 22, c. 13. The difference riseth from the site and nature of pools, sometimes muddy, sometimes sweet; they are in taste as the place is from whence they be taken. In like manner almost we may conclude of other fresh fish. But see more in Rondoletius, Bellonius, Oribasius, lib. 7, cap. 22, Isaac, l. 1, especially Hippolitus Salvianus, who is *instar omnium solus*, &c. Howsoever they may be wholesome and approved, much use of them is not good; P. Forestus, in his medicinal observations, relates, that Carthusian friars, whose living is most part fish, are more subject to melancholy than any other order, and that he found by experience, being sometimes their physician ordinary at Delft, in Holland. He exemplifies it with an instance of one Buscodnese, a Carthusian of a ruddy colour, and well liking, that by solitary living, and fish-eating, became so misaffected.”<sup>4</sup>

The Romans had a great fondness for the art of angling, both with the net and line; but fishes were not anciently eaten, says Plutarch, from superstitious motives, and from reverence for springs, &c. The Meataë, or Northern Britons, according to Xiphiline, abstained from fish. It would be idle therefore to look for fishing among the Celtic Britons, and eels excepted, the art was introduced by Wilfrid. The Anglo-Saxons eat various fish; chiefly

<sup>4</sup> Burton, p. 344.

eels ; even dolphins and porpoises, which they caught by net or hook. A sea-fisher was an officer in the household of Edward. III.<sup>5</sup>

Johannes de Mediolanus, or John of Milan, wrote a work in 1099, called the *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, translated by Dr. Holland, in which we have the following advice about fish.

“The fish of soft and biggest body take,  
If hardened little, do not them forsake,  
Pike, perch, and sole are known for daintie fish,  
The whiting also is a courtly dish :  
Tench, gurnard, and a well-grown plaice in May,  
Carp, rochet, trout, these are good meat I say,  
Among our fish the pike is king of all,  
In water none is more tyrannical.  
Who knows not physic, should be nice and choice  
In eating eeles, because they hurt the voice ;  
Both eeles and cheese, without good store of wine  
Well drunk with them, offends at any time.”

Among the Eastern nations it is a common medical prescription to take the eggs of scates, after being held over burning coals, and inhaled by the mouth and nostrils, as an infallible remedy for an intermittent fever.—*Buffon*.

Diacles, the Greek physician, considered the flesh of the perch as an excellent restorative to convalescents of all kinds.—*Athenæus*.

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of bestowing immortality on

<sup>5</sup> Turner's Anglo-Saxons.


those who had the good fortune of tasting them; and it was even considered that the dead would have returned to life again if it had been possible for them to have tasted a morsel of this delicious fish.—*Macrobius*.

Eude, who was French cook to Louis XVI, in a Cookery Book he has published, gives the following inhuman process for cooking a dish of eels.

“Take (says he) one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable.

Note.—Several gentleman have accused me of *cruelty* [astonishing!] for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin.”

Fat salmon was a very favourite dish in the middle ages. It was divided into joles, &c., as now, broiled, salted, pickled, and served in various forms; a sort of pickled salmon, called *Ysitius*, was eaten by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.



In George Wither's *Britains Remembrancer*, published in London, in 1628, containing a Narrative of the Plague, present mischiefs, and judgment to come, we find the following lines :—

“For if the heart and liver of a fish  
 (Burnt by young *Tobit* in a chafendish)  
 A spirit from his chamber could expell,  
 They hoped these might purge ill ayres, as well.”<sup>6</sup>

Soles were considered most delicious food among the Greek gastronomes. We shall make no apology for quoting again from a recent writer on this subject.<sup>7</sup> He says, “No fish in the ancient world was better known, or in a higher repute than this. It was the subject of a Greek myth, *ευτροφος* and *ἡδύς*, nutritious and delicate, were the epithets currently applied to it, and one Greek in particular describes the species as the best of flat-fish ; the highest praise, since these were considered quite the *pisci nobili* of the market, and equivalent to saying they were best of the best. Soles were served then, as now-a-days, fried, *σιζουρες*, when their size admitted it :—

‘The cook produced an ample dish  
 Of frizzled soles, those best of fish,  
 Embrowned, and wafting through the room,  
 All sputtering still a rich perfume.’

“They were also served in a savoury sauce under the name of Citharus. Archestratus orders some for an

<sup>6</sup> Page 46.

<sup>7</sup> Frazer's Magazine, December, 1853.

amateur (*Cithari sciens*) with an exceedingly rich compost of cheese and oil, which makes them, he says, exquisite 'εἰσι δὲ ἀκολαστοι.' Epicharmus produces soles among the dishes served at Hebe's nuptials; and Archestratus, in his poem, *Hedypathy*, 'Good cheer,' considers that they can hardly be served too elaborately; though it is not likely the ancients ever hit upon the *most* dainty and complex of recipes, the French sole, '*en matelotte normande*,' the bare recollection of the taste of which lingers, we must say, after years' desuetude, agreeably on our palate still; that the larger specimens were sometimes served plain boiled, in preference to any other more elaborate mode of cooking, is highly probable, since a doughty Greek authority pronounces that, for an easy digestion, there is no way of serving fish so good as *au naturel*. Though these fish were generally in high repute, yet their reputation varied with the species, and with the locality from which they came; even in our own island, how different in respect to quality are soles fetched from different districts. When Galen, Xenocrates, and Diphilus speak disparagingly of soles, we must suppose them either to have been sadly warped by some caprice of fashion, or else very unfortunate in their supplies; and it was no doubt a feeling of the injustice of such a censure passed on his favourite food, which extorted the complaint from a Greek connoisseur, 'everything is censured in turn, and now they tell me, but I will never believe it, that there is imperfection even in a sole!'"

In treatises on angling and fish in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, we find many curious and scattered remarks on the medicinal properties of the finny race. Caspar Schwenkfeld, in his *Therio Trophæum Silesiæ*, says, "all fish, by reason of the nature and custom of the elements from which they have sprung and derive their virtue, and on account of their cold and gelatinous nature, are very difficult of digestion. They likewise generate cold and phlegmatic blood, from whence many similar grievous disorders date their origin; for they weaken the nerves, and prepare them for paralysis; and as they injure the more cold and damp stomachs, so, on the contrary, they greatly benefit the more bilious and warm."

In the *Histoire des Poissons*, Paris, 1585, we find, that the liver of the sturgeon, when steeped in cold water for a length of time, was an effectual remedy for cramps in the stomach. It is recommended to be applied externally, and with a tight bandage. The pike was long celebrated, in many parts of Germany and France, for its charms and medicinal excellencies. A little bone in the form of a cross, which is said to be discoverable in the head of this fish, was long worn by the credulous as a sort of talisman against witchcraft and enchantment. The heart of this fish is recommended to be eaten against the paroxysms of fevers; his gall to be used as a liniment in affections of the eyes; his mandibula dried into dust against pleurisy; and little fishes found in his belly were

prescribed, when dried, as a draught for persons in consumptions.

The *roe* of different kinds of fish has been a fruitful topic of conjecture. The eggs of the barbel were long considered in the north of Europe as noxious, and those who partook of them copiously would “shrink up in great danger of life.” In some parts of Saxony and Dalmatia, the roe of the trout, when beaten up with olive oil, and rubbed on the eyes, was said to be a certain method of seeing the departed spirits of our friends after death. In those localities in France where there are extensive *marais* or tanks of water, superstitious opinions on the medicinal properties of fish extensively prevail among the country people. Many of the intestinal portions of the large eels, found in the waters near Arras, in the Pas-de-Calais, are used both for charms to heighten the complexion of young women, and to cure various cutaneous disorders.<sup>8</sup>

In Great Britain, during the last century, we find many prescriptions in verse, on the medical properties of fish. Take the following as samples :—

“ A RECIPE FOR WEAK NERVES.

“ Take wormwood root,  
And gall of trout,  
And place them on the fire ;  
With brain of pike,  
Or, if you like,  
Take dung out of the bire.  
“ Then simmer weel,  
With oil of eel,

<sup>8</sup> Histoire des Poissons, p. 64.

Three spoonful to a dose ;  
 You soon will find,  
 With nought unkind,  
 Your nerves they will compose."—*W. S.*  
 London, 1702.

"FOR SPINAL COMPLAINTS.

"If with spinal ill oppress'd,  
 Take liver of cod,—well dress'd  
 Place it on the fire to fry,  
 Dust it o'er with meal of rye ;  
 On the spine you rub it well,  
 Pains will fly with magic spell."—Barton, 1710.

"A RECIPE FOR SCALDS AND BOILS.

"An ounce you take  
 Of salmon roe,  
 And with it make  
 A paste or dough,  
 With olive oil ;  
 Then rub it o'er  
 The scald or boil,  
 'Twill pain no more."

*Lessons on Cookrie*, 1709.

In the northern parts of England it is a common thing among young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin around their ankles, to keep away cramps and pains. There is an old ditty to this effect in some localities of the country.

"Around the shin  
 Tie the skin,  
 Of full-grown river eel ;  
 And every sprain,  
 And cramp and pain,  
 Will fly unto the deil."

## A CURE FOR COLIC.

For wynd and ventosite, that men callis *Collica passio*, and this es proved; tak and make the a girdle of eels skyn, and while the weras hit aboute thi body, thu sal noght have *Collicam passionem*.—*MS. of the 14th century, in the British Museum.*

## COSMETIC FOR A LADY'S NECK.

To make a woman's neke white and softe, tak fresch oyl of code, and hennes grees, and the white of egges half-roasted, and do thereto a lytel popylmele, and enoynt hir therewith ofte.—*MS. of the 14th Century, British Museum.*

## FOR JAUNDICE.

Take the half of a shirk's head, the liver of the devil-fish, and three ounces of fine Florense oil; mix them well together, after an hour's boiling. Take three wine-glasses of the syrup daily, they will effectually cure the patient in a short time.—*Medical Recipes, by Dr. Munzel, of Berlin, Translated into English in 1756.*

## A CURE FOR THE ITCH.

"Tweed salmon bright,  
Sufficient weight,  
With butter'd crumbs and spice;  
Some sparrow legs,  
The yokes of eggs,  
All boil'd and crusted nice.

“ Then take your fill,  
 Should you be ill,  
 Of what’s call’d the *fiddle* :  
     It purifies  
     Where itching lies,  
 This I wean’s my riddle.”—*W. S.*

## FOR JAUNDICE.

A live tench applied to the feet for *twelve hours*, then burried *quitely*, or thrown down the house of office ; the patient will soon recover.—*Don Pernety’s Voyage to the Falkland Islands.*

In Gayton’s *Longevity* we have the following lines on fish as an article of food :—

“ Fishes are like their element and place  
 Wherein they live, both cold and moist, a race  
 Of flegmatic creatures, yet they are meat  
 Which dry and choleric tempers may well eat ;  
 And those who would look snug, or else snout-fair,  
 May take these liver-cooling dish for fare.  
 In fever’d seasons, and in climates hot,  
 Use them ; but if the beare the helm hath got,  
 Or under Charles his seven-starr’d heavy wane,  
 From this dull nourishment let them refrain.  
 Sweet river-fishes slimy and gross diet  
 Are gibbery, and make egression quiet ;  
 More nourishing than sea-fish, and of these,  
 Those (which the current streams and gravel please,  
 And do abhorre annoyances of sinks,  
 Which spoil their channels with their loathsome stinks)

Are more delicious, such as perch and trout ;  
Your mud-fish all incline you to the gout.  
But those delighting in sweet scowers, refine  
Their squammy sides, and clarify their line."

We learn from the book of Tobias, vii 2, 3, that the ray fish was burned, and the eggs of the fish are still burnt as a medicine for intermitting fevers among the Greeks.—*Harris*, 408.

Though we have here given a pretty numerous catalogue of finny recipes for human ailments, it is not altogether out of our way to mention, that something good has really come out of the use of fish as a healthful restorative. When contrasted with the gross absurdity of many of the prescriptions we have given, it is rather striking to have to notice the very great advantages which have recently been realized by the use of cod-liver oil. It is more than sixty years since its valuable properties were pointed out by Dr. Bardsley ; but it is only within the last dozen years that the oil has been extensively used as a most valuable medicine in consumptive cases. There is an old doggerel on the value of the cod, which we have found in a collection of *Miscellanies*, printed in 1689. It is as follows :—

"Take the cod, and boil it well,  
It a generous tale will tell ;  
Add thereto of spice some grains,  
You'll be relieved of all your pains."

On the recent medical use of cod-liver oil, a late writer has the following remarks :—

“ But with what still greater wonder and complacency must every enlightened physician now-a-days contemplate that wholly unexpected and invaluable ally which suffering lungs have recently secured from the iatric liver of the cod. *Alere flammam*—to feed common lamps—was, till lately, all it professed to do ; but now its vaunt is, *alere vitam*—to replenish the lamp of life when burning low and threatening to go out. About sixty years have elapsed since Dr. Bardsley first sounded its praises ; but scarce a dozen have passed since it was fairly put upon trial in this country, and everybody now knows the result. Thousands of cases hitherto most unpromising, have, under its auspices, suddenly changed their aspect, and looked bright ; here, a fair girl, hastening to decay, had scarcely taken a few doses, when the ominous cough was appeased, she recovered her roses, smiled once more on a reassured family of friends, and went on her way rejoicing ; there a case of graver import, which had whispered death to the inquiring ear, made a stand, rallied, and consumption was, for the time, arrested in mid course ; and again, in patients still further reduced by the blighting malady, the administration of the bland oil was frequently observed to respite, soften, and assuage sufferings beyond its power to remove. Scepticism, by slow degrees, made way to conviction ; and he who, a few years ago, would justly have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now countenanced everywhere by brother practitioners, who have all the same story to tell,

till the world at large has become convinced of the fact ; and there is now not a village apothecary through the length and breadth of our isle who has not himself witnessed some of the endless beneficent wonders which this penetrating balm, under the Divine blessing, has already worked, and is daily working, among the children of men.”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Frazer's Magazine for 1853.

## CHAPTER V.

Angling Literature from the Revival of Letters, and the Establishment of the Art of Printing to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century.

ON the revival of letters in Europe, or about the commencement of the fourteenth century, angling effusions in prose and verse partook of the general mental impetus of the age. The Italians wrote piscatory plays, and other fanciful and light pieces on fishing generally, both by sea and land. They invested their *Syrens* and *Tritons* with angling habits and modes of thought; and made them expatiate, in glowing terms, on the beauties arising from the contemplation of the floods and hills, and woods and vallies, of their picturesque and highly interesting country. In one of the manuscript plays of this kind, in the library of the Vatican, at Rome, we have the adventures of a lover, who kept up a correspondence with the object of his affections by means of the art of angling; and we have the various contrivances or dodges he used to gain his ends, and overreach the jealous vigilance of the lady's parents, depicted with great minuteness and humour. There are likewise songs introduced, descriptive of river scenery, and to represent the parallel which the imagination may institute between the variable success that anglers meet

with and the common and every-day transactions of human life. We shall try to give the meaning of one of these dramatic songs, premising that the kind reader will make due allowances for the lameness of our imitation. Almost every disciple of the rod will yield his ready assent to the truthfulness of the general sentiment, conveyed in this somewhat antiquated Italian piece.

“ How oftimes with my rod in hand,  
In wandering by the stream,  
I’ve liken’d the angler’s magic wand  
To life’s deceptive dream !

“ The sky, perchance, looks fair and bright,  
The breeze curls on the brook,  
The waters ting’d to please the sight,  
Trout waiting for the hook !

“ We plunge and strive from spot to spot,  
But not a fish will rise ;  
In wonderment, at our ill lot,  
Turn up our wistful eyes.

“ In daily life the same we see,  
When hope mounts on the wing ;  
Our means to ends may not agree,  
And griefs from labour spring.

“ Again, sometimes, the day is sour,  
And darkened is the sky ;  
Fair sport seems far beyond our power,  
Though artful be our fly.

“ But here, again, at fault we are,  
 Success attends our skill,  
 And fish in scores come wide and far,  
 Our fishing creel to fill.

“ In life’s career the same we see,  
 When hope flags in the rear,  
 And dark’s the shade of destiny  
 When our success is near.

“ A moral, too, your line may point,  
 When tangl’d is the hair,  
 Let patience with her oil anoint,  
 ’Twill save you from despair.

“ The same in life when ills assail,  
 Perplex’d with mischiefs rank,  
 Patience and skill will seldom fail  
 To unloose the knotted hank.”

#### VENETIAN FISHERMAN’S SONG.

Now the silver moon arising  
 Flings around her light serene,  
 While upon her tranquil bosom  
 Sleeps in silence Ocean’s queen.

O sacra pia virgine,  
 Ora pro nobis !  
 O omnes sacri angeli,  
 Orate pro nobis.

Hark ! along the current gliding  
 Fishers chaunt their vesper song ;  
 While the evening’s tranquil zephyr  
 Bears the swelling notes along.

O sacra pia, &c.

In 1496, we have a treatise on angling, published by Wynkin de Worde, in the form of a small folio, which is a republication of the celebrated *Book of St. Albans*, and containing a tract, entitled 'The Treatyse of Fysshinge wyth an Angle,' and ornamented with a somewhat rude woodcut of an angler.

This work has been commonly attributed to Jane Juliana Berners, or Barnes, a prioress of the Nunnery of St. Albans. "The angler," says this fair writer, "atte the leeste, hath his holsom walke, and merry at his ease, a swete ayare of the swete sauoure wherewith the melodyous armory of fowlls, he seeth the younge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, with their brodes, whych to me seemeth better than all the noyse of houndry, the blastes of hornes, and the scrye of fowles, that hunters, fawkeners, and fowlers can make. And if the angler of the fysshe, surely thenne, is there noo man happyer than he is in his sporyte."

In 1558, we have the celebrated work of Hippolito Salviani, entitled *Aquatilium Animalium Historia*. It is a philosophical work of 500 pages, with upwards of 100 copper-plate engravings; and it gives a very full and correct account of the nature and habits of fish generally.

The art of angling was treated of in a sentimental strain by several Italian writers in the sixteenth century. In 1584 we have *L'Alces Favola Pescatoria*, by Antonio Ongaro, published at Venice, and highly embellished with

a profusion of symbolical devices. This work gives a very lively description of fishing, of the nature of the rivers and their scenery in Italy, of the different kinds of bait used for fish of various sorts, and of their instincts, migrations, and habits. It is in this publication, as far as our knowledge extends, that we first meet with the statement that the trout (*trota*) pair in the months of July and August, and that the conjugal union seems to be cemented by a powerful sympathy and affection. This writer likewise states the fact, well ascertained by modern observers, that there is a regular kind of domestic government maintained among this class of fish, the largest apparently assuming supreme and despotic authority. We have ourselves witnessed in British rivers numerous exemplifications of this finny legislation. We have seen, say two or three dozen trout, all arranged wedge fashion: the largest at the thin or sharp end of the wedge; and the smaller, in strict proportion to their dimensions, placed in the rear of the column. Should food be cautiously thrown in among the group when in this position, the largest fish always takes it, and the other members of the company never go a single inch out of the regular ranks. The Italian author just named mentions the fact, but is somewhat at a loss to divine what is the end or final course of this singular movement. We confess we can offer no satisfactory solution of the matter.

In 1576 M. Andrea Calmo published, at Venice, *Le*

*Bizzarie Faconde et Ingenioiose Piscatorie.* We shall insert the first song in the original :—

“ Franceschina de perle, e de ueluo  
 De safiri, balassi, e diamanti  
 De porfido allabastro, e serpentin,  
 D'oro d'ariento, robini, e turchese,  
 De scarlato d'auolio e de ancipresso  
 piu bella cha uaruol, e un sturion,  
 bianca co xe la menola, e l'anguela  
 Galante come l'arboro e la horada,  
 che luse co fa un suro scombrow, e chiepa,  
 neta co e la molecha, e la granceuola,  
 la pantalena, la capael granceiporo  
 ti ha quei to occhi allegri d'anguxigola.  
 e negri co e la schenna d' una passera  
 co i denti che proprio caparozzoli  
 rossa co xe'l barbon e la scarpena  
 molesina a mo el gò sardon e anguila  
 gustosa come el ton inchio e serache  
 La trutael carpion e le scoranze  
 grassa, che ti somegi, un sparo, un rumbo  
 pi saoria che luzzo tenca, e cieualo  
 lizadra, co xe i gamberi, e marsioni  
 pulia come le sepe, e cape longhe,  
 musuli capesante e anche lostrega,  
 sapi sior cava al sagramento mio  
 che te uoio tanto ben za boni zorni.  
 chel di e la notte, ti me sta in la mente  
 fame pur di dispetti, e di stracoli  
 che in fina che hauero fia in corpo  
 Te adorero per una sauta in ciclo

Ni buto mai le ree, che del continuo  
 No m'arecorda de la tua bellezza,  
 digando al nome de cule, che amo  
 piu che m'intesso, dolce mio reposso,  
 e quando uedo el pesce che he piao  
 I non asomeiando alle to gratie,  
 digando al manco fustu qua fia, mia  
 che te farauc un don de la mitae,  
 Si pesco e togne qualche bel biacholo  
 me par ueder, quando mena la coa,  
 co ti e vistia da festa la Domenega,  
 e tal volta che non a saltarelo,  
 che i tregani me urta infra le gambe,  
 crio digando fosse qua, Francescha,  
 che me fa sospirar per so dileto  
 Che l'haueraue almanco sto bel spasso  
 cusi semo in uale e ostregar  
 sempre me ston pensando del to uiso,  
 e a leto maniere si uliose  
 e puo le vagho tutte ponderando  
 e quanti pesi che uedo co i occhi  
 c'habbia del bon e digo infra de mi,  
 careti che somegia la me donna  
 co i pio, co i cuso e coi uegio manzar.  
 te chiamo, e d'essi te son un presente  
 de sorte, che tutte quante le hore  
 ti me se dentro il cuor e le uiscere  
 ama me mo anche ti si Dio te aida  
 e sil te par che sial zosto, e honesto  
 azo chel mondo no te chiama ingrata."

From this time to the appearance, in 1590, of *A Booke  
 of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and all other Instruments*

*thereunto belonging, made by L. M. (Leonard Mascale);* we have little or nothing on the fishing art. It was, however, occasionally handled by the writers and poets of the day in songs and squibs. We have an old ballad in ‘Disprayse of Women that allure but love not.’

“That troupe of honest dames,  
Those Grisels all are gone ;  
No Lucrece now is left aliue,  
Ne Cleopatra none.

“Those days are all ypast,  
That date is fleeted by ;  
They myrrors were, dame Nature made,  
Her skilful hand to try.

“Now course of kinde exchaungde  
Doth yield a woorsen graine,  
And women in these latter years,  
These modest matrons staine.

“Deceit is their delight,  
Great fraudes in friendly lookes ;  
They spoil the fish for friendship’s sake,  
That hover on their hookes.

“They buy the bait too deare,  
That so their freedome loze ;  
And they the more deceitfull are,  
That so can craft and gloze.”

In 1600, we have another treatise under the following title :—*Certain experiments concerning Fish and Fruit, practised by John Tavnener, Gent., and by him published*

*for the benefit of others*, London. A few years before this date we find a work on fish, published by Casper Schwenkfeld, called *Therio Tropheum Silesiæ*, in which there is much curious research and speculation on the habits, medical properties, and instincts of all the known classes of fish. There was likewise another work about the same period, printed at Leipsic, on the different modes of angling for fish of all kinds. This is but a small work, of about thirty octavo pages.

From this period, and for some time afterwards, the literature of angling was, like the other branches of knowledge and art, at a very low ebb. There can be no doubt, however, that angling was followed in these times as a rural amusement, and that it formed a topic of eulogy and recommendation to the few of those favoured spirits who then held a pen in their hands, and committed their thoughts to paper. We are informed, from the records of early French literature, that in most of the large libraries in France, Italy, and Spain, there are manuscript articles on *Fishing*, of various remote dates, but of a somewhat fugitive and puerile cast.

The *Piscatory Eclogues* of Sanazarius are well known. They were republished by Pope, in his collection of *Poemata Italarum*. These effusions have been the topic of critical controversy among angling writers. Mr. Draper and Mr. Jones think highly of them, and maintain that their author gained more reputation by them than from all his other works together. Moses Browne entertains a

different opinion. He says, "Perhaps it had been of advantage, and this subject (angling literature) had come with better appearance if Sanazarius had never written his *Sea Eclogues*: the exercise of fishing appears so contemptible in him, that any that writes on a subject that seems to be of a similar aspect must suffer disadvantage. His oysters and crayfish are served plentifully over without any change, and you may break your teeth before you get to his entertainment. His water-swains differ no ways from our most simple ones on land, only that he turns them to sea in an old tattered boat, and to leave them to wail their loves and seek their fortunes. Rocks, waves, and desert shores are their insensible retinue."

The 'Eclogues' of Sanazarius are *nine* in number. The first is on the angling seasons. It is written in the form of dialogue by three persons. The topics are, the inconveniences to genuine sport from long draughts and land floods, the general changeableness of the weather, the best seasons and times for using the rod to advantage, and of the various methods of summer and winter fishing. On long spells of dry weather, the poet says:—

"When droughts like these the slack'ning streams repress,  
How, Mica, can the angler hope success?  
The fish with sick'ning looks their food refrain,  
And seek the coolness of the deeps in vain;  
No kindly rains the scanty pools supply,  
And running brooks have ebb'd their channels dry;

On muddy banks their fishy trains they leave,  
 And with the heat their parchy bottoms cleave,  
 A russet dye embrowns the wasted fields,  
 And the scorch'd grove its wither'd verdure yields."

The second 'Eclogue' is devoted to a description of *night fishing*. Two youths are represented as going out on a summer's evening, under the influence of those subdued feelings which the solemn twilight season naturally creates. This melancholy mood inspires a disposition to moralize, which, however, the breaking in of the morning dawn in a great measure dissipates.

"Here then beneath the hedgy covert rest,  
 Now farther roaming dangerously request;  
 Lest fawns that haunt the dunny woods by night,  
 With tedious yell or glaring forms affright;  
 Or wand'ring fires that o'er the marches stray,  
 Tho' bogs and moory fens misguide our way."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pleasing by early morn the bleating flocks,  
 The currents murmur down the distant rocks,  
 The gale's perfume, the echo's mimic sound,  
 The night-bird's song, and low of kine around;  
 In hollow banks the hum of must'ring bees,  
 And zephyr's whisp'ring soft amid the trees."

The third 'Eclogue' describes the river enemies of the trout and salmon. Among these the otter takes a prominent place. A description is given of one of these

animals killing a large trout, and of his subsequent capture by an expert young angler.

In the fourth 'Eclogue,' entitled 'The Sea Swains,' we have the following passage on the fisher's life and character :—

“ Happy the fisher's life and humble state,  
 Calm are his hours, and free from rude debate ;  
 No restless cares he knows of sordid gain,  
 Nor schemes, that rack the moiling statesman's brain ;  
 Fearless in shades he takes his healthy dreams,  
 And labours, mild, amid refreshing streams,  
 Or on the quiet ocean tries his oar ;  
 Or sings in tempests on the shelt'ry shore.  
 His boat his cabin yields, his sails a bed,  
 And ready fruit his homely table spread :  
 While berries, which th' unriff'd trees produce,  
 Refresh his kindly thirst with plenteous juice ;  
 Or clustering grapes their liquid treasures bring,  
 Cool temper'd from the neighbour—running spring,  
 Who shares, like him, what bounteous nature yields ;  
 The gifts of rivers, and the sweets of fields ;  
 Ev'n all is his where'er he wanders round,  
 And age with undiminished vigour crown'd.”

The fifth 'Eclogue' describes the feelings of a young angler who has been crossed in love. The sixth is *The Angler's Songs*, which represents two craftsmen sitting by the banks of a purling stream, and pouring out their respective ditties in rapturous praise of their art. In the seventh 'Eclogue,' we have *The Strife* ; in the

eighth, *The Fowlers*; and in the ninth, *The Complaints, or the Friends*. This is a sort of familiar conference between the poet and his friend. The whole is descriptive of a condition of mind, produced by a series of disappointments, under which it was written.

“Proud Stella! angel with a tyrant’s heart,  
 Form’d for my wish, yet destin’d for my smart,  
 Once my lov’d hope, companion soft and kind,  
 Till false dividing friends unfix’d thy mind;  
 Forbid thy sight, thy ever parting charms,  
 Torn from those true but vainly-doating arms,  
 Tho’ doom’d my flame in silence to suppress,  
 Still the deep secret will thy looks confess;  
 My stifled sigh, my softly-stealing tear,  
 Thro’ each disguise the lover will appear.”

A few years after, Giovanni Villifranci published at Venice, in 1614, his *L’Armaranto Favola Pescatoria*. There is an édition of this work, dated 1612, but it is much smaller, and printed on inferior paper. He has several songs in his work full of sentiments of love. One of these, commencing with the line, “La mia douzella ch’e casi allegre e bella,” we shall here insert, as a specimen of his style and train of thought.

“ ‘ My pretty maids, so blythe and gay,  
 With crook and line, whence came you, pray ? ’  
 ‘ We come, Sir, from the neighbouring hill  
 Close by the fount of this clear rill;  
 There, in a little tuff of green,  
 Our father’s angling cot is seen ;

Beneath that dear, though narrow shed,  
We sisters all were born and bred.'

' Oh, what must be the favour'd place  
That yields such charms and native grace ;  
As sedgy weeds no more can shroud  
Than noon-day's sun an envious cloud !  
Love's genuine progeny you seem,  
From each fair face such pleasures beam.'

' Our business is to tend our flocks,  
To throw our lines beyond the rocks ;  
When fed, we drive our flocks at eve,  
So now, kind Sir, we take our leave.'

' Well might it grieve your beauties rare,  
To waste themselves on desert air,  
When courts and cities would delight  
To give them to the public sight ;  
But tell me, do you feel content  
On toils so homely to be pent ?'

' More true content within us dwells,  
While roving through these streamy dells,  
Than fills the hearts of ladies great,  
While dancing in the rooms of state ;  
No wealth we want, or fine array,  
Our cares and wanderings make us gay.' "

*With some variations from Dr. Aikin's version.*

In 1612, we find another Italian publication, of about two hundred and fifty pages, entitled, *La Cana de Piscare*, in which there are some interesting descriptions of angling excursions on some of the higher sections of the river

Arno and its smaller tributaries. These waters are very prolific of fish, and they seem at this period to have been much frequented by piscatory amateurs and pic-nic parties. A goodly portion of sentiment and feeling is thrown into this little treatise. The author descants on the loveliness of nature so commonly displayed on the banks of rivers, and on the remarkably soothing influence which the rippling and murmuring sounds of falling and running streams of water has upon the human mind. He says, "I have travelled much with the rod, in certain seasons of the year, by the banks of the chief fishing localities of Italy, and I feel at all times as if I had made my escape from the ordinary ills and plagues of life. I have commonly had one or two companions, and we have enjoyed ourselves in as lively and rational a manner as possible; giving to Nature all her due, and dwelling on the various picturesque scenes we every day meet with, in that true spirit of admiration so improveable to the heart and understanding. I feel confident that most of our great artists must have been fishers in early life. Our art is well fitted to arouse the dormant powers of sentiment, and the general ideas of the sublime and beautiful in external nature. It is said that Michael Angelo, when a youth, often amused himself with the fishing-rod, and would take long journeys to visit spots famous for their rural scenery and beauties. The same thing I have heard remarked of less distinguished artists, both sculptors and painters, of our own and of other countries."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> La Canna, p. 60.

Giannetazzio writes on the mode of catching the *Belone*, or Gar-fish, in the Mediterranean sea, by means of its own teeth. The instruments are made at Naples, and its capture successfully practised there.

“Burnished with blue, and bright as demask steel,  
Behold the *acus* tribe with pointed bill,  
All fringed with teeth; no greedier fish than they  
E’er broke the serried lines the foaming bay,  
Soon, as the practised crew this frolic throng  
Beholds advancing rapidly along,  
Adjusting swift a tendon to the line,  
They throw—then drag it glistening through the brine,  
Anon the lure the greedy fish pursue;  
The gristle charms, but soon its charms they rue,  
Fix’d by the teeth to that tough barbless bait,  
They struggling yield to suicidal fate.”

Casting an eye from Italy towards Spain, we recognize several books on angling, written, however, chiefly by ecclesiastics. There was one published at Valladolid in 1650, containing a list of river fish, and a description of the various kinds of hooks and lines requisite for their capture. D. Teodoro de Almeida wrote a work *On the Nature of Fish*, Madrid, 1700, which is interesting, as containing a correct account of a great number of the finest rivers of Spain that are adapted for rod fishing. A little after this period we have the *Fisher*, by Father Bostos, a moralizing and religious treatise on the general profession of a fisher. And here it may be remarked, that

the Catholic church, which meddles with everything, meddled likewise with angling. It took it under its especial protection, to the exclusion of hunting, and other recreations of a violent and boisterous character. There is a standing *Canon*<sup>2</sup> on the subject, which states that hunters have generally been great sinners, citing the example of Esau; whereas fishermen, by Scripture testimony, have usually been deemed holy and pious men. Here is the reason for this opinion:—"Sed quare prohibetur venari, et non piscari? Quia forté piscatis fit sine clamore, venatio non; vel quia major est, delectatio in venatione; dum enim quis est in venatione nihil potest de divinis cogitare."<sup>3</sup> The church likewise alludes to the great Ambrose, who, in his thirty-third homily, expresses himself in perfect harmony with these sentiments.

Passing from the warm and genial regions of Italy, Spain, and the south of France, to Holland and Belgium, we see the art of angling under another phase. And now we think we hear some ardent piscatorian asking, "What, in the name of wonder, could ever have been written on my noble art in such a place as Holland?" Yes; this, we admit, is a natural question to ask. Where there is nothing but ditches, and canals, and sluices, and sand-banks, and dikes, and windmills, it does seem somewhat miraculous that anything spiritual could be imparted to

<sup>2</sup> Decretals, Lyons, 1670.

<sup>3</sup> See on this subject, *Principes de Conduite, Ordonnances et Statuts au Diocèse d'Arras*, 1825.

an art, which must, in such localities, be stripped of those necessary accessories to sentiment and feeling—the undulating landscape, and the rippling and limpid stream. But, strange to say, the Dutch have displayed a genius of their own in reference to fishing. They have been clever and amusing caricaturists of it. There are many finely executed prints, of the early parts of the seventeenth century, which represent the fisherman of Holland in the most grotesque and laughable positions. It must be borne in mind, that this part of Europe has always been, and is yet, famous for its salmon. All the splendid estuaries which disembogue themselves into the maritime districts of Holland are full of them; for, even in the days of the Romans, we find the Moselle—“the clear and blue Moselle”—whose waters fall into the Rhine, celebrated for its numerous and delicious salmon. Fishing, therefore, both for this monarch of the streams and less valuable sport, has been commonly practised for several centuries among a large class of the people, both for profit and amusement. Indeed, there is a common proverb in Holland that Amsterdam is built upon the bones of fish. In 1613 we have, in Dutch, the *Handbook of Fishing* (Amsterdam), in which the art is described, and plates of the several kinds of fish are given. About half a century after this we have another work, *The Fisher's Guide*, a small treatise, little more than a mere abridgment of the book just mentioned. The earliest caricatures of the angler we have seen bear the date of 1603. One represents

a Dutch amateur, evidently of some public notoriety, sitting like a lubberly clodpole, with the most bewildering expression of face, pulling a prodigious large salmon at the foot of a weir ; in another print figures a fisher weeping for the loss of a part of his rod and tackle. Underneath the print are some verses, which may be paraphrased thus :—

“ Mynheer Vandunk, though he never got drunk,  
 Sipp'd brandy and angled gaily ;  
 And he quenched his thirst with two quarts of the first,  
 Hooking lots of fine salmon daily :  
 Singing—‘ Oh, that a fisherman’s draught could be  
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.’

Water well mixed with spirit good store,  
 No fisherman thinks of scorning :  
 But of water alone he drinks no more  
 Than to help him to bring his fish on shore  
 Upon the market-stall in the morning.  
 For a fishing Dutchman’s draught should be  
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.”

In the well-known works of Jacob Cats, the Dutch author, we have several fables connected with fishing. Here is one in his own language :—

“ OOCK BRANT IN ZEE.

Wat Saylt men over Zee’s in alle vreemde landen ?  
 Het vier het minne-vier ran in her water branden ;  
 De groote Zee-lamprey en houdt geen vaste ree,  
 En lyt noch echter brant te midden in de Zee.

Waer sal een vryer heen ? waer sal een minnaer varen ?  
 Hoc ? is niet Venus selfs gesproten uyt de baren ?  
 Besiet het gautsche diep, het kricht ven haren brandt,  
 De Zee heeft ook haer vier ; 'tis Venus Vaderlandt."

(Why are we sailing over the seas to all foreign lands ?  
 The heat or fever of love can burn even in the waters.  
 The whale does not keep a steady course, but goes on  
 blowing in the midst of the vast ocean. Where shall a  
 lover not go ? To where shall he not set sail ? Venus  
 herself, is she not borne of the waves ? Examine the  
 depth of the sea, it is full of her fire. It is heaven's  
 fatherland.)

Cats has another piece, in which he describes fishing  
 by torch-light. From the fact that the fish gather round  
 the light and seem spell-bound, he draws a moral that  
 people should not be led away by appearances, nor be  
 perpetually striving after what they cannot attain. They  
 had better remain in their accustomed station of life than  
 to run after shadows and glaring enterprises, which so  
 often lead to fatal consequences.

The following pieces are taken from a little work called  
*Miscellanies*, published by Thomas Passenger, at the  
*Three Bibles and Star*, London Bridge. They are under  
 the head of *Dutch Fishing Rhymes*.

Minheer Van Storke  
 Please get to worke  
 And catch a fish for dinner ;  
 When you've dry'd it,  
 Then you'll fry it,  
 And nothing will be finner.

To throw a line  
Into the Rhine  
And catch a rosy salmon;  
It is a feed,  
And sport indeed,  
And certainly no gammon.

---

Little Van Rutter caught a fish for his supper,  
And drew it out of the sea;  
And with rod in his hand, like a wizard's wand,  
Again took out other three.

Little Van Rutter ran home to his mother,  
Who call'd him a very good boy;  
So he ran in a trice, threw his line other thrice,  
This fill'd the good-wife with great joy.

---

The Zudder Zee is deep,  
The line runs off the pirn;  
The waves foam up and sweep,  
My bait I can't discern.

But soon I have a bite,  
My rod begins to bend;  
We struggle and we fight,  
My tackle sure will rend!

But soon the fish I see,  
Wrigling in the water;  
It wishes to be free,  
And makes a mighty splatter.

I haul it on the beach,  
It quivers and expires ;  
Again my line I stretch,  
But chill'd are my desires !

My Father scolds with wrath,  
And says I am a fool ;  
And strikes me with a lath,  
And drives me back to school !

---

Van Merke was sure a sprightly lad,  
He swill'd his gin, and us'd his gad,  
And caught the rosy salmon ;  
He would plunge the Rhine fearlessly  
To throw a line into the sea,  
He'd turn his back on no man.

He fed the market with his store,  
No fisherman could well do more,  
Skilled in his craft was he ;  
To throw the line o'er glossy pool,  
Or skew'd it round the rocky knoll,  
That peeps into the sea.

He cheer'd me up, and call'd me dove,  
I was his charmer and his love,  
He'd press me to his breast ;  
At length we to the altar went,  
The source of joy and pure content,  
Where fishers sure may find a rest.

In a book on "Angling," published at Copenhagen in the middle of this century, we have some lines descriptive of the salmon and salmon fishing. The following is a translation of them, made by a friend :—

"We've often spoke with sanguine air  
Of salmon runs near Carlstak fair ;  
Where sport was truly worth the name,  
In deeper pools, with larger game.  
Such tales an angler's hopes rais'd high,  
And straightway he had come to try ;  
And well rewarded was his toil,  
Nine salmon were his first day's spoil.  
One gallant fish of extra weight  
Lay beach'd beside the other eight,  
Just thirty pounds, when weigh'd like gold,  
The index of the steelyard told.  
He gaff'd him ere he struck the ground,  
Hence loss of blood would stand a pound ;  
A finer fish was seldom seen  
So thick and short—so silv'ry clean ;  
Small in the head, and bright the scale,  
The brine-bred insect on his tail,  
Red in the gills, the muscles hard,  
His measur'd length, a neat cloth yard ;  
While round his shoulders, fair and free,  
An inch-line mark stood thirty-three,  
Close was his vent, scarce seen at all,  
The girth above the tail so small,  
That in the grasp when firmly set,  
The thumb and fingers fairly met."

Sanazarius, whom we have just noticed, flourished at

the commencement of the sixteenth century. The first Aldine edition of the works of the poet is that of Venice of 1527, in 8vo. The most perfect edition is that printed at the same place in 1535, 8vo. His '*Piscatoria*' will be found in both collections of his poems.

The Italian Jesuit, Nicolas Perthenius, wrote his *Piscatory Eclogues* (*Piscatoria et Nautica*) a few years after the times of Sanazarius. The '*Eclogues*' were published apart from other poetical effusions of the same author, at Naples, in 1681; and a smaller edition, with engravings, was published at the same place in 1686.

From the commencement of the seventeenth century, angling literature made rapid progress, and sensibly partook of the general intellectual improvement which this active portion of European history portrays, in all branches of useful and polite writing.

Michael Drayton must not be passed over in silence. His lines on the river Severn (1612) are well entitled to notice. He eulogises it for a numerous and varied stock of fish.

"So that of every kind, the new-spawn'd numerous fry,  
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.  
The barbel, than which fish a braver doth not swim,  
Nor greater for the ford, within my spacious brim.  
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;  
The grayling, whose great spawn is big as any pease;  
The perch, with prickly fins, against the pike prepared,  
As nature hath thereon bestowed this stronger guard,

His daintiness to keep (each curious palate's proof)  
 From his vile ravenous foe; next him I name the ruff,  
 His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,  
 In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin.  
 The pretty slender dare, of many called the dace,  
 Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his face,  
 Oft swiftly, as he swims, his silver belly shows,  
 But with such nimble flight, that ere you can disclose  
 His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot.  
 The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson spot,  
 As though the curious were in him above the rest,  
 And of fresh-water fish, did unto him the best.

\* \* \* \*

The lusty salmon, then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,  
 Who for their numerous stores, stemming my tideful stream,  
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes  
 (For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes),  
 Which bending of himself to the fashion of a ring,  
 Above the forced wears himself doth nimbly fling."

We now come to a well-defined and prominent landmark in angling literature, namely, the appearance of Denny's or Devor's work. It was published in 1613, under the title of *The Secrets of Angling, teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons for the taking of any Fish in Pond or Rivers, practised and familiarly opened in these Bookes, by J. D.* Devor was a man of deep thought, and, in a certain point of view, a man of a truly contemplative genius. He looked upon nature with the eye of a philosopher, and with the feelings and senti-

ments of a poet and a moralist. He was the forerunner of Izaak Walton, and the real founder of that species of piscatory style and turn of thought for which "honest Izaak" has so long been justly celebrated amongst us. Devor dashed off the art of rod-fishing, in all its phases, with a bold and masterly hand; and most certainly raised the reputation of the "Craft" in public opinion many degrees beyond the point it had attained in the hands of preceding writers. His thoughts are natural and elevated; his versification smooth and pointed; and the spirit which breathes throughout his entire work is that of an amiable and well-regulated understanding.

Devor, in his poem, descants with great earnestness upon the necessity of an angler cultivating knowledge in general, and particularly on the advantages to be derived from his assiduous cultivation of religious and moral sentiments. These give him a keener relish for the subtilities and beauties of nature. The following stanzas exhibit a pretty correct notion of the manner in which he treats his subject:—

"When fair Aurora, rising early shows  
Her blushing face beyond the eastern hills,  
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rows,  
That far around the world with brightness fills;  
The meadows green are hoare with silver dewes,  
That on the earth the sable earth distils,  
And chaunting birds, with merry notes, bewray  
The near approaching of the cheerful day.

Then let him go to river, brook, or lake,  
That loves the sport, where stores of fish abound,  
And through the pleasant fields his journey make,  
'Midst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound,  
Where he may best his choice of pastime take,  
While swift Hyperion runs his circle round ;  
And as the place shall to his liking prove,  
There still remain, or further else remove."

The year after (1614) the appearance of Devor's poem, another work on angling, was published under the title of *The Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations ; containing a Discourse on the General Art of Fishing with the Angle ; and all the hidden secrets belonging thereunto*. This treatise is anonymous. In 1733, Gervas Markham wrote his *Countray Contentment*, which is in substance a prose version of Devor's work, with many additions of his own. The following passages will give a fair idea of the scope of this book :—

"Now for the inward qualities of mind, albeit some writers reduce them to twelve heads, which, indeed whosoever enjoyeth, cannot chuse but be very complete in much reflection ; yet I must draw them into many more branches. And first, and most essential whereof is, that a skilful angler ought to be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences ; as a grammarian, to know how either to write or discourse of his art in true and fitting terms, either without affectation or rudeness, and should have sweetness of speech to persuade others and engage

others to delight in an exercise so much laudable." . . . .  
 "An angler must be full of love, both to his pleasure and to his neighbour; to his pleasure, which otherwise will be irksome and tedious; and to his neighbour, that he never give offence in any particular, nor be guilty of any general destruction." . . . . "He should not be unskilful in musick, that whensoever either melancholy, heaviness of his thoughts, or the perturbations of his own fancies, stirreth up sadness in him, he may remove the same with some godly hymn or anthem, of which David gives us ample examples."

Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER wrote *Piscatory Eclogues* (1621). He was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. They have been often reprinted. The following two specimens are extracted from them :—

"But, ah ! let me under some Kentish hill,  
 Near rolling Medway, 'mong my fellow-peers,  
 With fearless merry-make and piping, still  
 For ever pass my few and slow-paced years.  
 The beach shall yield a safe, cool canopy,  
 While down I sit and sing to th' echoing wood ;  
 Ah ! singing might I live and singing die !  
 So by fair Thames or Medway's silver flood,  
 The dying swan, when years his temples pierce,  
 In music's strains breathes out his life and verse,  
 And chaunting own his dirge, tides on his watery hearse."

The following lines are descriptive of the innocent pleasures which attend an angler's country life :—

"His certain life, which never can deceive him,  
 Is full of thousand sweets and rich content ;  
 The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him  
 With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.  
 His life is neither tost on boist'rous seas  
 Of the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease ;  
 Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please."

"His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,"  
 While by his side his faithful spouse has place ;  
 His little son into his bosom creeps,  
 The lively picture of his father's face.  
 Never his humble roof nor state torment him,  
 Less he could like, if less his fate had lent him,  
 And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him."

Fletcher was likewise the author of *Sicelides*, a piscatory drama.

The next epoch in our sketch, is the work of Izaak Walton. It made its appearance in 1613. It will readily be conceded, even by the most devoted of the disciples of 'good Izaak,' that there were many materials strewed about in all directions by previous writers, calculated to aid him considerably in the getting up of his performance. He was not, in fact, the creator of what may be termed *Piscatory Waltonianism*. He certainly greatly improved and developed it ; but he owed more to his predecessors than is commonly imagined. Neither his sentiments, his quaintness, his poetical vein, nor his religious reflections, are entirely his own. They had all been brought to bear in

turns by previous writers on the general pursuits and contemplative habits of the angler. But still his merits are great ; and posterity has hitherto stamped them with their cordial and devoted approval.

It is an unnecessary task to give anything like a formal description or analysis of Walton's *Complete Angler*—a work which is in everybody's hands. A single poetical quotation or two will answer all the purposes of an extended notice.

“ Whilst I listen to thy voice,  
Chloris, I feel my heart decay :  
That powerful noise  
Calls my fleeting soul away :  
Oh ! suppress that magic sound  
Which destroys without a wound.  
  
Peace, Chloris, peace ; or singing die,  
That together you and I  
To heaven may go :  
For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above  
Is, that they sing, and that they love.”

---

“ Oh, the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any ;  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many :  
Other joys  
Are but toys ;  
Only this  
Lawful is :  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping,  
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping :

Then we go  
To and fro,  
With our knacks  
At our backs,  
To such streams  
As the Thames,  
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
For our recreation,  
In the fields is our abode,  
Full of delectation :

Where in a brook  
With a hook,  
Or a lake,  
Fish we take,  
Then we sit,  
For a bit,  
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
We have paste and worms too ;  
We can watch both night and morn,  
Suffer rain and storms too ;

None do here  
Use to swear ;  
Oaths do fray  
Fish away ;  
We sit still,  
And watch our quill ;  
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
Make our bodies swelter,  
To an osier hedge we get  
For a friendly shelter ;  
Where in a dyke  
Pearch or pike,  
Roach or dace,  
We do chase,  
Bleak or gudgeon,  
Without grudging ;  
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
Under a green willow,  
That defends us from a shower,  
Making earth our pillow ;  
Where we may  
Think and pray,  
Before death  
Stops our breath  
Other joys  
Are but toys  
And to be lamented."

The following lines are from the pen of Dr. Donne :—

" Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove,  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,  
Warmed by thy eyes more than the sun ;  
And there the enamell'd fish will stay,  
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,  
Each fish, which every channel hath,  
Most amorously to thee will swim,  
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen beest loth,  
By sun or moon, thou darkenest both ;  
And if mine eyes have leave to see,  
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,  
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,  
Or treacherously poor fish beset  
With strangling snare or windowy net ;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,  
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;  
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,  
To 'witch poor wandering fishes' eyes :

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
For thou thyself art thine own bait :  
That fish that is not catch'd thereby  
Is wiser far, alas, than I."

About the middle of the seventeenth century, we find that the satirical and humourous became more frequently employed in angling effusions than in previous times. There are several quaint and funny ballads on matters and pursuits connected with the rod and the line. We shall select one. It is from Llewellyn's *New Miracles* (1646), and treats of a subject which, in modern days, is a fertile topic

of discussion and remark among anglers—namely, ‘On unfair modes of fishing.’

“You that fish for dace and roches,  
Carpes or tenches, bonus noches,  
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes  
When the Fryday signe was fishes.  
Angler’s yeares are made and spent,  
All in Ember weekes and Lent.  
    Breake thy rod about thy noddle,  
    Throw thy worms and flies by the pottle,  
    Keepe thy corke to stop thy bottle,  
    Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard  
        To shave his beard;  
    That in case of started stitches  
    Hooke and line may mend thy breeches.

He that searches pools and dikes,  
Halters jackes, and strangles pikes,  
Let him know, though he think he wise is,  
’Tis not a sport but an assizes  
Fish to hooke, were the case disputed,  
Are not tooke, but executed.  
    Breake thy rod, &c. &c.

You whose pastes fox rivers throat  
And make Isis pay her groate.  
That from May to parch October,  
Scarce a minow can slepe sober.  
Be your fish in open thrust,  
And your owne red-paste the crust.  
    Breake thy rod, &c. &c.

Hookes and lines of larger sizes,  
 Such as the tyrant that rouses devises,  
 Fishes nere believe his fable,  
 What he calls a line is a cable ;  
 That's a knave of endless rancor,  
 Who for a hooke doth cast an anchor.

Break thy rod, &c. &c.

But of all men he is the cheater,  
 Who with small fish takes up the greater,  
 He makes carpes without all dudgeon,  
 Makes a Jonas of a gudgeon ;  
 Cruell man that staves on gravell,  
 Fish that great with fish doth travell.

Break thy rod," &c. &c.

After "Old Isaac" we recognise his intimate and bosom friend, Dr. Cotton, who was from the commencement, and still is invariably associated with his fame as a piscatory writer. Cotton was a most enthusiastic angler, and in all his poetical effusions, found in his poems, as well as in those published along with the common editions of Walton's book, are lively, witty, and sentimental.

"LINES BY COTTON.

"Away to the brook,  
 All your tackle out-look,  
 Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.  
 See that all things be right,  
 For 'twould be a spite  
 To want tools when a man goes a-fishing.

Your rod with tops two,  
 For the same will not do,  
 If your manner of angling you vary ;  
 And full well may you think,  
 If you troll with a pink,  
 One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then basket, neat made  
By a master in's trade,  
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;  
For none e'er was so vain  
To wear this to disdain  
Who a true brother was of the angle.

Next pouch must not fail,  
Stuff'd as full as a mail,  
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,  
To make several flies,  
For the several skies,  
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

The boxes and books  
For your lines and your hooks ;  
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding.  
Your scissars and hone  
To adjust your points on,  
With a net to be sure of your landing.

All these being on,  
'Tis high time we were gone,  
Down and upward, that all may have pleasure,  
Till, here meeting at night,  
We shall have the delight  
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

The day's not too bright,  
And the wind hits us right  
And all nature does seem to invite us,  
We have all things at will  
For to second our skill,  
As they all did conspire to delight us.

On stream now, or still,  
A large pannier we'll fill,  
Trout and grayling to rise are so willing ;  
I dare venture to say,  
'Twill be a bloody day,  
And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away, then, away,  
We lose sport by delay ;  
But first, leave our sorrows behind us ;  
If Miss Fortune should come,  
We are all gone from home,  
And a fishing she never can find us.

The angler is free  
From the cares that degree  
Finds itself with, so often, tormented ;  
And although we should slay  
Each a hundred a day,  
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

And though we display  
All our arts to betray  
What were made for man's pleasure and diet ;  
Yet both princes and states  
May for all our quaint baits  
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,  
Nor repine at the rates  
Our superiors impose on our living ;  
But do frankly submit,  
Knowing they have more wit  
In demanding than we have in giving.

While quiet we sit,  
We conclude all things fit,  
Acquiescing with hearty submission,  
For, though simple, we know  
That soft murmurs will grow  
At the last, unto downright sedition.

We care not who says,  
And intends it dispraise,  
That an angler to a fool is next neighbour :  
Let him prate—what care we ?  
We're as honest as he ;  
And so let him take that for his labour."

Walton and Cotton had many imitators ; among the number was Parker, who wrote poetry on the art of angling. His verses were published in 1670. They never stood high in critical estimation.

## CHAPTER VI.

Angling Literature connected with Heraldry, Architecture,  
Ancient Coins, &c. &c.

IN the science or art of Heraldry, fish occupy a conspicuous station. In fact the subject is too vast for us to do anything but merely allude to it in a very cursory manner. Though the chief portion of armorial ensigns were originally connected with, or arose out of the military service of the feudal system ; yet the different modes of taking fish by the spear, the net, or the hook, are shown to have been indicated in the armorial emblems of those Lords of Manors who derived revenues from the produce of fisheries.

The most early known device of fish, the Zodiacal sign, is emblematical of the fishery of the Nile, commencing in the month of February, about the period of the year when the sun enters *Pisces*, which was considered the best season for taking fish.

The sign of *Pisces*, according to French heraldic commentators, is composed of dolphins, which the goddess Venus placed in the Zodiac. In the most celebrated statue of the goddess at Florence, she is represented with a dolphin at her feet, to indicate her origin from the sea. The dolphin, in mythology, was sacred to Apollo, and is represented on a tripod in the reverse of a medal struck in the reign of Vitellius. The employment of this fish as a poetical re-

presentation of the sea, in numbers of heraldic devices, arises out of the following mythological story. To obtain the favour of Amphitrite, who had made a vow of eternal celibacy, the god Neptune assumed the form of a dolphin, and the nymph, as emblematical of her passion for the sea, is always represented in a car drawn by dolphins.

The ocean was a deity, whose protection was invoked by the Romans on the occasion of any voyage; he is represented seated on the waves with grapes in his hair, and dolphins in his head. By the goddess Tethys, whose name is familiar as a poetical expression for the sea, he was the father of the Oceanides, who ruled the tempest. To his son Proteus, Oceanus confided the care of the fish, or, as Virgil says, according to Dryden, "to keep his scaly flocks."

"High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,  
His azure car and finny coursers guides."

The dolphin of the ancients is more particularly famed in the story of Arion, the celebrated musician of Lesbos, the melodious sweetness of whose lyre attracted a number of dolphins round his ship; and when he afterwards threw himself into the sea, in fear of his life, one of them carried him safely on its back to the shore. This fable has sometimes given rise to extravagant representations of heraldry; take one for an example: a musician standing on the back of a dolphin, with the lines—

"A fiddler on a fish through waves advanced;  
He twing'd his catgut, and the dolphin danced."

There is a species of fish, like the carp in England,  
found in Bengal,

“Where, by a thousand rivers fed,  
Swift Ganges fills his spacious bed.”

This fish is used as a badge of dignity, under the name of Mahi Maratib, and, agreeably to eastern parade, is borne in ceremonials upon elephants before the officers of State.

The type of the connection between the dignity of the church and the humble employment of St. Peter, as a fisherman, is not entirely disregarded by the Sovereign Pontiff; his signet, the fisherman's ring, *l'anello del piscatore*, represents St. Peter drawing his nets; and the celebrated *Naviculo di Giotto*, in mosaic, over the portal of St. Peter's at Rome, is designed from the same subject.<sup>1</sup>

Pliny mentions Fulvius Urpinus as the inventor of the art of fattening shell-fish. C. Caylus gives an Egyptian monument, engraved upon a shell of the *pinna marina*, and resembling a *cornelian*; indeed, the ancients employed more than one kind of shell to imitate gems. A shell upon the coins of Tyre is the emblem of the Tyrian purple; upon other coins it is the emblem of Venus. It also occurs upon the coins of Tarentum, Cuma, Pyrnus, &c.<sup>2</sup>

We are told that Thetis was metamorphosed into a cuttle-fish when Peleus overcame her resistance; hence this fish serves as a type of Syracusan coins, and those struck off in other maritime towns in Magna Græcia.

<sup>1</sup> Moule's Heraldry.

<sup>2</sup> Fosbroke, Ency. Antiq. vol. ii.

The City of Venice has the emblems of fish on all its public buildings, and even on the domestic furniture of its inhabitants. Specimens of the latter are often found in London, among the dealers of old and carved materials of household use.

The city of Venice is described in Purchas's *Pilgrimages* as,

“——— a riche towne of spicery :  
And of all other merchandise also,  
And right well vitelet thereto ;  
And namely of fresche water fische,  
Pike, eile, tench, carpe, Iwis.

Vol. ii, 1625.

On the subject of coins we have but very little information to communicate. There is one very fine copper coin, of the age of Augustus, bearing the mark of Carteia, a town in Spain, on one side of which there is a well-defined representation of a man angling with a rod and line, and a fishing basket by his side. There is likewise a gold coin, of the date of 1475, representing St. Peter in the act of fishing. These two coins are in the British Museum. There are two or three small pieces of money of a Venician origin, on which similar piscatory figures are represented. None of these, however, have fallen under our own personal inspection.

## CHAPTER VII.

Angling Literature in connection with Astrology, Necromancy, the Drama—Loves of the Fish—Fairy Tales—Fascination, Dreams — Omens — Epigrams — Charades, Cunundrums, Valentines—Tales of Remarkable Fish, &c. &c. &c.

WE find many of the most popular astrologers affirming the intimate relations subsisting between the heavenly bodies and fishes, belonging to both fresh water and salt. Both the Greeks and the Romans believed that oysters grew *fat* in the first two quarters of the moon, and *lean* in the last two.

The planetary influence upon fish is alluded to by Gower, in his *Confessione Amatis*, 1554.

“ Benethe all other stout the moone,  
The whiche hath with the sea to doone,  
Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe,  
Vpon his chaunge it shall be knowe,  
And uery fishe, whiche hath a shelle,  
Mote in his gouernance dwelle,  
To wexe and wane in his degree,  
As by the moone a man mai see.”

In the systems of astrology maintained during the middle ages, in most of the countries of Europe, it was a received maxim, that by pricking any of the signs of the Zodiac, certain events would follow in the life of men. To prick the sign PISCES (the fishes) certain things connected with the following matters would take place:—

1st, going abroad ; 2d, on subjects of commercial speculation ; 3d, on questions of war or peace ; 4th, on national questions of interest connected with the extensions of kingdoms ; and 5th, relative to riches and poverty.

There were many curious tricks played with fish by the necromancers of the middle ages, which are not known now. One of the most famous of these was, that a man was taken promiscuously from an audience, placed by himself on a conspicuous platform, and, on the application of the magician's wand, he was instantly seen riding upon the back of a dolphin in the wide ocean. The mode by which this was effected is now lost. The only sleight-of-hand trick practised in London, in the present day, is that of the bowl of fish. This is a glass bowl, filled with nothing but clear spring water. A person is called from the company, and requested to place a silk handkerchief closely and tightly over the mouth of the bowl. The necromancer then speaks, and requests him to remove the silk blind from the bowl, when there are seen several golden and silver fish swimming about in the water. This is considered by artists as a difficult trick to play off with suitable dexterity.

On the dramas connected with fish and fishing, much might be written. We have already alluded to those acted in Italy in the middle ages. In more modern times we find similar productions, both in this country and on the continent. In some of the comic pieces represented at the theatres of Copenhagen and Stockholm, fishers are made to play a part. There is a Dutch farce

called 'The Water-Looking Glass' (*Water-Spiegel*) in which an angler of the country is whimsically depicted in many encounters with fish, and is at last made to ride over the Schelde on the back of a huge salmon. He obtains a wife by the singular exploit. Since the game laws (including those relative to angling) have been rendered more stringent in France of late years, several dramatic pieces have alluded to the art of fishing. There is no small portion of wit in many of these light productions. One of these called 'The Naiad of the Stream,' had a run of fifty nights in succession, at one of the minor theatres of Paris, in the early days of Louis Phillipe.

In 1839, we have the drama of *Izaak Walton*, performed at the *Royal Olympic*, in London. It is a piece in four parts. Old Izaak is represented as having a ward, Anne Evelyn, who, to carry out her love plans, becomes disguised as a milk-maid. In one part of the drama he says to this young girl, "Come, love! I have but a short night before me; for to-morrow's sun must rise on me at Tottenham Cross. You know the gallant fisher's song:—

' In a morning up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping,  
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping! '

Come. Peace, and good night to all."

The morning comes, he sets out with his rod, and meets a parcel of gipsies, who sing the following *glee*:—

"Bright shines the sun—play gipsies, play,  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day;

The world is ours, and ours alone,  
 For we alone have world at will.  
 We purchase not—all is our own—  
 Both fields and streets we gipsies fill;  
 Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,  
 Did ever break a gipsy's sleep!  
 Bright shines the sun—play gipsies, play,  
 Here's scraps enough to serve to-day!"

The young gentleman, Arthur, in love with Izaak's ward, is anxious to scrape an acquaintance with him. The following dialogue explains the matter:—

*Art.* Nay, Sir, pardon me, the service was so trifling; besides, I have a reason, an urgent reason, why, just now, I would conceal my name.

*Iza.* An honest one, I hope.

*Art.* A right honest one, good sir, believe me.

*Iza.* Well, I'm glad it is an honest one; for, as a worthy young friend of mine, a brother fisherman—you're not a fisherman, mayhap?

*Art.* No, indeed, sir.

*Iza.* Poor young man; but, as I was going to tell you, this young friend of mine, one Cotton, says of me (and faith he's printed it), "Father Izaak will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

*Art.* Sir, I shall be the more honoured in your friendship.

*Iza.* You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion; but it's a pity you do not fish.

*Art.* I fish at second-hand.

*Iza.* Indeed ; how so ?

*Art.* I hunt the otter, and he hunts the fish !

*Iza.* Well said, young friend, and humorously, which I like. I can be serious at seasonable times, but he who will not mix some innocent harmless mirth with his discourse, must be a sour-complexioned man, indeed. I begin to think myself happy in your acquaintance.

*Art.* If you thought me worthy, I should be proud to become your pupil in the fisher's art.

*Iza.* I'll teach you willingly ; but by what name shall I call you ?

*Art.* Being something of a hunter, I will strive to gain your friendship under the title of "Venator."

*Iza.* Good—I like the conceit ; and I myself will become better known to you and all as "Piscator." Come, student !

*Art.* (*off his guard.*) Student ! Do you know me ?

*Iza.* Nay, you are to be my scholar in angling, are you not ? I meant no offence by student. Think'st thou I took thee for one of those brawling, good-for-nothing students of the Temple ?

*Art.* I hope not, sir.

*Iza.* No, no ; but, as I said, come scholar, and I will soon make thee in love with my art !

*Art.* (*aside*) I am in love with thy ward already !

*Iza.* No life, believe me, no life so happy and pleasant as that of a well-governed angler ; for when the lawyer is

swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or *contriving* plots, we sit on crowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as the silver streams which we see glide by us.

*Art.* I shall have the disorder badly, sir, I see—I have taken the infection already.

*Iza.* I do rejoice thereat. Doubt not but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning—nay, the question is rather whether you be capable of learning it.

Izaak's ward, Anne Evelyn, and Arthur, get upon a fair footing; and before the curtain drops, the angler delivers the following address.

*Iza.* Never heed what he says, boy. Be not diverted from the course of just and honest ambition. One day, perhaps, you will be Lord Mayor—but I fear, I cannot reasonably ask my ward to wait till then. Let those who have gained their ends, learn to be thankful—those less fortunate learn to bear their disappointment—let yonder gipsy get a plaster for his head, and learn to keep it out of mischief for the future; and now will I plant myself by the stream of public opinion, and angle for your applause. Let me but catch that, and ere I get behind the curtain for the night, I will bestow upon you in exchange an old angler's blessing. That every earthly happiness may attend you, and, above all things, that the east wind may never blow when you go a fishing, is the sincere wish of the public's affectionate father and friend, IZAAK WALTON.

In 1843, the 'Queen of the Thames,' a piece in one act, was represented at the Opera House, London. There are five principal characters:—Michael Brayling (a wealthy bachelor, fond of fishing); Edward (a young farmer); Bobby Rush (an errand boy); Elizabeth (a young orphan); and Miss Elizabeth Pike (an unmarried damsel of forty). The performance opens with singing—

"All, all is still,  
O'er dell and hill,  
The dawn is faintly glowing;  
Beneath its veil  
Of twilight pale,  
The silver Thames is flowing.

*ELIZABETH appears at the lattice.*

So, I, through Nature's soft disguise,  
From thy dear side must rove,  
Till midnight fall, and starry skies  
Re-light me back to love.

*Eliz.* . . . Hush, hush, I pray,  
Make no delay,  
The dawn is softly breaking;  
The first bright ray  
That here finds way  
My guardian will be waking.

So, haste, through Nature's soft disguise,  
And every fear remove,  
Till close of eve, when starry skies  
Re-light thee back to love.

[*He kisses his hand, and appears on the bridge, when MISS PIKE, her night-cap on, opens her window, L. H. Observing.*

*Miss P.* . So, here's a pretty piece of news,  
 A man there, I declare!  
 Or does the mist my eyes confuse?  
 Yes, yes,—a man,—I swear.

*Mich. (through window, dressing by a candle.)*  
 I hear the cock crow on the gate,  
 I catch old Sol's first beam;  
 Then up at once, my hook to bait,  
 And hasten to the stream.

*Bob.*—(At loophole yawning.)  
 I hears my master's voice, O, lor'!  
 I've scarcely closed my eyes;  
 One hardly gets a single snore,  
 Before it's time to rise."

Miss Pike gives the following description of Michael Brayling :—

"*Miss P.* Ah, I hear your voice, Mr. Michael Brayling—getting up by candle-light as usual, to go a fishing; always angling, angling, from year's-end to year's-end. What a loss of time! much better marry some kind opposite neighbour; matrimony affords excellent amusement in wet weather; better than fishing under a bridge, or an umbrella! Indeed, I think you'd do as well to stay at home, if it were only to watch your chit of a ward, Elizabeth, that you think so highly of—um! I've my opinions, but what they are, I'll leave you to guess, Mr. Michael Brayling. Ah, he's coming, the queer old Bachelor. I wouldn't have him see me in my nightcap, for all the fish in the Thames. [Exit.

*Enter* MICHAEL, *trimming a line, from Cottage.* R.

*Mich.* [*sings*].

With my rod on my arm, to the streams I'll away,  
The birds are awake, and the fishes at play,  
I'll wander and troll, &c.

“What a beautiful morning ; who could look upon a scene like this, and not feel his heart overflow with thankfulness. Old Thames seems to invite the early boatman to sing and rejoice upon his crystal bosom, and the fisherman to repose and contemplate amongst his beds of rushes.

ARIA.—*Michael.*

Oh, clear and winding river,  
How I love thy silver stream ;  
When sun-rays on thee quiver,  
Catching all the rainbow's gleam.  
My heart with thee discourseth,  
As my feet thy torrents lave :  
And my very soul rejoiceth,  
In the music of thy wave.  
Thou art my book, oh river,  
In thy margin page I scan ;  
Whose bright work floweth ever,  
For the benefit of man.  
I would thy soft voice murmur,  
Past the turf that wraps my grave ;  
For I feel my rest were calmer,  
Near the music of thy wave.

“Not that I've exactly made up my mind to die just at present ; no, no, I hope to tickle many a trout before

that hour arrive. Egad! I'd better think of being married, before I think of being buried. I was thinking of being married yesterday, when that confounded pike nearly pulled me head foremost into the water, and swam off with my best hooks in his gills."

The notion about the *loves* of fish has been often dwelt upon by writers, and been the subject of many fabulous and absurd speculations. According to Gomesius, "Fishes pine away for love, and become lean." (*Pisces ob amorem marcescunt, pallescunt, &c.*—De Sale.) And in many parts of the east and north of Europe, even at the present day, there are vague notions floating in the minds of the rural population, about young maidens holding interesting conversations with fish, as they frequent the streams and reservoirs for water.<sup>3</sup>

We are told by Pliny, that a dolphin fell in love with a boy called Hernia, and when he died, the fish came on land, and immediately expired.<sup>4</sup> Another author mentions a similar thing taking place in Egypt. A dolphin loved a child so intensely that it would come out of the water, and run after him, and would even jump upon his back, and be carried about with him. But when the child became sick, and died, the dolphin died likewise.<sup>5</sup>

On the charming of fish, we extract the following, from a work called *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed, by R. Taylor, about

<sup>3</sup> Hist. Anim; Leipsic, 1621. folio.

<sup>4</sup> Lib. 10.

<sup>5</sup> Gellius, lib. 10.

seventy years ago : “ In the straits of Sicily, every year, at the month of May, and no other time of the year, they fish in an extraordinary manner, not in use in any other part of Europe, for a large sea-fish, called sword-bearers, because they have a bone which resembles a sword with teeth.

“A fisher sings certain words, made to a particular tune, adapted to the purpose, in order to allure the fish, and enchant it with this music ; as soon as ever it appears upon the surface of the water, it is taken. One of the most experienced fishermen, as well as strongest, fastens a three-pointed iron to the end of a rope, one end of which he ties about his arm, and then stands upright upon the fore part of the boat, while another man who stands by him, calls and allures the fish with words, songs, and antic gestures. No sooner does the fish hear him, but it mounts to the surface of the water, and as soon as ever it appears, the other fisherman darts his iron at it with his whole force, and with admirable dexterity, throwing out the cord at the same time. When he has caught the fish he lets it move, and flounce about in the water, till it has lost all its blood, and is so exhausted as to be able to swim no longer. Then he draws it up into the boat, where the other fisherman deprives it of the remains of life.”

Montaigne relates of the *Scarus* fish “ having swallowed the fisher’s hooke, his fellowes will affectionately and presently flocke about him, and nibble the line asunder, and if any of them happen to be taken in a bow-net, some

of his followers will put his tail in at the neck of the net, who with his teeth fast holding the same, never leave him, until they have pulled him out. Barbles, if one of them chance to be engaged, will set the line against their backs, and with a fin they have, toothed like a sharp saw, presently saw and fret the same asunder."

In the narrative of St. Brandan, in one of the poetical effusions of the Anglo-Norman Trouvères, we find that the wandering saint met in his travels with Judas Iscariot, who was undergoing his punishment in the infernal regions; sometimes placed in the midst of burning pitch and sulphur, and sometimes doomed to sit upon a naked and desolate rock in the frozen regions. But what excited the saint's curiosity not a little was a cloth bandage which Judas had placed around his head. On inquiring the purpose of it, the traitor affirmed that it was an effectual charm with the ferocious fish among which he was often doomed to be thrown; that when they saw it around his head they were deprived of the power of biting him. This shield of protection was obtained because he had once, when on earth, given a piece of cloth to a naked beggar; and this deed of charity was not allowed to pass without its reward.

Some writers have gone upon the opposite tact, and ascribed revengeful feelings to the finny tribes. A great number of legends are taken up with these topics in the early and middle ages. Geraldus tells a story, that in Normandy, a few days before the death of Henry II, the fish of a

certain pool near Sees, five miles from the castle of Exme, fought during the night so furiously with each other in the water and out of it, that the neighbouring people were attracted by the strange noise to the spot; and, so desperate was the conflict, that scarcely a fish was found alive in the morning. "Thus," says the author, "by a wonderful and unheard-of prognostic, foretelling the death of one by that of many."<sup>4</sup>

Akin to the loves and hatreds of fish, a portion of the literature of angling is devoted to the *fascination* or *charming* of them. We find recipes for this purpose in nearly all the works on fishing published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There have been entertained the most singular opinions on this subject in all countries. Becke, in his book on 'Angling,' Leipsic, 1606, tell us, that if we take a gold ring and look through it with one eye at a trout, in a clear pool of water, for the space of two minutes consecutively, the fish will be quite fascinated, and you may go and take it out of the water with your hand. The number of compounds for baits, to intoxicate and charm the finny tribes, are almost innumerable; and many of the instructions for making and using them, in English works, are given in rhyme. We shall select the two following as curious.

<sup>4</sup> Geraldus, lib. i, p. 6.

## A RECIPE TO CATCH FISH.

*To make all the fishes in a pond to come to thy hand.—*  
 Tak palma Christi and frankandsence, and medel hem  
 togedir, and put hit in a fome clowte, and holde the powder  
 in thi finger that a gold ryng is upon, and wasch thy  
 hond in every corner of the pont, fisches wolle come  
 to thi honde.—*From a MS. on vellum, of about the year*  
*1400, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq.*

“Wouldst thou catch fish?

Then take this wish;

Take this receipt,

To anoint thy bait.

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,  
 Be it in poole, in river, or in brooke.  
 To bless thy baite, and make the fish to bite,  
 Loe! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right;  
 Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soak,  
 And oyle well drawn, from that which kills the oake;  
 Fish when thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,  
 When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Its perfect and good

If well understood;

Else not to be told

For silver or gold.”

*R. R. 1613. From a MS. in the British Museum.*

A volume might be filled of the *Fairy Tales*, about,  
 and connected with fish. We shall briefly allude to two  
 or three.

*The Fair Maid of the Golden Locks.* A gilded trout lay one sunny day upon the banks of a stream. A fair lady passed by, and said, "you shall be rewarded at no distant time." A king had fallen in love with her; but she had made a vow of perpetual celibacy. In passing over a river, she accidentally let her glove fall into it, and also a ring which she wore. The royal personage still continued his importunities; but she as steady kept by her vow. At length she was induced to say to him, I will marry you, "if you can find a certain ring which I dropped into the river some time ago." The king sent his secretary to seek after it. He stood at the brink of the stream. The little golden trout made its appearance, with the lady's ring in its mouth; and the consequence was that the monarch sat aside the fair maid's vow.

The various tales connected with fish, and fishermen, interspersed throughout the *Arabian Nights*, need not be here enumerated. Every one is acquainted with them.

The tale called *The Lambton Worm* is a very old one, though full of the grossest absurdities. The head of this family, then a young man, went out one Sunday to fish. He caught a very small eel, which, thinking it not worth while to carry home, he carelessly threw into a small pool of water. He was called to the Holy Wars. In his absence the eel grew to such an enormous size that the produce of seven milk cows would scarcely keep it. Many tried to kill it, but as fast as they cut it to pieces,

they as readily joined together again. When young Lambton returned from the wars, he was greatly troubled at hearing of this little eel he had caught; and foreboding something ill from it, he applied to an old witch in the neighbourhood. She told him he must obtain an armour of razor-blades; and on his going out with it, to attack the monster eel, he was to kill the first living animal he met. He made a compact with his father, that a greyhound should be let loose, for the purpose of expiation; but from some cause or other the scheme miscarried, and his father himself was the first thing he met with his armour of razor-blades. But he revolted from the thought of killing his own parent. He went to the water to kill the eel; which had now got into the main river again. He cut it to pieces; and as they separated one by one, they were floated down the stream, and the monster was no more. But as a punishment for fishing on the Sabbath Day, and for not implicitly obeying the orders of the sorcerer, to kill the first living thing he should meet, none of the Lambton family were to die in their beds for seven generations; a prediction, the tale says, which was literally fulfilled.

There is a tale called "The Witch of the Isle of Lochs," and a multitude of Irish stories, of a similar kind, to which the reader will find more or less amusement.

The following is another story, which is taken almost *verbatim* from the Italian of the sixteenth century:—

## THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!  
 Come listen to me,  
 For Alice my wife,  
 The plague of my life,  
 Has sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage. "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along, and try."

The fisherman went ; but his heart was very heavy : and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

“ O man of the sea !  
Come listen to me,  
For Alice my wife,  
The plague of my life,  
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee ! ”

“ Well, what does she want now ? ” said the fish. “ Ah ! ” said the man very sorrowfully, “ my wife wants to live in a stone castle. ” “ Go home then, ” said the fish, “ she is standing at the door of it already. ” So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. “ See, ” said she, “ is not this grand ? ” With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables.

The next morning when Dame Alice awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, “ Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land. ” “ Wife, wife, ” said the man, “ Why should we wish to be king ? I will not be king. ” “ Then I will, ” said Alice. “ But wife, ” answered the fisherman, “ how can you be king ? the fish cannot make you a king. ” “ Husband, ” said she, “ say no more about it, but go and try ; I will be king ! ” So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should

want to be king. The sea looked a dark grey colour, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

“O man of the sea!  
Come listen to me,  
For Alice my wife,  
The plague of my life,  
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!”

“Well, what would she have now?” said the fish.  
“Alas!” said the man, “my wife wants to be king.”  
“Go home,” said the fish; “she is king already.”

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. “Well, wife,” said the fisherman, “are you king?” “Yes,” said she, “I am king.” And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, “Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for.” “I don’t know how that may be,” said she, “never is a long time. I am king, ’tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor.” “Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?” said the fisherman. “Husband,” said she, “go to the fish; I say I will be emperor.” He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

“ O man of the sea !

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee !”

“ What would she have now ?” said the fish. “ Ah,” said the fisherman, “ she wants to be emperor.” “ Go home,” said the fish ; “ she is emperor already.”

“ Husband,” said she, “ I will be pope this very day.” At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together : but he went to the shore and said,

“ O man of the sea !

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee !”

“ What does she want now !” said the fish. “ Ay !” said the fisherman, “ my wife wants to be pope.” “ Go home,” said the fish, “ she is pope already.”

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high ; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church ; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes : the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rush-light. “ Wife,” said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, “ Are you pope ?” “ Yes,” said she, “ I am pope. Husband, go to

the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear ; and said,

"O man of the sea!

Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now," said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

There have been many versions of this story, from first to last, in English literature. There is a poem, embellished with twenty coloured engravings, published at Exeter, by Cole and Gendall, about the latter end of the last century. It is called "The Fisherman and his Wife." We have likewise the same kind of story, in March's Standard Tales for Youth, called "The Wish and the Fish," published in London, in 1854.

The interpretation of dreams has been extensively connected with angling and fishing generally.

To dream you are fishing is a sign of sorrow and trouble ;

if you catch any fish, you will be successful in love and business ; if they slip out of your hand after you have caught them, it is a sign of some pretended friend who will deceive you.

To look long, when angling on smooth water, is a sign of some impending or threatened trouble.

It is a bad omen to meet an old woman in the morning, when going out to angle. It betokens a total failure of spirit.

In Germany it is considered unfavourable weather for fishing, if many falling stars have been observed the previous evening.

#### EPIGRAMS.

A man being drown'd,  
Was ne'er again found,  
"Sure he's gone the way of all flesh."  
Then another did reply,  
"Sir, this I do deny  
Sure he's gone the way of all fish."

---

Only look how poor Timothy's visage is broken !  
He's stupid and dull, for this month he's not spoken :  
He used to be merry, and jolly, and gay—  
He tippled by night, and he giggled by day—  
He hunted and angled, he danced and he swore,  
He'd all that could make him quite happy, and more.  
But now he's deprived of all these during life—  
It serves the fool right—for he's *married a wife* !

---

## IRISH ANGLING.

An Irishman fishing one day in the Liffey,  
 Which runs close by Dublin's great city so fine.  
 A smart show'r of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffey,  
 Crept under the arch of the bridge with his line.  
 "That's never the way to accomplish your wishes,"  
 Cries Dermot, "the devil a bite'll you get—"  
 "Sure my honey," cries Pat, "don't you know that the fishes  
 "Will swim under here, to *keep out of the wet*."

---

## A GERMAN ALLEGORY.

A young girl is a fishing rod, the eyes are the hook,  
 the sweet smile is the bait, the lover is the gudgeon,  
 and marriage is the butter in which he is fried.—*Berlin  
 Magazine*, 1854.

It is with lovers as it is with anglers, who feed fish  
 till they are caught, but caught once, feed on them; so it  
 will be long enough ere she will bite at the bait, unless a  
 lover has more to bait her with than fine words, or  
 lamentable complaints.—*Flecknoe*.

---

## CHARADE.

Cut off my head, and singular I act;  
 Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;  
 Cut off my tail and head—oh! wondrous fact,  
 Although my middle's left, there's nothing here.  
 What, is my head cut off?—a sounding sea.  
 What, is my tail cut off?—a flowing river.  
 Far in the ocean depths, I fearless play;  
 Giver of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

## ANSWER.

From the word Cod take the letter C,  
Odd you will appear—and odd indeed you'll be.  
From the word Cod take the letter D,  
That will leave a Co—or plural company.  
Take the C and D, and O will then remain.  
O is nought, and nought is O—most positive and plain.  
C is every sounding—the Dee a flowing river—  
Cods are in the ocean—but cods' sounds chatter never.  
If my guess is right, I trust you will confess it,  
And as a premium sought a cod, and quite drop it.

---

## CONUNDRUMS.

When is a nosegay a fish?—When it is smelt.

Why is a stingy man like a salmon?—Because he is scaly.

With what musical instrument would you catch fish?—  
Castanet (cast a net).

What two fishes get most frequently trodden upon?—  
Soles and (h)eels.

When is a sharp lady's comb like a live lobster's claw?  
—When it is tortoise-shell.

Why is an oyster the most contradictory thing there is?  
—Because he's got a beard without a chin, and you are obliged to take him out—to tuck him in.

When is an apple like a fish?—When it is a crab.

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## VALENTINES FOR 1854.

## THE FISHERMAN.

Thou monster of the salt-sea shore  
 Shark-snouted fisherman, what cheer?  
 You'll cast your nets for me no more,  
 Loves-boat hook won't hitch me 'tis clear;  
 And plainly as your own jack-boots,  
 You'r king of all salt-water brutes.  
 No, by the wideness of thy grins,  
 And by thy pins and *scabby hide*—  
 You *may* catch haddocks, plaice, or gulls;  
 But you'll never catch a *Bride*.  
 Go—sea-gull, go—I'll ne'er incline—  
 To such a cod's-head valentine. 1854.

## FROM A FISHMONGER.

Thy skin is as whiting, thy eyes  
 As bright as the scales of my fish,  
 My turtle, my sole, thee I prize,  
 Accede then, I pray to my wish;  
 Nay fish not for compliments, for,  
 Sprat-like, I am void of all grace,  
 Your etiquette ways I abhor,  
 To grandeur I always give plaice.

## ANSWER.

Sir, as a flounder, I am flat,  
 And have been so through all my life;  
 So flatly tell you—worthless sprat,  
 I'll never become your wife;  
 If you would wish to meet a kind one,  
 Perhaps at Billingsgate you'll find one.

## THE ANGLER.

Patience, how great thou art in man,  
 The *Angler* has brought his rod and can,  
 To fish for a supper, no matter how little ;  
 Only look ! he has fish'd up an old tin-kettle.  
 Take a friend's advice, to end all strife,  
 Mind your business at home, as you value your life.

## THE FISHERMAN.

Crabbed beast, when first I saw thee—  
 Like a gudgeon—I was caught—  
 And *lobster* like, I fain would *claw* the  
 Like a cod-head cheaply bought :  
 But your *jowl*—to my own thinking—  
 And your *plaice* could ne'er be mine ;  
 Dabs and flounders—soles all stinking  
 Could not form a valentine.  
 When you spake of fine fresh salmon,  
 And I lent a willing ear,  
 Something whisper'd plainly, " Gammon"—  
 And my nose said " all was queer :"  
 Pickled wilks and periwinkles  
 To the rude taste may be fine ;  
 But, old wide-chops—here my pen drops—  
 And I close my valentine.

---

We find in that curious work entitled *Leonis Alatii de Græcorum hodié quorundum opinionibus*, published at Cologne in 1645, that mention is made of a popular idea among the Greeks, that a certain kind of fish, like an eel (some interpret as a snake), frequented the waters, and

exercised a decided influence over the destinies of those they addressed. These inhabitants of the waters were called *Stæchia* (στοιχεῖον). It was considered a great crime to ill-use them, or treat them with contempt.

The following popular song, given by M. Fauriel in his *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, mentions the stæchion of a river—

“Κοράσιον ἐτραγούδησεν ἐπάνω σέ γεφύρι·  
 Καὶ τὸ γεφύρι ῥάγησε, καὶ τὸ ποτάμι στάθη,  
 Καὶ τὸ στοιχειὸν τοῦ ποταμοῦ κ’ αὐτὸ ’ς τὴν ἄκρ’ ἐβγῆκε.  
 Κόρη μου, πάψε τὸν ἀχὸν, κ’ εἰπέ κ’ ἄλλο τραγοῦδι.  
 Ἄχ! πῶς νὰ πάψω τὸν ἀχὸν, κ’ ἄλλο νὰ πῶ τραγοῦδι;  
 Ἐχῶ τὸν ἄνδρα μ’ ἄρρωστον, κ’ ἀρρώστικὸν γυρεύω.”

“A little girl was singing upon a bridge,  
 And the bridge cracked, and the river stopped,  
 And the stæchion of the river himself came to the bank :  
 ‘My girl, desist from this (mournful) air, and sing another song.’  
 ‘Alas! how can I desist from this air, and sing another song?  
 My husband is sick, and I seek a remedy.’”

In another song in this collection, the stæchion appears to a musician, in the form of dragon, ready to devour him for having disturbed its repose.

The stæchia were often seen playing about the mouths of wells and springs, particularly where the water issued from long ranges of caverns like chambers; which seems to have been not unfrequently the case in Chios.

This author, L. Allatius, tells us a long legendary story, taken from Greek MSS., about a monster that was called

*Gelo*, who devoured people's children. It was hunted throughout the country, but being closely pursued, it instantly changed itself into a fish, and its pursuers became fishers that they might capture and destroy it.

There are many allusions in the oldest of our Saxon legends to dreadful encounters with fish. In the poem of *Beówulf* one of these fierce conflicts is very circumstantially related. *Beówulf* is a hero seeking adventure, and doing his best, and displaying herculean feats in riding the world of dangerous and savage monsters of every kind. He is supposed to have lived in the fourth and fifth century, and to have belonged to the Angles, one of the northern tribes inhabiting Sleswic and Jutland prior to the Saxon settlement in England. The Hero has a dialogue with one *Hunferth*, who is envious at his fame and success; and *Beówulf*, to maintain his character for real daring and valour, addresses him thus; giving an account of his exploits in the deep with its fierce and savage finny monsters.

*Beó-wulf* mathelode,  
 bearn *Ecg-theówes* :  
 ‘*Hwæt!* *thú* worn fela  
 wine mín *Hunfer* [th],  
*beóre* druncen,  
*ymd Breca* spræce  
*sægdest* from his *síthe* ;  
*sóth ic talige*  
*thæt ic mere-strengo*  
*máran áhte*,

*Beówulf* spoke,  
 the son of *Ecgtheow* :  
 ‘*Lo!* thou for a long time  
 my friend *Hunferth*,  
 drunken with beer,  
 hast discoursed concerning *Breca*,  
 hast spoken respecting his journey ;  
 I tell thee the truth,  
 that I possess  
 more of strength on the sea,

earfetho on ythum,  
 thonne ænig óther man.  
 Wit thæt ge-cwædon  
 eniht-wesende  
 and ge-beótedon  
 (wæron begen thá git  
 on geógoth-feore),  
 thæt wit, on gár-seeg út  
 aldrum néthdon,  
 and thæt ge-æfndon swá.  
 Hæfdon swurd nacod,  
 thá wit on sund reón,  
 heard on handa ;  
 wit unc with hron-fixas  
 wérian thóhton.  
 Ne he wiht fram me  
 flód-ythum feor  
 fleótan meahte,  
 hrathor on holme,  
 no ic fram him wolde ;  
 thá wit æt-[s]omne  
 on sæ wæron  
 fif nihta fyrst,  
 oth thæt unc flód tó-dráf,  
 wado weallende,  
 wedera cealdost,  
 nipende niht,  
 and northan [w]ind,  
 heaðo-grim and-hwearf :  
 hreo wærop [y] tha.  
 Wæs mere-fixa  
 mód on-hréred :

of laboriousness on the waters,  
 than any other man.  
 We two had said that,  
 when we were boys,  
 and had promised  
 (we were still both  
 in the prime of youth)  
 that we out on the ocean  
 would venture our lives,  
 and that we accomplished thus.  
 We had our naked swords  
 hard in our hands  
 when we rowed upon the deep ;  
 we thought to defend ourselves  
 against the walruses.  
 He could not, in any degree,  
 more swift on the deep,  
 swim far from me,  
 over the waves of the sea :  
 I would not from him.  
 There we two together  
 were on the sea  
 the space of five nights,  
 until the flood drove us asunder ;  
 the boiling fords,  
 the coldest of storms,  
 the darkening night,  
 and a wind from the north,  
 fiercely turned us away :  
 rough were the waves.  
 The courage of the sea-fishes  
 was excited :

thær me with láthum  
 líc-syrce mín,  
 heard hond-locen,  
 helpe ge-fremede ;  
 beado-hrægl broden  
 on breóstum læg,  
 golde ge-gyrwed.  
 Me tó grunde teáh  
 fáh feónd-scatha ;  
 fæste hæfde  
 grim on grápe :  
 hwæthre me gyfethe wearth,  
 thæt ic ag-læcan  
 orde ge-ræhte,  
 hilde-bille ;  
 heatho-ræs for-nam  
 mihtig mere-deór  
 thurh mine hand.  
 Swá mec ge-lóme  
 láth-ge-teónan  
 threatenedon thearle ;  
 ic him thénode  
 deóran sweorde,  
 swá hit ge-defe was.  
 Næs híc thære fylle  
 ge-feán hæfdon,  
 mán-for-dædlan,  
 thæt híc me thegon,  
 symbel ymb-sæton  
 sæ-grunde neáh.  
 Ac on mergenne  
 mecum wunde,

there my body-garment,  
 hard-locked by the hand,  
 gave me aid  
 against foes ;  
 my twisted war-dress  
 lay upon my breast,  
 furnished with gold.  
 The variegated enemy  
 drew me to the bottom ;  
 he had me fast  
 grim in his gripe :  
 nevertheless it was granted me,  
 that I the villain  
 reached with my weapon,  
 with my war-bill ;  
 the mighty sea-beast  
 received the war-rush  
 through my hand.  
 Thus me frequently  
 my hateful foes  
 threatened vehemently ;  
 I served them out  
 with my dear sword,  
 as it was right I should.  
 By no means they of the slaughter  
 had any joy—  
 the wicked villains,  
 that they meddled with me,  
 that they set upon me all at once,  
 near the bottom of the sea.  
 But on the morning,  
 wounded with swords.

be yth-láfe	they lay aloft
uppe lægon,	on the beach,
swe[ordum] á-swefede;	put to sleep by the sword,
thæt syththan ná	that they have never since
ymb bront[ne] ford,	hindered from their way
brim-líthende	the sea-sailors
láde ne letton."	about the bubbling fords."

In this manner Beówulf continues to expatiate on his valour against the nickers, and other sea-monsters, of whom he boasts of having killed nine; and he concludes by insinuating, that had Hunferth himself been as valiant as he would have people believe him, the grendel would not have infested so long the court of Hrothgar. After having spent the day in festivities, Beówulf and his companions are left to guard the hall during the night, where they are visited by the grendel, who attacks Beówulf, supposing him to be asleep: after a terrible struggle he receives a mortal wound, and flies precipitately to his retreat. Amid their rejoicings upon the destruction of their persecutor, the followers of Hrothgar are visited during the following night by another monster, the grendel's mother; who revenges the grendel by the death of Æschere, the monarch's favourite counsellor, and returns to her den. Beówulf consoles the Danish king, by offering to pursue her thither; he finds that her abode is under the water, whither he descends, and finally returns victorious. The king loads him with gifts, and he returns to his own country. This completes the first part of the

poem, which reaches to the twenty-eighth canto; the latter part of which, with the whole of the twenty-ninth and the beginning of the thirtieth, appear to have perished by mutilation of the manuscript. Afterwards we have a new story; that of the last expedition of Beówulf, now old and monarch over his people, against a fire-drake which molested them, and of his death in the encounter.<sup>5</sup>

In the poetical writings of the Anglo-Norman Trouvères, we have a class of the same stories, relative to heroic exploits with monstrous fish of the sea, that had the singular power of coming on land, and doing incredible mischief to the human family. "The Voyage of St. Brandan" is one of these mediæval productions. He was an Irish saint, and is supposed to have flourished in the fifth or sixth century. His voyage had for its object the discovery of the land of Paradise, from whence Adam was expelled. St. Brandan sets sail with a number of monks, and the party meet with the most singular adventures. Among the number was one that describes their landing on an island where there was nothing but sheep, of prodigious size.

"Sheep with fleece of snowy white,  
And much they marvelled at their height,  
For each one was as large to see  
As are the stags of our countrie."

The party were anxious, in such a suitable locality, to hold their Paschal feast; and they took one of the huge

<sup>5</sup> On Anglo-Saxon Poetry. *Fraser*, 1835.

lambs, had it cooked ; and, on an angel sending them a sufficiency of good bread, they made a very excellent repast. But ere they were away, the island they were upon seemed moving fast, and going further, and further from the ship. The saint, who was on board saw that it was in reality no island at all, but a huge beast or fish. The ship was steered towards the frightened monks ; and their leader addressed them thus :—

————— “ Brothers, know well  
Wherefore this strange mischance befel,  
No land was that, but monstrous *beast* <sup>6</sup>  
Whereon you sought to hold your feast :  
Nor marvel thus why this should be,  
Hugest of all are fish in sea,  
For they were formed by heaven’s great king,  
Before all other earthly thing.”

On the festival of St. Peter, St. Brandan chants the service so delightfully, that *fishes* of all sorts and sizes are attracted by his singing. His monks, who seem to have been more engaged in looking about them, than in attending to their abbot, go to him, and pray him to sing lower, for “ so clear is each wave, where the sea is deepest, that we see as though upon earth, both fishes innumerable, and fishes great and cruel, that we scarcely dare to

<sup>6</sup> The word “beste” was constantly employed by writers of the times for any large fish. In the Scriptures we have the phrase “beasts of the sea ;” and Milton, in the *Paradise Lost*, uses the word “sea-beast.”

speak of them, for if the noise disturb them, know you that killed we shall be.”<sup>7</sup> This cowardly counsel does not suit St. Brandan ; he rebukes them for their needless fear and

“ He sang more high, more loudly clear,—  
The salvage fishes, him to hear,  
Leapt from the sea, and round they wait,  
As *they* the feast would celebrate ;  
Thus sang he till the close of day,  
And then each monster went his way.”

The saint afterwards encountered a dreadful finny monster, which is thus related.

“ Toward them a serpent of the sea  
Rushed swift as wind most savagely—  
The fire that from his nostrils came  
Was like the roaring furnace flame,  
Unmeasured was his length I trew—  
His very breadth was huge enew,  
Full fifteen feet, and all around him  
The waves were seething. Nought could found him,  
He near the frightened pilgrims drew ;  
Then Brandran spoke : right bold and true  
His words—’O sirs, now wherefore stand,  
Fearing that God’s all powerful hand

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7 “ Quar tant cler est chascun unde  
O la mer est plus parfunde,  
Que nous veium des que en terre  
Et de peissuns tante guerre,—  
Peissuns veium grans, et cruels,  
Une n’eimes parler de tels.”

Is short to save! O guard, I pray,  
'Gainst senseless fear, that would gainsay  
God's word, and take this truth away,—  
Who puts his trust in Heav'n's high King,  
Hath need to fear no living thing.'  
Then lo, another monster rose,  
That huge sea-serpent to oppose—  
Right toward the ship his swift course steering,  
And when the other saw him nearing,  
Full well I trew his foe he knew,  
And backward from the vessel drew.  
And now they close in deadly fight,  
With huge heads rear'd, a fearful sight!  
While from their nostrils flames spout high,  
As are the clouds in the upper sky;  
Blows with their fins each gives his brother,  
Like clashing shields on one another;—  
With murd'rous teeth each other biting,  
Like trenchant swords each other smiting.  
Spouted the blood, and gaping wide  
Were teeth prints in each monster's side;  
And huge and deadly deep each wound—  
And blood-tinged all the waves around,  
And all a-seething was the sea,  
And still the fight raged furiously.  
The first now fought with failing might,  
The second triumphed in the fight.  
With stronger teeth he overbore him,  
And into three huge pieces tore him,—  
And then, the victory gained, he goes  
Back to the place from whence he rose."

*Blackwood's Mag.* 1836.

The same kind of marvellous stories of fish, have not lost all their relish, even in modern times ; as witness the following :—

“ A gentleman was fishing in the north of England, and saw a crow flying near the surface of the river, swallowed by a salmon, that leaped up at it. Amazed at this, he pulled off his hat, and fixing it to a rope, which lay near, threw it upon the stream ; after some time the fish swallowed it likewise ; upon which he endeavoured to pull it to the shore, but the fish had such strength as to drag him backwards and forwards (though assisted by another person) upwards of four miles. At last fixing the rope to the tree, and procuring a couple of horses, they brought it to. When they cut it open, they found in it a crow, and a young lamb, which is supposed to have fallen into the stream, as they were carrying it over in a boat. The salmon weighed independent of its contents, between ten and twelve stone. This was in the newspapers four years ago.”—Extracted from *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-on-Tweed, by R. Taylor.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF A LARGE EEL.

Sometime ago in the last century, the farmers near Yeovil, whose fields lay contiguous to the river, suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay ; for which several people were taken up on suspicion of stealing the same ; what added to the surprise of every one was, that the hay missing did not appear to be cut, as it usually is,

but pulled out as if by some beast, but that appeared a little improbable, as several loads were lost in the space of a few nights ; a circumstance so alarming to the farmers induced them to offer a considerable reward to any who should discover how their hay was destroyed.

A company of soldiers quartered then at Yeovil, some of them for the sake of the reward, undertook to find out the affair. They made their intention known to the people injured, who readily accepted their offer ; and a night was fixed on, to begin their watching, in order to make a discovery. The appointed time came, and a dozen of the soldiers after eating and drinking plentifully at the respective farmer's houses, went on their new enterprise with bayonets fixed, and muskets charged, as if going to engage an enemy. They had not been long in ambush before one of them espied a monstrous creature, crawling from the side of the river, towards one of the stacks of hay ; he instantly told his comrades. A council was immediately called, and they all unanimously agreed, if the bear devoured any of the hay, that two of them should get behind the stack, and fire at it, while the others dispersed themselves at different parts of the field, in order to intercept it, if it escaped their comrades vigilance ; but the precaution was needless, for the soldiers fired their pieces with such dexterity that they soon laid the monster sprawling. This done all ran to see what was slain ; but the moon not shining very bright, their curiosity could not be satisfied ; though some of them said

it must be the devil, in the shape of a snake. Highly pleased with this exploit, they hastened to the farmers and made known how well they had succeeded in their enterprise.

Next morning all the neighbours round, with the farmers, their servants, and the soldiers, went to see this amazing creature, and to their no small astonishment, found it to be a prodigious eel, which, it is supposed, not finding subsistence in the river, came out (ox-like) and fed on the hay. Its size was such, that the farmers ordered their men to go and harness eight of their best horses, in order to draw it to one of their houses, which with difficulty they did. When they got it home, the soldiers desired leave to roast it, there being a large kitchen with two fireplaces. This request was granted; and after cutting it in several pieces, fastening each piece to a young elm tree, by way of spit, they put it down to roast. It had not been above an hour before the fire, until there was as much fat run out of it, as filled all the tubs, kettles, &c., in the house, which put them under the necessity of going out to borrow; but at their return they found the inundation of grease so prodigious, that it was running out at the key-hole and crevices of the door.—*The Wonders of Nature and Art*, Berwick-on-Tweed, 1780.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## Angling Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

WRITINGS on angling increased considerably in this century, both in prose and in verse. We have *The Genteel Recreation ; or, the Pleasures of Angling*, by John Whiting, 1700 ; *The Innocent Epicure ; or, the Art of Angling*, 1701 ; *Piscatory Eclogues*, by T. Ford, D.D., originally written in Latin, and dedicated to Archbishop Sheldon. This work was translated by Tipping Silvester, M.A., Oxford, 1733.

In the days of Charles II, and for many years after his death, it was a common practice for ladies about the court to angle in St. James's Park. Of this fact we have many proofs ; and among others, the following elegant lines from a poem on St. James's Park, by Waller :—

“Beneath, a shole of silver fishes glides,  
And plays about the gilded barges sides ;  
The ladies angling in the chrystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take ;  
At once victorious, with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize.”

The best satirical piece on angling, that appeared early in this century, 1708, was *The Contemplative Angler*, by the well-known Ned Ward, the author of the *Turkish Spy*. In some particular spots it is rather coarse : but this

was the prevailing vice of both the author and his age. There have been many imitations of this piece in modern times ; but they all come far short of the wit and vivacity of the original. It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of the irony and satire, which so often beset the angler in his pursuits, that we have, either in this or any other language.

"How beauteous do the azure skie appear,  
 How bright the sun shine, how serene the air ?  
 How green and pleasant is each flow'ry mead,  
 Where teeming Nature does her bounty spread ?  
 How the calm streams in soft meanders glide,  
 And whisp'ring kiss the osiers as they slide ?  
 With what submission do the verdent weeds  
 Upon the surface bow their humble heads,  
 And pointing downwards, as the waters flow,  
 Seem to direct the way the stream should go :  
 How blest do all things—— Z——ds a jolly bite ;  
 Efaith I've lost him : pox of Fortune's spight.  
 I thought him once my own, but now he's gone ;  
 What a d——n'd fool was I to strike so soon ?  
 He was a thumping devil by his weight :  
 A murrain take him, he has gorg'd the bait ;  
 This hook's too small to hold a fish so great. }

Once more have at thee : now for better luck ;  
 There's a fresh worm to tempt thee to the hook,  
 But if thy jaws are prick'd, then farewell fish,  
 I ne'er shall see thee butter'd in a dish :  
 For fish once wounded, from the bait retire,  
*As the burnt child will always dread the fire.*

How fertile are the banks on which I stand,  
With flow'rs adorn'd by Nature's gen'rous hand?  
How kindly they defend the neighb'ring grounds,  
And keep the swelling floods within their bounds,  
Whilst bleating flocks upon their edges graze,  
And with cool herbs prolong their happy days?  
How good is bounteous heaven, to bestow  
Such mercies on its creatures here below?  
O bless!—adsheart, what a huge jack is there!  
O that I had my troling-line or snare:  
What a dull thoughtless fool was I to come,  
Thus, bungler-like, and leave my tools at home?  
Sure my cross stars with Fortune's frowns unite,  
What a rare supper shall I lose this night?  
Nouns, I could leap upon thee, and bestride  
Thy brawny back, and like *Orion* ride:  
How quick he's fled, as if the rogue could hear  
My murm'ring threats, and shot away for fear.  
'Tis well thou'rt gone, or I'd have found some way  
To've stop'd thy journey, and have forc'd thy stay:  
For thou art grown to such a large extent,  
That butter ought to be thy element.

Bless us! what flights of starlings tow'r aloft,  
And how the pidgeons cover yonder croft?  
What shame it is they should in triumph feed,  
And to the farmer's wrong, devour his seed.  
Had I my gun, I'd wish no fairer sight;  
What slaughter could I——wounds! A bite, a bite.  
I've miss'd again, but this loss is not much,  
'Twas but a *minnoe*, or some puny *roach*.  
Some nibbling fry that scarce could sink the float,  
Not worth the dressing if he had been caught.

'Tis true, tho' small, a dozen of such fish  
Might have been us'd for garnish round the dish.  
But let me go, I've time 'twixt this and night,  
To fill my bag with thumpers, if they'll bite.  
Not that I'll be so proud to scorn the less,  
The sporting fry the number will encrease.  
For what we anglers murder, small or great,  
We always count by dozens not by weight.  
Now for a carp of eighteen inches long.  
I'd shew him sport, I know my tackle's strong.  
Ere now, with this same single hair and rod,  
I've weigh'd a *carp* as big as any *cod*.  
Hold, I believe I stretch a little there,  
However, 'twas a monstrous fish I'll swear :  
I'm sure it din'd full twenty men at least,  
And was esteem'd a very sumptuous feast :  
Nay, there was more than all the guests could eat,  
But 'twas indeed help'd out with butcher's meat.

Bless me! How sweet does yonder skylark sing,  
As up aloft she tow'rs upon the wing ?  
The glories of the day delight her eyes,  
And make her from the earth in triumph rise.  
But now she to her utmost pitch is flown,  
She stops her note, and drops in silence down.  
So the proud fav'rite does at court rejoyce,  
And as he rises makes a wondrous noise ;  
But soaring higher than he ought to fly,  
With broken wings he pitches from on high.

How brisk and gay !—Adsheart my float is drown'd ;  
Now for a fish that weighs at least a pound ;

Pox on't, 'tis a ground-bite, my line is lost,  
Was ever man with such ill fortune crost :  
A murrain take those weeds that lurking lye,  
The curling surface hid them from my eye.  
Chear up ; this bodes no good, I must confess,  
Tho' I've more tackle to supply its place.  
But I'll remove from hence to yonder nook,  
And not split twice upon one fatal rock.

So, let me see ; Ay, this I think will do,  
Here's a fine shade, and a deep water too.  
This is a likely place as heart can wish,  
The devil's in't if here I catch no fish.  
There I lie well, if fortune be but kind,  
I'll shew her sport, altho' the gypsy's blind.  
When in one post we've disappointments found,  
'Tis wisdom for a man to change his ground.

How finely does this shady willow spread,  
And from the scorching sun defend my head ?  
Sure 'tis some *Daphne* chang'd into a tree,  
To save her beauty from pollution free ;  
And that she might, by being turn'd to wood,  
Escape the fury of some lustful god.  
O that I had my *Mariana* here,  
With what delight could I embrace my dear :  
Who could a more obscure retirement find ?  
The place by Nature seems for love design'd.  
No envious eyes could interrupt our joys,  
What am'rous pair could make a safer choice ?

None but the gods, and silent fish could see,  
What pass'd betwixt the blushing Nymph and me.

O that I had her struggling in my arms,  
How kindly could I warm her melting charms.  
By hugs and vows decoy the pretty fool,  
And fish for joy in love's delightful pool.  
But this, alas, is but an idle dream,  
Rais'd by the lulling whispers of the stream ;  
Whose pleasing murmurs do my soul inspire  
With gentle love, and kindle up desire.

A bite, a swinging fish, a pox of love.  
Well struck, he's mine, I have him fast, by *Jove*.  
I dare not weigh him he's so large, I fear  
He'll snap my line, that's but a single hair :  
Hang it, I'll try, now Fortune give me luck ;  
Adsdeath, he's sheard my line and gorg'd my hook.  
He was a bouncing rogue, so monstrous big,  
He rowl'd about and tumbl'd like a pig.

Nouns, that my line should break and let him go.  
Fortune's a whore to tantalize me so.  
What man can such a loss with patience bear ?  
Such cursed luck would make a parson swear.  
This is a fretting plague, a double hurt ;  
I've lost at once my booty and my sport.  
My lines and hooks are gone ; I'm ruin'd quite,  
Just as the *perch* and *trout* begin to bite.  
Had it not been for this confounded fish,  
I'm certain I had caught a noble dish.  
Besides, my wife may lose her longing by't,  
I told her she should sup of fish this night,  
And since I've none to carry home, I fear  
She'll think, poor girl, I had 'em dress'd elsewhere,  
So teaz herself that I should prove unkind,  
And with her own mistakes disturb her mind.

However, I have one reserve at last,  
To save my credit, and delight her taste :  
I'll to the miller step, for a small sum  
He'll cast his net, and send me loaded home.  
For he that disapoints a longing wife,  
Adds thorns and briars to a marry'd life.  
For wives as well as concubines we find,  
No longer than they're humour'd will be kind."

Moses Browne followed, in about three quarters of a century, the footsteps of Walton, of whose work he was a passionate admirer and commentator, and, in several respects, an imitator. Browne wrote his *Eclogues*, in the summer of 1727, and they were well received, and ran through several editions in the course of a few years. The *Eclogues* are preceded by an ably written essay in defence of *Piscatory Eclogue*, in which the writer endeavours to prove, that angling comes fairly within the range of pastoral poetry. He sees no reason why it should be generally restricted to shepherds, husbandmen, planters, or vine dressers; for says he, "It might be imagined that angling, an exercise so gentle, and such a friend to contemplation, should need no argument to recommend it to the regard and favourable sentiments of the wise and thinking man; it seems so free from the hazard and fatigues of other recreations, and those ill habits and disorders many of them breed in mind and body, that one would think it was the innocent diversion of the infant world, and the readiest, most naturally suggested subject for pastoral poetry to be employed in it. It has charms

to captivate the most illustrious, as well as the more humble, and to be equally loved by the most contrary minds.”

His Eclogues are nine in number :—*On Fishing Seasons ; On Night Fishing ; On the River Enemies to the Trout and the Salmon ; The Sea Swains ; On an Angler being crossed in Love ; The Angler's Song ; The Strife ; The Fowlers ;* and lastly, *The Complaint ; or, The Friends.*

Gay, the author of the *Fables* and *The Beggar's Opera*, employed his pen on angling pursuits. The following quotations will show how the author handles the subject :

“ As in successive course the seasons roll,  
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul ;  
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,  
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws ;  
 No swelling inundation hides the ground,  
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;  
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;  
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,  
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams ;  
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 And arm himself with every watery snare ;  
 His hooks, his lines peruse, and careful eye  
 Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.”

#### THE FLY.

“ Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear,

In their revolving moon one colour reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.  
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try  
 The various colours of the trech'rous fly ;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook.  
 He shakes the boughs, that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a weaving forest throw ;  
 When if an insect fall (his certain guide)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds ;  
 So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,  
 That Nature seems to live again in art."

## THE WORM.

"You must not every worm promiscuous use,  
 Judgment will tell the proper baits to chuse.  
 The worm that draws a long immod'rate size  
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies.  
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,  
 And fear forbids while danger does invite ;  
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,  
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains ;  
 Cleanse them from filth to give a tempting gloss,  
 Cherish the sully'd reptile then with moss :  
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil."

Several of the most able and popular of our poets

mention with commendation the art of angling. Pope says :

“ In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand ;  
With looks unmov'd, he hoores the scaly breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.  
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,  
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye ;  
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
The yellow carp, in scales, bedrop'd with gold ;  
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains ;  
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.”

Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, was, in his younger days, a zealous and successful angler. He was born and educated at the village of Ednim, in Roxburghshire, which is situated on one of the finest little streams that run into the Tweed, and is full of the richest trout in that part of the Scottish border. The following elegant lines are from the pen of this much and deservedly admired poet,—

“ Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream  
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile  
To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly—  
The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,

Snatch'd from the hoary stud the floating line,  
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare;  
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm  
 Convulsive twist in agonizing folds,  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it, from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"When, with his lively ray, the potent sun  
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful to thy sport repair;  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;  
 The next pursue their rocky-channel'd maze  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;  
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some

With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod.  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckl'd captive throw ; but, should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death  
With sullen plunge : at once he darts along,  
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,  
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
You gaily drag your unresisting prize."

There were a considerable number of angling works published during this century, both in London, and in the country ; but they are mostly of a very commonplace order ; and consequently unworthy of any particular notice.

They were dull and formal compilations from works previously published, displaying but a very small modicum of literary talent and originality.

The same remarks may also be applied to angling works on the continent. There were but few printed during this century; but in all that has fallen in our way, we discover nothing but a very meagre display of common-place technicalities and rules.

## CHAPTER IX.

A brief notice of some Literary Effusions on the Inhumanity and Folly of Angling, as an Art.

DR. JOHNSON'S famous definition of an angling rod, which we have not been able to see in any old folio edition of his Dictionary—has long been a standing joke against anglers; "that it was a stick, with a fool at one end, and a hook at the other." The Doctor considered fishmongers persons entirely devoid of feeling, and he cites as an evidence of this opinion, that when once passing a fishmonger's shop, where a man was skinning an eel, "he cursed it because it would not lie still."<sup>1</sup>

It is a good and just rule to hear both sides of a question; and as the great majority of works on angling—in fact, we may say nearly all treatises on the subject—are more or less laudatory of the sport,—it is but in accordance with our notions of impartiality, to notice a few lucubrations of an opposite character. We do not enter, however, into the controversy in a serious mood; but have chiefly confined our selections of such productions as treat of the matter of fish and fishing in a good-tempered spirit of banter, raillery, or fun. The angler's art stands so high in public estimation;—he has so large a measure

<sup>1</sup> Croker's Boswell, vol. vii, p. 253.

of indulgence shown him that it would betray great peevishness of temper to get out of humour with a few sneers or dull jokes from those, who, generally speaking, have no knowledge of the art they are slighting.

There have been some witty attacks on fishing written in Holland, from time to time, within the last two centuries. There was one piece, in verse, published at the Hague, about sixty years ago, which took the subject of the eastern transmigration of souls as the foundation of its satirical strictures; and the writer made out a very funny article at the expense of the angler and his art. Similar productions, though little known, are to be found both in French and Italian literature.

The following effusion is from the pen of the well-known Peter Pindar.

“ BALLAD TO A FISH IN THE BROOK.

Why fliest thou away with fear?  
Trust me there's nought of danger here;

I have no wicked hook,  
All covered over with a snaring bait,  
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,  
And drag thee from the brook.

Oh, harmless tenant of the flood,  
I do not wish to spill thy blood;  
For nature unto thee  
Perchance has given a tender wife,  
And children dear, to charm thy life,  
As she hath done to me.

Enjoy thy stream, oh harmless fish,  
 And when an angler for his dish,  
     Through gluttony's vile sin,  
 Attempts—a wretch—to pull thee *out*,  
 God give thee strength, oh gentle trout,  
     To pull the rascal *in*."

" TO ANGLERS.

O take away that wily treacherous hook!  
 Why are the harmless tenants of the brook—  
     Secure, poor things, till now amongst each other—  
 To be of cold barbarity the sport?  
 Perhaps each fish that from the flood you court  
     May mourn its parents kind—a sister—brother!

It makes HUMANITY, sweet maiden! weep  
 To see the wanton sportives of the deep  
     Torn from the pleasures of their silv'ry bed;  
 It makes her sigh to mark the dipping float  
 The hidden captive's agony denote,  
     And all its little social comforts fled.

I love to see the gudgeon and the bream  
 Thread the wild mazes of their native stream,  
     And unmolested thro' each thicket stray;  
 I love to see the dace, in shining pride,  
 Now rush amid the fierce impetuous tide,  
     And now upon the tempting surface play.

'Tis not for man to lift his murd'ring arm  
Against an artless unoffending swarm—  
To wage unequal combat with a fish.  
So much, believe me, liberty I prize,  
I'd rather on their freedom feast my eyes,  
Than view them smoking on the glutton's dish.

The worm that writhes, too, on the barbed steel  
Knows not less pain than does the culprit feel  
When legal Vengeance drags him to her den ;  
His well-knit limbs, his nerves, his sinews firm,  
Defy not torture better than a worm :  
Reptiles are flesh and blood as well as men.

Enough for me, if, while I roam at ease,  
And taste, dear Isis ! on thy banks the breeze  
That wantons there upon its silken wings ;  
Health's genial hand her bounty shall bestow  
And on my cheek impress the vivid glow,  
And all the charms the lovely goddess brings.

Farewell, my rod ! and to my lines farewell !  
No more shall sports like these my bosom swell—  
No more shall ye to cruelty invoke me.  
Perhaps some fish with patriot rage may burn,  
Perhaps some trout be savage in its turn,  
And, dying for its injured brethren, choke me ! ”

J. T.

“ *To J. T.*

IN HASTY ANSWER TO HIS ADDRESS ‘TO ANGLERS.’

I like the strain in which you plead the cause  
Of sweet HUMANITY’S indulgent laws,  
And hail each finny tribe as sister—brother !  
Extend this principle to every dish,  
To flesh, and fowl, as well as toward fish,  
How would men live?—by eating one another ?

’Tis a fine horse on which you’ve got astride,  
HUMANITY’S a pretty horse to ride ;  
Faith, you may gallop till quite out of breath :  
But I confess, my worthy friend J. T.,  
’Tis an establish’d principle with me,  
HUMANITY would starve a man to death.

Tho’ I acknowledge all that you affirm  
In vindication of the writhing worm—  
Thou great ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the brook !—  
The world in common this example set :  
The fish, perhaps, too crafty for the net,  
May grasp temptation and forget the hook.

Why from the native forest take the deer ?  
Free, unmolested, let them wander there,  
The inoffensive burghers of their city.—  
Why downy rabbits from their warren tear ?  
Or why with dogs pursue the timid hare ?  
Say, gentle Sir ! now is it not a pity ?

Why to the slaughter drag the bleating lamb ?  
On ducks, geese, turkeys, fowls, voracious crain ?

Why slay the noble ox ?—'tis vile ! 'tis cruel !  
HUMANITY, sweet maid ! would have us dine,  
Like prodigals—on pea-shells, with the swine,  
And have for Sunday's dinner water-gruel !

Yet, sympathetic Sir ! I've little doubt  
But you can pick a tender bit of trout,  
Or masticate a perch, a tench, or salmon :  
And tho' you say the gudgeon, dace, or bream,  
You'd rather see amid their native stream—  
In vulgar phrase—excuse me, Sir !—*'tis gammon !* ”

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“And hark ! the savage huntsman's horn !  
And hark ! on mountain echoes borne  
The cruel gun's unhallow'd yell—  
And see ! within yon darksome dell  
The sneaking angler steals along,  
Arch-torturer of the finny throng !<sup>2</sup>  
By yonder crown of vestal snow,  
That binds the Jungfrau's virgin brow,—  
By yonder swooping eagle's nest,  
On Finsteraarhorn's trackless crest,—

<sup>2</sup> “On looking at the portrait of ‘The Complete Angler,’ in Major's splendid edition, I was not surprised to find that CRUELTY was the prevailing expression in the physiognomy of the much-bepraised Izaak Walton, who spitted his frogs alive *as though he loved them.*”—*Frazer's Mag.* 1835.

Fly for your lives, I charge you—fly!  
For, when to-morrow comes, if I  
Find one of you by one o'clock,  
I'll fells him with my *Alpenstock* !”

A few years ago there was an affair came before the Lord Mayor of London, relative to what was called “pegging” the lobsters. The necessity of this heathenish custom, it was alleged, arose from the quarrelsome propensities of the fish themselves, which, when removed from their native element, and thrust indiscriminately into baskets, squabbled and macerated one another in a frightful manner. This judicial inquiry gave rise to a good deal of merriment. We have from *Frazer's Magazine*, for 1835, some droll and whimsical lucubrations on the subject. We insert the passage with some slight alterations and omissions.

“It is far from my wish, my lord-mayor and gentlemen of the corporation, to utter one word which could, by the utmost ingenuity of malignant criticism, be construed into an impertinent interference with the culinary arrangements of civic hospitality. Still, much as I respect prescriptive usage; deeply as I admire a liberal indulgence in the feast of reason and the flow of soul; heartily as I enjoy the delights of jovial intercourse; I trust there is, and ever will be, one consideration more strongly exciting my respect, my admiration, and my purely pleasurable emotions—I mean, the consideration of a just and generous sym-

pathy with unmerited suffering. This it is, my lord-mayor and gentlemen of the corporation, which induces me to remonstrate with reference to the barbarous process by which certain animals are prepared for the luxurious palates of the princely merchants of this metropolis. I am not about to detain your lordship, and the gentlemen of the corporation, with the well-known cruelty of crimping cod ; because that practice has been already powerfully denounced by the pen of Mrs. Hannah More. But I do think, that the cases of the oyster and the lobster are eminently deserving of attention. Nor can I doubt that such attention being once directed to the subject, many gentlemen, aldermen, and others, will perceive the propriety of coming to a definitive arrangement, whereby persons of poetical sensibility may be relieved from the painful necessity of sitting down to a feast for which the most heartless cruelty has manifestly catered. In the hope of realising so laudable an object I have written the two following poems ; and I doubt not, my lord-mayor and gentlemen of the corporation, that if you peruse them carefully, a very palpable change will take place in the nature of those preparations to which luxurious feeders are now so discredibly indebted. I will only add, that if one case of cruelty is prevented by my poetry, I shall be amply rewarded for the intellectual exhaustion always experienced, in a greater or less degree, by the enthusiastic votaries of the muse."

Not to weaken the force of this spirited appeal by any

speculation of our own, we proceed at once to quote the poems thus introduced:—

“THOUGHTS OF AN OYSTER SEATED ON A GRIDIRON.”

They’ve borne me afar from my *native* bed,  
Where “such a beauty I did grow,”  
And from dredger to dealer, in bustle and dread,  
I’ve been tumbled about till I wish’d myself dead;  
And now, by my beard, I am pretty well sped,  
For my frame’s in the devil’s own glow!

So ho! what the plague is this piercing my shell?  
Sure ’tis flame rising hotter and hotter!  
Why, an oyster of quality might just as well  
Take kitchen-floor lodgings in fire-eating h——,  
Or make up his mind, like a mumchance, to dwell  
In the mullock-stowed maw of an otter!

Accurst is my fate! I’m all shrivelled up!  
Never more shall I rest on the banks  
Where, before love was crost, I oft tasted the nup-  
Tial delight to be drawn from the conjugal cup;  
Now I’m doomed to be dished that some boobies may sup,  
And fatten their indolent flanks.

O, Neptune! oh, Venus! release a poor oyster,  
Who swears in the heat of devotion,  
For the rest of his life, like a monk in a cloister,  
He’ll shrink in his shell from the touch of the Roister,  
And never (if once he get back) heed the hoister  
Who’d tempt him to leave the green ocean.

Vain, vain is my prayer! The powers will not save!

I'm fated in flame to expire!

So I'll die like a hero, as modest as brave.

My beard is now singed—without water I shave—

Contented my carcass I give to the grave,

While my spirit flares up with the fire!"

\* \* \* \*

Oh you, whom broiled oysters at supper delight,

Remember this dying one's moan ;

And whenever to chambers you chance to invite,

Or at gay civic feasts are for 'making a night,'

Be sure that no shell-fish, in desperate plight,

Hath curst you with death's frantic groan."

What effect this singular production may have on the reader we know not. For ourselves we can, in perfect candour, declare, that (though much addicted to the luxury here denounced) we shall never behold a broiled oyster in future without bearing shuddering testimony to the truth and power of Baron Bolland's portrayal of this ruthless torture of unoffending innocence. So, also, of the lobster. The piteous squeaks of this devoted creature would, we think, take away the appetite of any young lady or gentleman whose hearts are not yet indurated by the demoralising influence of dining out. But on this point we shall let Baron Bolland speak in his own soul-piercing language. His poem is somewhat quaintly entitled *The Negro's dying Blush*, and reminds one, in its metrical structure, of Cowper's verses, entitled *The Negro's Complaint*. In one particular, the poet of the *Task* and the learned judge

present a strong resemblance. They are both the generous and eloquent advocates of an unfriended race, whose sufferings they deplore in strains of the tenderest and the most sympathetic character. Cowper's poetic plaints were not poured in vain. Though that amiable and melancholy man did not live to witness the realisation of his own benevolent designs, still his admirers have the satisfaction of feeling that to him, and to the late editor of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the individuals in black are mainly indebted for that beautiful dispensation of contemplative comforts, so embarrassing to his excellency the Marquess of Sligo. But to Cowper and Pringle the lovers of poetic justice will point, when tracing these great results to their original causes. So, also,

“ On some fair future day,  
Which fate shall brightly gild,”

when lobsters shall be emancipated from the barbarous laws instituted by luxurious palate-servers, Baron Bolland will be quoted by his admiring countrymen as one of the first and most enlightened advocates of humanity and considerate feeling.

“ THE NEGRO'S DYING BLUSH.

See the flames with fury glowing !  
Hark the water hissing hot !  
Bubbling high and overflowing,  
Revelling in the lobster's lot.

List his first and latest screeching,  
As his thoughts to madness rush,  
Mercy from the Fates beseeching,  
Boiling with unconscious blush.

Is there, mighty Jove! a lady,  
Lovely, gentle, fair, and young,  
Who could, while thus his black grows fady,  
And his deep'ning blush more strong,  
Endure the thought of lobster-salad?  
Or dream of ord'ring lobster-sauce?  
No! rather would she write a ballad,  
Lamenting sore that lobster's loss.

Sweet, indeed, are lobster-patties!  
Passing sweet is lobster-soup!  
But let me ask you whether *that* is  
Cause why we should lobsters coop  
In caldrons, while they're 'live and kicking,  
Arrayed in native suits of black,  
Which they must change to tempt your picking,  
And redden o'er from breast to back?

Oh, ye youth of both the sexes!  
Bethink you how a lobster boiling  
Abhors the bath, in which he vexes  
His tortured limbs with bootless toiling!  
And when people laud his colour,  
With beating heart and shaking head,  
Inform them how, 'mid frantic dolour,  
He dying gained that lively red!"

---

" ' ANGLERS ! ye are a heartless bloody race.'  
 'Tis thus, the half-soul'd sentimentalist  
 Presumes to apostrophise us to the face ;  
 Weak, paltry, miserable antagonist !  
 To deem by this compassionate grimace  
 He doth sweet service to humanity,  
 And yet when of his fellow's misery,—  
 Of wars, of pestilence, and the woes that chase  
 Mankind to the interminable shore  
 He hears, to treat them with a hasty sneer,  
 Nor let their shrill appeal disturb a tear  
 Or one emotion waken in his core !  
 It is too much ! Anglers, your cruelty  
 Is tend'rer than this man's philanthropy."

T. S. STODDART.

#### ANGLING.

" Then there were billiards ; cards too ; but no dice ;  
 Save in the clubs no man of honour plays ;—  
 Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,  
 And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days ;  
 And angling, too, that solitary vice,  
 Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says ;  
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet  
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

*Don Juan.*

" It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists), to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break

their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of a dish of fish ; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single bite is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best in a rainy day. The whale, the shark, the tunny fishery have something of the noble and perilous in them ; even net-fishing, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful—but angling ! No angler can be a good man.”—*Lord Byron, Notes to Canto 13.*

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A SALMON.

“After having wintered in the central region of the Atlantic, in a depth of about ten miles, which no storm could disturb, and where the smoothness of the sands, the calmness of the water, and the luxuriant richness and variety of vegetation, made the most delightful life for nine months of the year, while all on the surface was raging tempest or bitter frost, the necessity of providing for my offspring in the river, in which I first saw the light, drove me most reluctantly upwards. As our column of about a hundred millions approached the shores, we found sufficient reasons to regret the delightful regions which we had left below. Instead of the pure water in which it was a luxury to move, we shrunk from the half warm, half corrupt surface ; we were disgusted by the smell of the decayed vegetation poured down by the rivers, and were all but

choked, by the mire which discoloured the emerald clearness of the ocean for leagues. At last we reached our allotted rivers; but here new evils awaited us; vast troops of dog-fish, sharks, and seals awaited our coming, rushed upon us, and devoured thousands before our eyes. But our numbers were incalculable, and we pushed on. At length I shot up my native stream, and on gliding into the nook where I was born, felt some of the sensations natural to home. As I was the largest and most powerful tenant of the stream, I had no fear of rivalry; I swept through all its depths and recesses with the delight of novelty, tasted its fresh herbage, sheltered myself from the heat under the shade of its drooping willows, and at will sported in the sun. But one day, as I was darting with the speed of an arrow and the rapture of full animation, through the centre of the stream that rippled in silver under a breeze perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, I was startled by the sight of a monster such as I had never seen before. It was of indescribable ugliness. Instead of the brilliant sheating, the diamond scale, and the rainbow painting, to which I had been accustomed in the tribes of the ocean, its clothing was of the colour of the dingiest mire. Instead of the lightning rapidity, ease and grace of the fin, it rowed, or rather tottered, on two singularly shapeless props; its employment seemed as idiotic as its figure was deformed. It stood sometimes gazing at the sun, sometimes at the water, stretching out its arms, alternately

with a look of dull intensesness, and holding a long reed which it helplessly waved backward and forward, like one of the willows under the breeze. My first sensation was alarm, but I saw that the monster dreaded the water, and I despised him for his impotence. My next was disgust at his deformity. I gave a final glance, dashed the waters with my tail in scorn, and darted away. But let my folly be all told. That glance was fatal. I saw at the same moment, just touching the waters, one of the most delightful flies that imagination had ever shaped, for the banquet of an epicure. I was an epicure. And his blue wing, purple body, and golden crest would have fascinated the most self-denying eye. I was young, rash, ardent, and hungry. I made but one spring at the temptation, and seized it at the moment. But to my inexpressible surprise I felt a singularly sharp pang in the very act of seizure. I plunged into the depths of the river. But the pang was there and everywhere. Still I plunged on. But I suddenly found a strange check. At once furious and frightened, I plunged on. But the check grew more powerful as I grew exhausted. And at last, yielding to fate, I found myself rapidly drawn back through the channel which I had traversed with such speed. The sensation in my throat now grew more torturing than ever. At last, judge of my horror when I saw the monster standing on the bank above me. His miry covering seemed more miry than ever, the props on which he tottered more tottering, but his countenance was distended

with a hideous look of triumph. It was not hunger like my own about to be satiated, for the wretch had a rotundity of stomach which showed me that he was already gorged. It was not poverty about to make gain of me, for I saw it throw coin to a crowd of young monsters standing on naked props, to venture into the water where I lay and seize me. It was sport. That detestable passion which belongs to such two-legged monsters alone; the unaccountable disregard of others' pain, the unaccountable enjoyment of seeing a creature endowed with a thousand faculties of life and pleasure finishing them all in agony. I was in torture. But the more I writhed the more the monster was evidently delighted. Every fibre of my throat was torn. I felt alternately the deadliest chill and the most scorching flame. My eyes started from their sockets. My heart panted in wild spasms. My flesh quivered as if poison had been dropped on every scale. A sudden and violent pull, which forced the steel into my very brain, dragged me on the bank. Here I felt a new scene of misery. In the next moment my whole frame burned as if coated in fire. The air, no longer softened by the water, seemed to me all flame. The sun, untempered by the shade, looked a vast furnace stooping from the sky. The horrors of that moment defy all conception. Fortunately they were brief—life could bear no more—I gave one wild convulsion, and lost all sense of being. Yet as I gave my last groan I could faintly hear a 'hurrah' and the words, 'a five-and-twenty

pounds fish at least—capital sport!’ uttered by the crowd of monsters in mire round me.

“How long I remained in this condition I have no means of knowing; but I began to feel a sudden sensation of life. I looked round and saw myself in a basket on a bed of wet grass, whose coolness and moisture had probably restored me. I now saw the monster take the basket from his back, and, laying it on the ground, wipe his heavy brows, and mutter ‘confoundedly hot, and five miles more to walk. It was good sport, no doubt, to catch this fine fellow; but I am sick of fish. I have had fish enough since I came on this stupid visit to make me loathe the sight of it on the table. Well, I dine at the corporation feast to-day. This fellow will cut a figure among the turtle and turbot. To the corporation he shall go.’ As I looked at the monster’s bloated visage, and heard his reckless speech, a throb of indignation shot through me. What! was I to be curtailed of my existence, mutilated and mangled only to fill the stomachs of a herd of clowns, already pampered with gluttony? Indignation gave me new strength. I made one tremendous bound, sprang up in the monster’s face, and to my measureless joy felt that I descended in the river. One thing alone was now wanting to my triumph. It was not wanting long. The monster, startled by my parting blow, lost his balance, toppled off the bank, and fell headlong into the stream. He roared like a bull, and struggled

like a sea-horse. But the stream was strong, and I had the pleasure of accompanying him, side by side, for several hundred yards down the river. At length the crowd of monsters whom his cries had brought, running along the bank, dragged him out in the midst of peals of laughter. He was more miry than ever, his face was all duckweed and dismay; and without basket, rod, or hat, terrified, dripping, and half drowned, he looked the most helpless and ridiculous of all possible monsters. I left him, with a dash of my tail that ploughed up the water, in scorn, and sailed away for my old loved haunts in the Atlantic. From time to time I turned to gaze on the scene of the monster's discomfiture, where I saw the crowd carrying him away, and uttering roars of laughter, till all was lost in distance and silence; and I inhaled alone the living breeze, and saw before me the sapphire stream bending over the majesty of ocean."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

We shall give a passage or two from the celebrated work of Monsieur Colnet, called *L'Hermite de Belleville* (Paris, 1815):—

“ L'ART DE LA PECHE A LA LIGNE.

‘La ligne est un instrument où il y a une bête à chaque bout.’

ANCELOT, *L'Homme du Monde*.

“La pêche est-elle donc un amusement aussi innocent qu'on voudrait nous le persuader? Ce ne sont pas, au moins, les poissons qui le disent, et il n'y a pas une carpe assez sotte pour le croire, pas un goujon assez stupide

pour convenir de l'innocence d'un amusement qui n'aboutit à rien moins qu'à le frir. L'homme est donc bien cruel dans ses plaisirs ! La destruction semble être son passe-temps le plus agréable. La terre et l'air ne suffisent pas à sa fureur : il cherche des victimes jusque dans le sein des eaux, et fait sans déclaration une guerre aussi lâche qu'elle est injuste à de pauvres poissons qui ne lui disputent rien, qui ne demandent qu'à vivre en paix avec lui. Infortunes ! je les plains bien sincèrement ! Mais voilà comme nous nous amusons ; voilà nos innocentes jouissances. En vérité, on ne peut y songer que le cœur ne saigne.

“ Il faut avouer cependant que ces poissons, si cruellement persécutés, ont une chair délicieuse, et que la cuisine aujourd'hui en tire un parti admirable. Aussi leur cause devient plus difficile à défendre, et se présente sous un jour moins favorable lorsque l'avocat considère, et surtout lorsqu'il goûte les sauces exquises et savantes auxquelles on les accommode. Le moyen d'ailleurs de s'en passer ? Sans eux, que ferez-vous du vendredi ? Dans les mets délicats qu'ils fournissent à nos tables, il faudrait supprimer le carême, ou, chose étrange dans nos mœurs, faire maigre par abstinence. Cela étant, n'imitons pas ces politiques à courte vue qui invoquent sans cesse des principes dont ils ne deviennent pas les conséquences, et qui sont ensuite fort étonnés lorsqu'on les bat avec leur propres armes ; éloignons une sottise et ridi-

cule compassion qui nous coûterait cher. Il est beau sans doute d'être sensible, mais il ne faut pas que la gourmandise en souffre ; puisque, sans contrédit, la cuisine est aujourd'hui le premier des intérêts moraux, tout ce qu'elle veut est bien, tout ce qu'elle commande est juste. Les poissons ont tort, car on les mange ; plus ils sont délicats, plus ils sont coupables ; et il y aurait conscience de leur faire grâce, surtout depuis la découverte du court-bouillon."

## CHAPTER X.

## On Artistic Representations of Angling.

THE imagination of the artist, as well as that of the author, has been called into requisition to illustrate piscatory amusements. We have already given some account of the early representations of fishing, found among the ancient remains of the Egyptian and Assyrian empires. We shall now make a few brief remarks on the pictorial displays of modern art in reference to the same subject.

There has been a caricature engraving found in the ruins of Herculaneum, representing a little Cupid fishing with the ringlets of her hair for lovers. This is justly considered an interesting relic of ancient piscatory amusements. The lamprey appears in a picture found in the ruins of this city, with great exactness. (Fig. 3, p. 402).

There is a fine representation of Venus angling for Cupids in the ruins of Pompeii. The outline of the figure is magnificent, and distinctly portrays the piscatory art.

In the bas-reliefs of many of the sepulchral urns of the first and second centuries of the Christian era found in the catacombs of Rome, we have very largely-drawn and distinct representations of the religious martyrs thrown into fish-ponds, and in the act of being devoured and mu-

tilated by fish, with the heads of ferocious looking men. These are exceedingly curious specimens of art in connection with the craft of angling.

In the early artistic labours of the Florentine engravers we find several productions representing the practice of angling in all its forms, as used in most countries at the present day. There are some prints of this kind in the British Museum of about the year 1400.

There is a very curious etching of Albert Durer, representing the devil in the act of fishing, with lines or chains from his mouth, armed with hooks, drawing three persons, emblematical of beauty, bravery, and learning, after him. This print is in the British Museum.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there were several series of copper-plate engravings executed in Italy, representing rod fishing. These exhibit great taste. The river scenery, in all that have fallen under our own eye, is exquisite. By an engraving of Antony and Cleopatra, fishing seems to have been at one time a great favourite in Egypt; as there are several forms of it, executed in different styles of art. There are a few Italian pictures and engravings of the last and present century, on piscatory subjects, but they are seldom to be met with in the ordinary collections of print-shops.

The earliest caricatures of angling we have met with, exclusive of the one lately found in Herculaneum, are those by the Dutch artist Bruegel, published in 1556. They are very curious. The specimens we have seen are

exquisite, and represent the rod-fisher in the most ludicrous attitudes.

The Dutch caricatures, and paintings generally of angling pursuits, are very finely executed, and very droll and whimsical in their conception. The Hollanders were the chief artists in caricaturing the amazing national folly, the South Sea Bubble, and they sent over the fruits of their genius for the ridiculous to England in vast quantities, which were eagerly bought, and, indeed, widely circulated over the continent generally. Fishing is one of the means devised to represent the dupes; and various illustrations are given of men with rod and line, trying to catch anything but real fish.

In another of these Dutch caricatures, we find the following lines attached to it:—

“How famous is the man that could contrive  
To serve this gluttonous town with fish alive;  
But now we’re bubbl’d by his fishing pools,  
And as the men catch fish, the fish catch fools.”

There is a very curious and well-executed caricature, of the date of 1660, representing *Lent*, under the figure of a man riding on a lean horse, with a flag, made of a fishing-net, with the tails of the fish sticking through the meshes of it. There are likewise fish hanging on his coat skirts, and he has a fishing rod with line in his hand. The following lines are written underneath; descriptive of a contest between *Lent* and *Shrovetide*:—

“ Here *Lent* and Shrovetide claime their proper right,  
Are both resolved, and prepar’d to fight.  
Lent, armed at all points, from the foot to the head,  
A fishing-net hath for his banner spread.  
An angling-rod he in his hand doth beare  
To show that lakes, and ponds, and rivers cleare :  
Are at his command ; eels, carpe, pike, tench,  
Or lobster, which the brinish sea doth drench,  
Are by his hook or crooke, his powers will get,  
And make all fish that comes into his net ;  
A boyling kettle in his helmet fit,  
(For Lent has small use for a roasting spit)  
Thus mounted on a horse that ne’er eat hay,  
Lent meets with Shrovetide, and begins to say :  
I now am come to mundifie and cleare,  
The base abuses of this lost past yeare ;  
Thou puff-paunch’d monster (Shrovetide), thou art he,  
That were ordain’d the latter end to be  
Of forty-five weekes gluttony now past,  
Which I in seven weekes come to cleanse at last ;  
Your feasting I will turn to fasting dyet,  
Your cookes shall have some leisure to be quiet ;  
Your mosques, pomps, playes, and all your vain expence,  
I’ll change to sorrow and to penitence ;  
I will reforme you, and I hither came  
To keep flesh with you. Your proud flesh to tame ;  
Let butchers cleave their cleavers and their knives,  
Hang up their axes, let their men or wives  
Make things for future uses if they please ;  
I come to give them all a writ of ease ;  
To calves, lambs, pigs, hens, capons, all I give  
Free leave to multiply, increase and live ;

There shall no ven'son be (with swearing) slaine,  
And fisherman shall search the ocean maine;  
And sirha (Shrovetyde) I do further meane,  
Before I go, to make your fat chappes lean;  
For though, like rebells madd, you rove and stray,  
And feast each Friday, and each Fasting day,  
Though you regard no Ember weekes nor law,  
Nor rule or order keeps you under awe,  
Yet be assur'd that whosoe're wrongs Lent,  
Shall not escape deserved punishment."

There is a valuable sketch of a boy angling from off a bridge, by Ostarde. This is the only one, on this subject, in the collection of his etchings in the British Museum. It has brought a high price in England of late years.

Haller, who flourished about 1620, made some capital sketches of angling scenes. What we have seen of them, are quite gems in their way. One curious sketch, when viewed in a certain position represents a *man's face*; and when looked at in another, becomes a *landscape*, in which an angler is displayed following his craft.

In Van der Cabal's productions, we find some fine pieces on angling. Numbers 11 and 14 of Antoni Waterloo are upon the same subject; and in the sketches of Ruisdael and Neyts, we have fishing with the rod portrayed with great skill. Everdingen was a distinguished sketcher of landscapes. He travelled all over Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and has left a vast number of pieces of scenery in each of these countries, wherein angling amusements are depicted with great truthfulness and skill.

Van der Meer, Molyn, De Neve, Rysbrack, Smees, Verschuring, and others, are all artists in whose works there will be found something relative to the art of rod-fishing. These artists' productions are in a large collection in the British Museum. In volume *seventeen*, the sketches Nos. 12, 20, 37, and 40, are fair specimens of the mode in which angling topics are treated by this school of artists.

The engravings of Wouvermens are very numerous, and very splendid. There are many of them in which angling is represented. The most striking of these are "La Grotto de l'Abrenvoir," "The Passage of the Waters," and "The Fisher's Bark."

Tenier's engravings of angling are very interesting ones. In "Les Pecheurs Flamands," which embrace five prints, there are some exquisite representations of the gentle craft. In one of his productions, depicting his own house, he represents a youthful angler with rod and line, fishing in the neighbouring stream.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were several series of prints published at Paris, representing angling, but in the spirit of political caricature and *double entendre* allusions. Some of these prints were good portraits of the most noted ladies of the French Court, who were exhibited in the act of fishing in some cool and well-shaded stream, or romantic water-falls. There are a number of fine engravings, coloured, of the same class published in Paris at the present moment, 1854, which display the most exquisite humour and artistic skill.

The celebrated Thomas Bewick took a leading position, at the commencement of the present century, in the representations of angling scenes. Every one has been delighted with his several woodcuts on the art. Take, for example, that given at page 61, or 238, of the second volume of his *Birds*. Look at the rocks rising from the margin of the river, the wood fringing their sides and crowning the summits; the trees bending down their branches, as if to kiss the pure waters still flowing *cooly* on; you see the rocky ledge over which the water is breaking and tumbling (you may hear it murmur), and finally passing away into that current surface so grateful to the eye of the skilful fly-fisher. Then again look at the angler himself; how calm, and quiet, and contemplative he is;—one who has no care or anxiety, or wish, but for a wet night, and a south wind on the morrow. You may see at a glance that he has not a grain of gall in his composition; that neither avarice nor ambition disturbs him; that he has never thought of raising himself in the world, but only how he might *raise* a trout.

The late Mr. Isaac Nicholson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a pupil of Bewick's, threw off many admirable sketches of angling and river scenes. All Mr. Nicholson's labours in this line of wood engraving, show what a keen and truthful eye he had for all that appertained to the piscatory art, as displayed in the fine fishing streams of the North of England.

There were several very witty caricatures of our own

George IV, when he used to frequent Virginia water with the rod. There is one fine print, representing him sitting fishing in a punt on the Thames, with all the leading female characters who then figured at the English Court.

The print by Hogarth, showing the fallacy in the rules of perspective, by a representation of two anglers, is well known. It is the only thing connected with the piscatory art, which this celebrated man was known to have executed.

The angling caricatures by George Cruickshank are very admirable. In the opinion of some critics they are considered superior in point of life and truthfulness, to those which Seymour executed.

The famous caricature in the Vernon Gallery, Marlborough House, painted by Lane (No. 53), represents an enthusiastic rod fisher, under a severe fit of the gout, laid up in his chamber, fishing out of a tub of water, for his amusement. There is an engraving of this picture possessing all the power and spirit and life of the original, by the Society of the Art Union.

Mr. Stothard's sketches on angling subjects have a high reputation among artists. Twenty of his drawings on this subject were sold at Mr. Pickering's sale (March, 1854) for £84.

The caricatures by Seymour, representing all the curious devices and positions of cockney anglers, are, in our humble opinion, by far the choicest pieces of fine humour

which have appeared in modern times. There are nearly twenty of these cuts, all full of fun and ridicule. Mr. Heath's sketches of angling topics are likewise interesting.

In some Mexican hieroglyphics, recently published at Paris, there are some caricature representations of angling pursuits; but we have no idea of their antiquity.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Morals, Manners, and Professions of Life, illustrated from the Art of Angling.

ONE of the striking characteristics of the angling literature of all countries is, the applications which have been made of it, to point out some of the ordinary moral and prudential maxims of human life, and the various occupations of men. We have already noticed how prominently this feature was developed in Italy, when the fishing dramas were fashionable in that country, during the middle ages; and we find the same strain of sentiment in many of the books on angling in the North of Europe, and even among the Scandinavian and Icelandic domestic tales and stories. All these moral deductions and illustrations of particular pursuits of life, exhibited in angling effusions, both in prose and verse, are grounded upon a very general and obvious analogy. There is a marked resemblance between the art of fishing itself, and the divers modes which men in various stations and ranks of life are obliged to follow to gain the objects they respectively have in view. This strikes the fancy, and inspires the mind to ring the changes on the various points of resemblance subsisting between the gentle art of fish taking, and the arts of persuasion or coercion, which form such

important items in human life. In the piscatory writings of England, we have a great variety of productions of this stamp; a few of which taken at random from our own collection, we shall here lay before the reader:—

“ THE FLY AND TROUT.

As near yon stream, the other day,  
Sooth'd by the murmuring current's play,  
I thoughtless stroll'd along,  
Behold, of largest growth a fly  
Adown the stream came glist'ning by,  
The smallest flies among.

In sportive air it spread the sail,  
And o'er the rest the flying gale  
It caught with seeming pride;  
Swiftly it skims the crystal waves,  
Now in the purling eddy laves,  
More smoothly now it glides.

What joy, it said, or seem'd to say,  
Thus on the sparkling stream to play,  
And quit the fields of air;  
How dull! because on wings they rise,  
Is yonder crowd of vulgar flies,  
To float for ever there.

Still let timid, sordid crew,  
The same old beaten track pursue;  
Nor tempt one new delight:  
I dare to live—to live I know,  
And grasp at every joy below,  
No fancied ills affright.

While thus he tuned his idle song,  
Borne by the crystal stream along,  
A trout descry'd the prize ;  
And upward darting, swift as thought,  
The vain, the boasting insect caught,  
The boasting insect dies.

I mark'd his fate—I smote my breast,  
Deep be the lesson there impress'd,  
Which thus my genius gave :  
The wretch who quits the path assign'd,  
To taste forbidden joy, shall find  
New ways to reach the grave.”

---

“ O world's deceit ! how are we thrall'd by thee,  
That dost thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide !  
When most we think in happiest state to be,  
Than do we soonest into danger slide.  
Behold the fish, that even now was free,  
Unto the deadly hook, how he is ty'd ;  
So vain delights allure us to the snare,  
Wherein, unawares, we first entangl'd are.”—*Dr. Donne.*

## MORAL.

“ Think when thou seest the bait,  
Wherein is thy delight ;  
That hidden hooks are hard at hand,  
To pierce thee when thou bite.”

---

1701.

## " A MORAL.

There was (so says an ancient tale),  
I' th' middle of a pleasant dale,  
A spacious, but a standing pool,  
Immensely deep, and very foul :  
The little brooks on every side  
Which daily did into it glide,  
Preserv'd its muddy waters sweet,  
And for the noblest fishes meet.  
Here did the lordly fishes long  
In shoals innumerable throng.  
Here were they wont to frisk and play,  
And spend in merriment the day ;  
Grew plump and fat with dainties fed,  
Which were i' th' little channels bred ;  
But (like mankind), the fishy race,  
'Midst plenty, quite abandon'd grace,  
And rashly (proud to show their might)  
Seiz'd on the little fishes' right :  
Damm'd up their brooks, suppress'd their springs,  
And threaten'd more revengeful things.  
But, oh ! the dire effects of pride,  
When will, not justice, is its guide ;  
The frightened brooks the pool desert,  
And no refreshing baits impart ;  
No more their limpid streams advance,  
Nor purling circles thither dance ;  
No fresh supplies approach its brink,  
But, all suppress'd with horror, shrink, }  
And haste to shun th' offensive stink.  
Meanwhile within, distracting fear,  
And sickly drooping looks appear."

## "NICOLAS PISCATOR.

A crochet crossed the Devil's head,  
To idle a day by the brook :  
He called on Saint Peter and civilly said—  
"Friend fisherman, lend me thy crook :  
Of the handle a famous rod can be made,  
And I'll twist the top for a hook."  
The Devil he fingered Walton through ;  
And an hundred baits he tried :  
He bobbed, and he bobbed, but 'twould not do—  
The fish did not choose to be fried ;  
And the little boys laughed, and the Devil looked blue,  
And "orridly" cocknified."  
The Devil he scratched his horn, and thought,  
And he scratched his horn again :  
'I have it'—says he—'my fish shall be caught  
By the bait that doth catch me men :—  
Oh better than all old Isaac hath taught,  
For his one shall catch me ten !'—  
And what was the bait which the Devil chose?—  
The heart of a maiden fair—  
A maiden with lip and cheek of rose,  
And brightly flowing hair.—  
Says the Devil—'Not one of the river beaux  
Will a nibble at this forbear.'  
Then he tucked up his tail again by the stream ;  
And 'twas worth a shilling to see  
How barbel and perch, and roach and bream  
Swam by : ('twas not in the Lea—)  
Says the Devil—'My lads, you little dream  
What a treat I have got for ye.—

Do you know I have called to drop you a line,  
For a party down below ;  
With some very particular friends to dine—  
A snug half dozen or so ?—  
We are partners all in a sulphur mine—  
Belzebub, Belial, and Co.’—

The Devil made sure, as well he might,  
Some capital sport to see ;  
For the fish that was shy at that bait to bite  
A fish of no soul could be.—  
He hooked on the heart—but oh, ’twas so light—  
‘ Sure my shot is all cork ’—quoth he.—

But the Alderman, though he would fain blow out  
On venison his dainty paunch,  
Was too far north to hazard the gout  
And a fry to boot for a haunch :—  
So away from the bait he turned about,  
Like an hermit abstemiously staunch.

The little boys laughed, and the Devil looked blue  
When he saw the Alderman gone :—  
He snapped in a passion his rod in two,  
And he swore with a monstrous yawn,  
He might just as well for the good he could do  
Have been fishing in Phlegethon.

Then from his meditative mind  
Rose a philosophic wight ;  
A barbel, who had stemmed the flood  
With fin of wonderous might :—  
Each man of the Lea-bridge brotherhood  
Would have fainted at his bite.

He made a speech in the unknown tongue,  
 Which we'll English at a venture :—  
 He knew with the Devil he could not be wrong,  
 For Nick was a co-inventor ;  
 And of the Regent-square hum had long  
 Been a punctual frequenter.

'Odd'e-fish'—quoth he—'us fish you must think  
 The flattest of the flat,  
 To be swindled on to the river brink  
 For a nibble of venison-fat,  
 Or a maiden's heart too light to sink :—  
 Old Nick, you were young in that.—

'With an empty purse you a fishing went ;—  
 No marvel your sport was undone :  
 A cheque must be to your banker's sent,  
 If you wish to see any fun done ;  
 Then hie for the top of the Monument,  
 And bob in your fish-pond—LONDON !'—

TIM. TROLLER."

"THE UNIVERSAL ANGLER.

*Brother Anglers*, a song, you demand one and all ;  
 As well as I'm able I'll answer the call :  
 What though unaccustom'd in *verse* to indite,  
 Yet the *maggot*, for once, sure the *angler* may bite !  
Derry down, &c. &c.  
 The world are all *anglers* decreed by the fates,  
 Though *courting and smiles* are the *tackle and baits* !  
 Each mortal that lives has some favourite scheme,  
 That makes the *heart dance* like the *float on the stream* !  
Derry down, &c. &c.

Take the first man you meet, if he'd say what he's wishing,  
 And tell the whole truth—why, he's *going a fishing!*  
 His *meaning's* the same, and it can't be mistook,  
 For he'll come at his *object* by "*hook or by crook!*"

Derry down, &c. &c.

The rich lover determin'd his mistress to *fix*,  
 He starts not a *fly*, but a gay *coach and six!*  
 Though, perchance, the *fair maid* with indignity fraught,  
 Cries, 'a mighty fine *bait*, but I'm not to be *caught!*'

Derry down, &c. &c.

'At it early and late' some *queer fish* to outmatch,  
 The merchant's *intent* on a '*wonderful catch!*'  
 See him bent o'er his desk till he groans or he grunts,  
 D'ye think that there's *patience* in nothing but *punts?*

Derry down, &c. &c.

What are they who've unceasingly worshipp'd *old Mammon?*  
 But *anglers* return'd disappointed of *salmon?*  
 Or like those all agog for a *large trout or roach*,  
 Though doom'd to pull up but a *minnow or loach?*

Derry down, &c. &c.

On the fam'd *Stock Exchange*, oh what *angling is theirs!*  
 What can beat, too, the large *Anglo-mining* affairs!  
 While some I could name, might be readily shown,  
 As the greatest *Bank-fishers* that ever were known!

Derry down, &c. &c.

E'en that *monarch's* an *angler* to utmost perfection,  
 That lays the best *hold* of his people's affection;  
 While each *statesman's* a *fisher* beyond the least doubt  
 That finds the best method of—*tickling his trout?*

Derry down, &c. &c.

Ye learned professions ! now come to my aid,  
 My *rod* is both *taper* and light—who's afraid ?  
 My *lines* can't offend whilst I pledge in a brimmer.  
 To make no unsportsman-like use of a *trimmer* !

Derry down, &c. &c.

Most *parsons* are *anglers* for *tithes* we shall find,  
 If you pay but in *wrath* yet they take it as *kind* !  
 Yet still to return to *right angles* again,  
 I own that they're excellent '*fishers of men* !'

Derry down, &c. &c.

The *lawyer's* an angler for *roach, dace, and gudgeon* !  
 They'll e'en *hook themselves*, while he sits without budging ;  
 But please to *note well* !—in the midst of his revel,  
 You may catch him, in turn, if you *spin with a devil* !

Derry down, &c. &c.

The *doctor's* an angler that oft shifts his quarters,  
 And destin'd, in truth, to frequent *troubled waters* ;  
 Yet he makes his own *floats* with a *magical quill*,  
 That brings up the little *gold-fishes* at will !

Derry down, &c. &c.

Thus each one finds some *rare cunning bait* of his own,  
 And the *whole art* can never be *perfectly known* ;  
 As each beau, in his way, to look *killing* will try,  
 And each lass, if she likes, has a *hook in her eye* !

Derry down, &c. &c.

Now to wind up my *reel*, making nobody *winch*,  
 And just have a *fling*, but not *whip to an inch*.  
 Some *truth* into rhyme I've endeavour'd to *throw* ;  
 Leaving more of an *archer* to draw the *long bow*.

Derry down, &c. &c.

Here's success to the tactics of each worthy brother,  
 May all the whole world pull up something or other :  
 Sweet-hearts to fair maidens ! and may the dolt swing,  
 That won't seem alive to the *pleasures of Spring*.

Derry down, &c. &c.

J. M."

" THE JOLLY FISHERMAN.

I am a jolly fisherman,  
 I catch what I can get,  
 Still going on my betters' plan,  
 All fish that comes to net.  
 Fish just like men, I've often caught,  
 Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,  
 A many time to market brought,  
 A dev'lish sight of odd fish.  
 Thus all are fishermen thro' life,  
 With wary pains and labour,  
 This baits with gold, and that a wife,  
 And all to catch his neighbour."

*Chorus.*

Then praise the jolly fisherman,  
 Who takes what he can get,  
 Still going on his betters' plan,  
 All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fly,  
 Extends his greedy jaw,  
 For all the world, as you and I,  
 Have seen our man of law.  
 He who to laziness devotes,  
 His time is sure a numb fish,  
 And members who give silent votes,  
 May fairly be call'd dumb fish.

False friends to eels we may compare,  
 The roach resembles true ones,  
 Like gold fish we find old ones rare,  
 Plenty as herrings, new ones.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,  
 And trapt, and sold, and bought,  
 The old wife and the tender maid  
 Are both by tickling caught.  
 Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis said,  
 If you but throw the line in,  
 With maggots, flies, or something red,  
 Or any thing that's shining,  
 With small fish you must lie in wait  
 For those of high condition,  
 But 'tis alone a golden bait  
 Can catch a learned physician."

"SONG, SUNG BY HARLEY, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,  
 IN THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

*Written by the late J. Tobin, Esq.*

Most fish that inhabit the sea,  
 With my net I can take now and then,  
 Yet how much more skilful is he  
 Who can thrive as a fisher of men ;  
 For tho' some are simple as dace,  
 And greedy as gudgeons a few,  
 Yet I fancy that is not the case  
 With a lawyer, a maid, or a Jew.

Your lawyer, some say, is a shark,  
Yet he preys both by land and by water,  
And perhaps 'twould be nearer the mark  
If we dubb'd him a black alligator.  
To catch him, there is but one rule,  
A rogue can best hamper his brother,  
And they tell me, like pikes in a pool,  
Your lawyers will bite one another.

In cunning a Jew has no match,  
He'll slip through your hands like an eel ;  
And maids are still harder to catch,  
When of youth the first blushes they feel ;  
But with patience an angler must wait,  
Till older and older they grow,  
When, like trouts, they'll all rise at his bait,  
Tho' a feather's the very first throw."

" THE ANGLER MORALIZING OVER HIS FLY-BOOK.

When sitting by the fire last night,  
Tho' I'm not over wise ;  
My mind's eye just to take a sight,  
Gaz'd on my book of flies.  
When thinking, as I sipp'd my grog,  
They seemed thus to say :  
If you'll attend, I'll help to jog  
Your memory some day.

So list, tho' in a ditty now  
These hints are well to prize !  
For there's wit and wisdom, you'll allow,  
About a book of flies.

When wisdom shall your mind employ,

*Fly* from the large *blue-bottle* ;

Intemp'rance oft the senses cloy,

As grog goes down the throttle.

And *fly* from quarrels if you can,

In life they lead to woes ;

If you in cups assault a man,

Be sure to *fly* from blows.

So list, &c.

When you're in *feather* you should *fly*

From naughty *dicky-birds* ;

For if you *hop* about them—why

They'll *cage* you with their words.

And *fly* off—if you see them home,

Beware what follows *arter* ;

Like boys—*fly* ever back—be't known,

You'll wish to *fly* the *garter*.

So list, &c.

*Fly* from social pleasures when

They tend to lead astray ;

*Fly* from company of those

Who confidence betray.

*Fly* from danger, if you can ;

*Fly* from danger's way ;

Caution is the wisest plan

When inj'ry's in the way.

So list, &c.

*Fly* far from where the dice-box holds

Its all-enticing spell ;

*Fly*, for surely life's blood grows cold,

Where gambling demons dwell.

*Fly* far from quackery's attacks,  
 Which every day increase ;  
*Fly* far, because the *ducks* that *quack*  
 Live well by *plucking geese*.

So list, &c.

Be sure and *fly* not in the face  
 On those whom you depend ;  
 If your opinions they oppose,  
 They yet may you befriend.  
 And now, as I've no more to sing,  
 I'll even farewell say ;  
 My book may set my *flies* on wing,  
 To *swarm* again some day :  
 I only wish my friends may think  
 These hints are well to prize ;  
 And just acknowledge if one hint,  
 Would make them still more wise.

So list, tho' in a ditty now,  
 These hints are well to prize,  
 For there's wit and wisdom, you'll allow,  
 About a book of flies.

*Chelsea, 1840."*

#### "ANGLING IN JUNE.

Oh, fly-fishing's pleasant in bright sunny June,  
 And murm'ring of waters, when hearts are in tune ;  
 While others are jocking and laughing sae free,  
 There's a pang in my heart—a tear in my e'e.  
 And e'en in the gloamin adown by the burn,  
 Sa dowie and wae aft I wander and mourn,  
 Among the lang broom I sit greeting alane,  
 And sigh for my dear, and the days that are gane."

## CHAPTER XII.

## On Epitaphs on Anglers.

## EPITAPH.

Here lyeth under this marbyle ston,  
 Riche Alane, the fischying man ;  
 Whether he be safe or noght,  
 I reche never, for he ne rought.

*Ancient MS. 1420.*

## ON A TOMBSTONE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Here lies good Pierre Froment,  
 Of Albany Town ;  
 A fisherman well known,  
 Of skill and renown.  
 The salmon and the trout  
 He often did spear ;  
 Death struck with his barb,  
 In his fifty-second year.

1798.

## EPITAPH ON A DUTCH FISHERMAN AND WIFE.

Here lies Will. Van Praat,  
 And Martha his wife ;  
 They liv'd in Goode-straat,  
 And never knew strife.  
 The reason is plain,  
 They liv'd in riches ;  
 They lov'd toil and gain,  
 And look'd to their fishes.

*Amsterdam, 1762.*

## EPITAPH.

Beneath in the dust,  
The mouldy old crust  
Of Ned Carpenter lately was laid ;  
He was skilled with the fly  
And with cunning sharp eye,  
Knew every trout-pool in the glade.  
Having fish'd long enough,  
Death, in tones rather gruff,  
Said, "I'll just put a hook in your gill,"  
So here he doth rest,  
And we hope he'll be blest,  
When he hears the trump's sound loud and shrill. 1792.

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS, IN AN INN,  
IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

Here lies Tommy Montague,  
Whose love for Angling daily grew ;  
He died regretted, while late out,  
To make a capture of a trout."

## EPITAPH.

Anglers promised, when I died,  
That they would each spring-tide,  
Daily morn and evening come,  
And do the honours of my tomb :  
Having promised—pay your debts,  
Anglers here strew violets. 1801.

## EPITAPH.

Here lies poor Thompson all alone,  
 As dead and cold as any stone.  
 In wading in the river Nith,  
 He took a cold, which stopp'd his breath.  
 He fish'd the stream for ten years past,  
 Death caught him in his net at last.

*Written on a Tombstone in Dumfries-shire, 1790.*

## EPITAPH.

Here lies within this tomb so still,  
 Old Giles, pray sound his knell,  
 Who sat for years by purling rill,  
 And us'd the rod right well.

*Somersetshire, 1810.*

## EPITAPH.

John Day, an angler of renown,  
 Moulders beneath this stone,  
 With worm he caught the speckl'd trout,  
 But to his home he's gone.  
 Worms for his bait, he'd many a feast,  
 We'll never see him more:  
 His body's gone, and in its turn,  
 Must feed worms by the score.

*Devonshire, 1793.*

## EPITAPH.

Here he lies—an angler good,  
 Lately made of flesh and blood;  
 Who has left his rod behind,  
 Tackle of an artful kind;  
 Give him honour—lightly tread  
 The sod now pressing on his head.

1784.

EPITAPH.

Interred here doth lie a worthy wight,  
 Who for long time in fishing bore the bell ;  
 His name to show, was Thomas Heron, Knight,  
 In all piscatory arts he did excel. 1801.

EPITAPH.

*Hic jacet* Walter Gun,  
 Very fond of angling fun ;  
*Sic transit gloria mundi.*  
 He drank hard upon Friday,  
 That being a high day,  
 Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

TRAGIC FATE OF BILLY DAWKINS.

In Leighton Buzzard lived a lad  
 Whose name was Billy Dawkins, O !  
 And Billy loved, and us'd the gad,  
 And courted Sally Nelson, O !  
 On her his hopes, on her his fears,  
 He oft assured her, rested, O !  
 And he would shed such floods of tears,  
 Might melt a soul of whinstone, O !  
 But Sally had a cruel heart,  
 And heeded not this angler, O !  
 But still in spite of all this smart,  
 She laugh'd at hapless Billy, O !  
 With rod in hand, one vernal night,  
 He chanc'd to meet his charmer, O !  
 And, being now in desp'rate plight,  
 Inform'd her he was dying, O !

To see a soul with love so wrung,  
 Might have reclaim'd a tiger, O!  
 But Sally only loll'd her tongue,  
 And pull'd a face at Billy, O!

His heart was broke. His pain beyond  
 That hour he bore no longer, O!  
 But jump'd into the deep horse pond,  
 And sank unto the bottom, O.

EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD IN CUMBERLAND.

The angler, Jack Dawson, lies  
 Under this stone; with artful flies,  
 Trout and salmon caught in scores,  
 Whene'er he wander'd out of doors.

The dawning beam—prospect clear,  
 The clouded sky—lie darken'd here;  
 Time another Sun will raise,  
 To guide to everlasting praise."

LINES ON THE TOMBSTONE OF WILLIAM ALLAN,

*The well-known Gipsy Piper to the Duke of Northumberland.*

A stalwart tinker wight was he,  
 And well could mend a pot or pan,  
 An' deftly wull could *thraw a flee*,  
 An' neatly weave the willow wan.

An' sweetly wild were Allan's strains,  
 An' mony a reel and jig he blew;  
 Wi' merry lilts he charm'd the swains,  
 Wi' barbed spear the otter slew.

Nae mair he'll scan wi' anxious eye  
The sandy shores of winding Reed ;  
Nae mair he'll tempt the finny fry,  
The king o' tinkers, Allan's dead !

Nae mair at *mell* or *merry night*,  
The cheering bagpipes Wull shall blow ;  
Nae mair the village throng delight,  
Grim death has laid the *minstrel* low.

Now trouts exulting in the wave,  
Triumphant see the otter glide ;  
Their deadly foe lies in the grave,  
*Charlie* and *Phebe* by his side."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF G. MERTON, ESQ.

*By the Southampton Anglers' Club.*

Come, pensive breeze, that steals along,  
And sigh congenial to our song !  
And thou, pure brook, that softly flows,  
Stream sympathetic to our woes !  
Night spreads around a kindred gloom,  
And silence reigns o'er Merton's tomb.

Beneath, a zealous angler lies  
(His lofty soul's above the skies),  
Yet while on earth, kind, gen'rous soul,  
Thou ever didst with want console ;  
Thou chas'd the tear from widow's eye,  
And sorrow fled when thou cam'st nigh.

A manly form, with noble mind,  
In thy fair person were combin'd ;  
But treach'rous death—fell, ruthless foe !  
Soon laid thy high perfections low ;  
Then fondly o'er thy dust we'll mourn,  
With sorrow greet thy marble urn.

## THE FISHER'S GRAVE.

Long has wept the silver tide,  
Stealing on its pebbly shore,  
Since it bath'd his wherry's side,  
Dashing to the feather'd oar.

'Twas at night, and homeward sped  
The fisher to his hut afar;  
The cold moon shone above his head,  
Brightly gleam'd each twinkling star.

He thought upon his cottage fire,  
With rosy children circled round,  
And sweet the dreams those thoughts inspire,  
Dreams with peace and pleasure crown'd.

And as he row'd his boat along,  
Cheerily his voice arose;  
The woods re-echo'd to his song,  
And sigh'd at each returning close.

The boat glides on—conceal'd and dark,  
Lurks beneath the sunken rock;  
Whirls around the fragile bark—  
It shivers with the sunken shock!

The dying cry, the plunge was heard,  
The peasants gather'd on the shore;  
And unavailing pray'rs preferr'd,  
For him who can awake no more.

In vain beside her cottage fire,  
His widow'd partner mourns his stay;  
His children ask their absent sire,  
Alas! he comes not with the day!

They laid him in an humble grave,  
 The green sod blooms upon his breast,  
 Whilst calmly flows the silver wave,  
 And soothes his deep unbroken rest.

FISHER WATTY.

FISHER WATTY'S dead and gane,  
 Death amang his cairns has gripp't him;  
 Aft afore, whan he wad fain  
 Hae made the little chiel his ain,  
 Watty gied a flaff an' slipt him.

Noo at length the mools amang  
 The elright carle has laid him fairly;  
 Quoth he, "Ye've play'd yer fliskies lang,  
 My faith! but ye maun and yer sang,  
 An' pack away to saxton Charlie."

Waes me! sin' canny Mat's awa',  
 I feel sae lanesome an' sae weary,  
 Tho' simmer winds abune me blaw,  
 Ilk burnie seems a rin o' snaw,  
 An' Tweed gangs daundrin, douf an' dreary.

Aft I clim' the basky brae,  
 Aft I seek the holy rowan,  
 Aft the gloamin o' the day  
 Ere the stars begin their sway  
 Whan the lav'rock woos the gowan.

Aft I wanner to the stane—  
 The warlock stane, whar late we parted;  
 Waes me! sin' Fisher Watty's gane,  
 My soople wan' I wald alane,  
 Wi' feckless arm, ower pools deserted.

Here the hazel boughs aboon,  
 That to their mirror beck sae gaily :  
 Puir Mat upon an April noon,  
 Gud his lost fish its deadly stoun,  
 An' as it wambled, gaff'd it bravely.

There in yonner stream sae blate,  
 Quoth he, "Whene'er the cocks a crawin,  
 Anither cast we'll aiblins get ;"  
 But death was tirlin at his yett,  
 An hour or twa afore the dawn.

In the kirk yaird bield sae green,  
 Auld Watty's laid by saxton Charlie ;  
 An' ay on ilka summer's e'en  
 I think upon the time that's been—  
 An' as I wanner, miss him sairly.

*Stoddart.*

#### AN ANGLER'S DEATH-SCENE.

And when he quits his humble heritage  
 It is with no wild strain—no violence ;  
 But, wafted by a comely angel's breath,  
 He glides from Time, and, on immortal sails,  
 Weareth the rich dawn of Eternity.

*Stoddart.*

Not a zound in th' zick man's room ked<sup>1</sup> I hear,  
 Sips<sup>2</sup> ez pankin' an' fäintly groanin',  
 An' th' sobs ev ez wive, an' her vast-vallin' tear,  
 An' ez childern disconsolate moanin'.

I stood by th' bed-zide, an' mournvully look'd  
 'Pon th' face that I last zeed za chearly.  
 Now holler an' pale, that spoke plain ee'd be took'd  
 Vrem th' furns that did love 'en za dearly.

<sup>1</sup> Could.

<sup>2</sup> Except.

An' away vlied my thoughts to th' days when we stroll'd  
 Wi' th' rod by our favourite stream—  
 An' th' years sim'd but yes'day—za zwift had they roll'd—  
 An' th' whole sim'd as thof 'twas a dream.

He murmur'd my name, as I took es coold hand,  
 An' ee whisper'd (while glaz'd wiz ez eye)—  
 "I da leyve thêase bad worl' an' da mount ta th' land  
 That's all beauteous an' bright in th' sky."

No wāight 'pon es conscience had he ta tarment 'en,  
 Ez life had bin simple an' lone;  
 An' kine furns an' true ee ed left ta lament en,  
 An carry an' voller en *home*.

Var away vrem th' city ee'd pass'd all ez hours,  
 Conteynt, th' best fortin, injoyin' ;  
 In peyce an' in quiet, 'mongst fiel's an' the'r flowers,  
 Th' angle ez lishure imploynin.'

Ee gid me ez rods—an' a blessing ee breath'd—  
 Ta kip ver ez sake an' ta mine en ;  
 But ez "chattles an' goods " in ez *will* ee'd a leyv'd  
 Ta th' widder remaynin behine en.

Resign'd an' prepar'd for a infinite life,  
 In a soft but deep prayer ee lied ;  
 Then kiss'd all ez children, an' hugg'd ez sad wife,  
 An' shut vast ez eyes—AN' EE DIED!

READER,—“MAY THY LAST END BE LIKE HIS.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Pulman's Rustic Sketches ; London, 1853.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Angling Literature in Great Britain, from the year 1800 to the present day.

ANGLING Literature has made surprising advances within the period comprehended in this chapter. It has become more varied, philosophical, imaginative, sentimental, and humorous, than at any previous period of its history ; and every year we not only witness new works on the subject of angling, which are eagerly purchased, but we likewise see an increasing amount of general knowledge and literary talent thrown into their composition.

Vanier's book upon fish, originally written in Latin, was made known to the English reader in 1809. We shall give a few stanzas from it.

## " OF FISH.

*Lines translated from the Latin Poem called 'Vaniere,' by the Rev. John Duncombe, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.*

Of fish I sing, and to the rural cares  
 Now add the labour of my younger years.  
 These lays, Lemoignon, your protection claim,  
 Now more improved since first they gave me fame.  
 From hence to tend the doves and vines I taught,  
 And whate'er else my riper years have wrought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chuse then a place to practise your deceit,  
 Where rock reduce the river to a strait,

So that the stream may flow, when thus confin'd  
 With force to turn a mill and corn to grind ;  
 Then near the floodgates is a narrow space ;  
 Hard of access, with reeds inclose a place :  
 The bending osiers will with ease allow  
 The stream retiring thro' the chinks to flow.—

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The trout loves rivers in obscure retreats,  
 Thrown into standing water, she forgets  
 Her former beauty, and neglects her love,  
 And all the flesh will then insipid prove.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

In the clear stream she casts her modest eyes,  
 And in a fillet her fair tresses lies.  
 While in this solitude she thus remains,  
 And dyes her beauteous face with various stains ;  
 It chanc'd the robber Lucius, thro' the shade,  
 With eager eyes perceiv'd the lovely maid ;  
 He saw and lov'd her riches, as her face,  
 For both her dress and form appear'd with equal grace.  
 The nymph now heard the rustling with affright ;  
 She saw a man, and trembled at the sight ;  
 Swiftly along the winding shore she fled,  
 And cry'd and vow'd, and call'd the gods to aid.  
 Truta despairing sought, with trembling speed,  
 A rock that overlooked the wat'ry mead ;  
 Hither she bent her course, the summit gain'd  
 And thought her virtue now might be maintain'd  
 Cheaply with loss of life : while here she stood,  
 And just prepared to leap into the flood,  
 Lucius approached, and while he held behind  
 Her flow'ry vest, that flutter'd in the wind,

Chang'd into fish an equal fate they bore,  
And though transform'd in shape, yet, as before,  
The pike of slaughter fond and fierce appears,  
And still the trout retains her female fears !  
Beauty and virgin modesty remains,  
Diversify'd with crimson-tinted stains ;  
And, once the fairest nymph that trod the plain,  
Swims fairest fish of all the finny train."

In the first quarter of the present century, angling became a court amusement in England, which made it fashionable among the higher classes of society. George the Fourth was passionately fond of it for many years before his death. This circumstance exercised no little influence over the literature of the art. We see from about 1810 to 1830, a vast increase of sketches, essays, and works on the subject, all characterised by a higher and more refined literary tone than heretofore ; and more suitably adapted for bringing the nature of the sport under the immediate notice of all classes of the people. As a proof of the interest attached to his Majesty's piscatory predilections at the time, we shall transcribe the account given of the Royal fishing apparatus, taken from the *Times* newspaper, May 1st, 1828. This is not only a curious document considered in relation to Royalty itself, but it likewise forms an epoch in the history of rod-fishing in this country, as well as in foreign ones, so far as mechanical skill and appliances have subsequently been brought to bear upon it.

"It is generally known that his Majesty has of late

years been very partial during his leisure hours to the amusement of fishing. The delightful aquatic space (the Virginia Water) which covers nearly a thousand acres, adjoining the Royal domain at Windsor, has each season afforded his Majesty ample scope for his favourite recreation. A magnificent fishing apparatus was made some time ago by command of his Majesty by Ustonson, of Temple Bar, which, when presented was highly approved of; and the King was pleased to express his admiration of the great ingenuity and taste in the manufacture of it, and appeared surprised that the whole could have been made so uniquely perfect, in that branch of manufacture. The apparatus has been recently sent from Windsor to be re-fitted at Ustonson's for the season, and it is just now finished, and with his Majesty's sanction it is to be submitted for a day or two to the inspection of a number of persons of high rank, who have expressed an eager desire to view so splendid an affair. For this purpose Mrs. Ustonson has issued cards of admission to the number of several hundreds, and Friday is the first day appointed for the inspection. A description of the costly apparatus may not be uninteresting :—The case is covered with the best crimson morocco leather, and is three feet long, nine inches broad, and three inches deep, the edges sloped with double borders of gold ornaments, representing alternately, salmon and basket. The outer border forms a rich gold wreath of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, intertwined by oak leaves and acorns; the centre of the

lid presents a splendid impression of the Royal arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The case is fastened with one of Bramah's patent locks, handles, eyes, &c., all double gilt. The interior of the case is lined throughout with the finest Genoise sky-blue velvet, the inner part of the lid tufted. The hooks (as they are termed), for angling and fly-fishing, are the most chaste and beautiful that can be imagined.

"The angling hook is covered with Genoise crimson velvet; the lock surmounted by a diadem of solid gold. The top ornamented with the Royal arms of the United Kingdom, richly worked and emblazoned; and beneath the shield, the rose, thistle, and shamrock. Within the book are an infinite variety of artificial baits, of superior imitation, together with angling rod and landing stick, richly carved with Royal emblematical devices. The fly book on the outside assimilates to the other, with this difference, that the lid is surmounted with a double G. R., enclosed in a semicircle of a richly embroidered wreath, representing the rose, shamrock, and thistle. This book is full of flies, which, although artificial, almost equal the natural insects in imitation. The *tout ensemble* of the apparatus, is the most beautiful specimen of the art, that perhaps has been ever manufactured in this or in any other country."

The appearance of *Blackwood's Magazine*, about a quarter of a century ago forms an important landmark in the history of angling literature in Great Britain. It is im-

possible to enumerate all the many amusing and able articles on the piscatory art, scattered up and down its talented volumes. We shall here insert a description of killing a salmon, given in one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, as a specimen of the way such topics are handled in the pages of this periodical.

“*North*. By the bye, James, who won the salmon this season on the Tweed?

*Shepherd*. Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel’? I beat them a’ by twa stane wecht. Oh, Mr. North, but it wou’d hae done your heart gude to hae daunner’d alang the banks wi’ me on the 25th, and seen the slauchter. At the third thraw the snoot o’ a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds keepit steadfast in a sort o’ eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin’ at the tail o’ yon pool—I needna name’t—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heathermoss, in the season o’ blae-berries. But that verra instant the flee began to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o’ the wrist I had slichtly gi’en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter shot frae Heaven, than shot that saumonbeam doon intil and oot o’ the pool below, and alang the sauch-shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o’ cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o’ the pirn, that let oot, in a twinkling, a hunner yards o’ Mr. Phin’s best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

*North.* Incomparable tackle !

*Shep.* Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see till him—loup—loup—loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows ! Scarcely cou'd I believe at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a saumon divertin' himsell, without ony connexion in this warld wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the inveesible gut o' destiny—and I chasteesed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up—windin' up, faster then ever ye grunded coffee—I keepit closin' in upon him, till the whalebone was amaisht perpendicular outowre him, as he stapped to take breath in a deep plum. You see the savage had gotten sulky, and you micht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch ! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just muved slichtly like gossamer in a breath o' wun'—I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff ; but na, na, ma man, ye ken little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws ! Snuvn' up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht an' steddly as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

*North.* An original image.

*Shep.* Say rather application ! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flicht o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you micht imagine that he was sailin' unseen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

*North.* Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

*Shep.* Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causey in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. Thinks he to himsell, wi' his tail, 'gin I get abreist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd.' And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket——

*North.* That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

*Shep.* Sae I used—but last season they fell doon to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—sae I trust noo to my body-guard.

*North.* I prefer the air life-preserver.

*Shep.* If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork-jacket I took till the soomin', haudin' the rod abune my head—

*North.* Like Cæsar his Commentaries.

*Shep.* And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the Fa', and Heaven save us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for naethin' cows the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large pairty it suddenly strikes me dumb——

*North.* But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum——

*Shep.* Na—na—na—never i' the Snuggery, never i' the

Sanctum, my dear auld man ! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferiority—bein' a' on a level, and that lichtsome, like the parallel roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

*North.* But we forget the fish.

*Shep.* No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expeckit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pairtly wae and pairtly wrathfu' to see him *dee saft* ! Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likely to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a clour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in amang the bit snail-bucky-shells on the san' aroond my feet, and lay there as still as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

*North.* A sumph.

*Shep.* No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventur. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma broos, wi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a' on a sudden, as if he had been galvaneezed, he stotted up

intil the left, and wi' ae squash played plunge into the pool, and awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thocht I sou'd hae gane mad, Heaven forgie me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma feet, and gaed head owre heels intil the water—while amang the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter, as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what, afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

*North.* Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

*Shep.* Risin' to the surface with guller, I shook ma nieve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, just like a man restin' himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd ma teeth intil the shouther o' him—and like a Newfoundland-lan' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the lift rang wi' acclamations.

*North.* What may have been his calibre?

*Shep.* On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.

*Tickler.* (*Stretching himself out to an incredible extent.*)  
Alas! 'twas but a dream!

*Shep.* Was ye dreamin', sir, o' bein' hanged?

*Tickler.* (*within the shed.*) What have you been about with yourself all day, my dear James?

*Shep.* No muckle. I left Altrive after breakfast—about nine—and the Douglass Burn lookin' sae temptin', I tried it wi' the black gnat, and sune creel'd some foure or five dizzin—the maist o' them sma'—few exceedin' a pund.

*Tickler.* Hem.

*Shep.* I fear, sir, you've gotten a sair thrott. Ane sune tires o' trooting at ma time o' life, sae I then put on a sawmon flee. and without any howp dauner'd doon to a favourite cast on the Yarrow. Sometimes a body may keep threshin' the water for a week without seein' a snout—and sometimes a body hyeucks a fish at the very first thraw, and sae it happened wi' me—though I can gie mysel' nae credit for skill—for I was just watten my flee near the edge, when a new-run fish, strong as a white horse, rushed at, and then oot o' the water wi' a spang higher than my head,

“My heart to my moooth gied a sten’,”  
and he had amaist rugged the rod oot my nieve; but I sune recovered my presence o' mind, and after indulgin' his royal highness in a few plunges, I gied him the butt, and for a quarter o' an hour keep't his nose to the grun-stane. Its a sair pity to see a sawmon sulky, and I thoct—and nae doubt sae did he—that he had taen up his lodgings at the bottom o' a pool for the nicht,—though

the sun had just reached his meridian. The plump o' a stane half a hunder-wecht made him shift his quarters—and a sudden thocht struck him that he would make the best o' his way to the Tweed, and thendoon to the sea at Berwick. But I bore sae hard on him wi' an aughteen feet rod, tha by the time he had swam twa miles—and a' that time though I aften saw his shadow, I seldom saw himsell—he was sae sair blawn that he cam to the surface o' his ain accord, as if to tak breath—and after that I had it a' my ain way—for he was powerless as a sheaf o' corn carried doon in a spate—and I launded him at the fuird, within a few hunder yards o' Altrive. Curious eneuch, wee Jamie was sittin' by himsel' on the bank, switherin' about wadin' across, and you may imagine the dear cretur's Joy on seeing a twunty-pund fish—the heaviest ever killed wi' the rod in Yarrow—floatin' in amang his feet.

*Tickler.* You left him at home?

*Shep.* Where else sould I hae left?

*Tickler.* Hem.

*Shep.* You really maun pit some flannen roun' that thrott—for at this time o' the year, when baith man and horse is saft, inflammation rapidly arrives at its height—mortification without loss o' time ensues—and within the four-and-twenty hours I've kent a younger chiel than you, sir, streekit oot——

*Tickler.* What?

*Shep.* A corps.

*Tickler.* Any more sport?

*Shep.* Returnin' to the Loch, I thocht I wud try the otter. Sae I launched him on his steady leaden keel—twa yards lang—breadth o' beam three inches—and mountin' a hunder and fifty hyeucks——

*Tickler.* A first-rate man of war.

*Shep.* I've seen me in the season atween spring and summer, secure ten dizen wi' the otter at a single launch. But in October twa dizzen's no to be despised—the half o' them bein' about the size o' herrings, and the half o' them aboot the size o' haddocks—and ane—but he's a grey trout——

*Tickler.* Salmo Ferox?

*Shep.* As big's a cod.

*Tickler.* Well, James.

*Shep.* I then thocht I woud take a look o' some night lines I had set twa three days syne, and began puin' awa at the langest—wi' some five score o' hyeucks, baited for pike and eel, wi' troot and par-tail, frogs, chicken-heads, hen-guts, some mice, some moles, and some water-rats—for there's nae settin' bouns to the voracity o' thae sharks and serpents—and it was like drawin' a net. At length pike and eel began makin' their appearance—first a pike—then an eel—wi' the maist unerrin' regularity o' succession—just as if you had puttin' them on sae for a ploy! “Is there never to be an end o' this?” I cried to mysell; and by the time that, walkin' backwards, I had reached the road, that gangs roun' the bay wi' a bend—enclosin' atween it and the water edge a bit bonny grass meadow

and twa or three trees—the same that your accomplished freen', George Moir, made sae tastefu' a sketch o'—there, wull ye believe me—were lying five-and-twunt y eels and five-and-twunt y pikes—in all saxty—till I cou'd hae dream't that the meadow had been pairt o' the bay that moment drained by some sort o' subterraneous suction—and that a' the fishy life the water had contained was noo wallopin' and wriglin' in the sudden shunshine o' unexpected day. I brak a branch aff an ash, and ran in amang them wi' my rung, lounderin' awa richt and left, and loupin' oot o' the way o' the pikes, some of which showed fecht, and offered to attack me on my ain element, and I was obliged to wrestle wi' an eel thet speel'd up me till his faulds were wounded round my legs, theeghs, and body, in ever sae mony plies, and his snake head—och! the ugly auld serpent—thrust outowr my shouther—and hissin' in my face—till I flang him a fair back-fa'' and then ruggin' him frae me—fauld by fauld—strectened him oot a' his length—and treddin' on his tail, sent his wicket speerit to soom about on the fiery lake wi' his father, the great dragon.

*North (in the arbour).* Ha! ha! ha! our inimitable pastor has reached his grand climacteric!

*Tickler (in the shed).* And where, my dear James, are they all? Did you bring them along with you?

*Shep.* I left the pikes to be fetched forrit by the Moffat carrier.

*Tickler.* And the eels?

*Shep.* The serpent I overthrew had swallowed up all the rest.

*Tickler.* We must send a cart for him—dead stomachs do not digest; and by making a slit in his belly we shall recover the rest—little the worse for wear—and letting them loose in the long grass, have an eel-hunt.”

In 1825, Professor Wilson published his *Angler's Tent*. It is the narrative of one day's journey among the mountains of Westmorland, Lancashire, and Cumberland. The party being well provided with all the *materiel* of comfort, visited some of the most wild and secluded scenes in these several counties. The Professor says, “The images and feelings of these few happy days, and, above all, of that delightful evening, the author wished to preserve in poetry. What he has written, while it serves to himself and his friends as a record of past happiness, may, he hopes, without impropriety be offered to the public, since, if at all faithful to the public, it will have some interest to those who delight in the wilder scenes of nature, and who have studied with respect and love, the character of their simple inhabitants.”

The following lines are very interesting, inasmuch as they show the author's feelings on the sacredness of the Sabbath day, as well as on his favourite pursuit of angling.

“Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,  
’Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,  
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,  
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!

The sweetest visions of our boyish years  
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone  
Of running waters,—and one stream appears,  
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone ;  
How glad were we, when after sunny showers  
Its voice came to us issuing from the school !  
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,  
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool !  
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime  
The love of joys our childish years that blest ;  
So now encircled by these hills sublime,  
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,  
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest !

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,  
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear ;  
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,  
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies ;  
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,  
Almost as airy as the line it threw,  
Yet often bending in an arch of strength  
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,  
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,  
On which at night we dream of sports by day ;  
And, empty now, beside it close is laid  
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray ;  
And, maple bowl in which we're wont to bring  
The limpid water from the morning wave,  
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring  
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,  
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave !

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,  
Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,  
Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet day,  
By God and man beloved, the day of rest !  
All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,  
Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss ;  
While Innocence her watch in peace did keep  
Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness !  
We view'd the green earth with a loving look,  
Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky ;  
A voice came to us from the running brook  
That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.  
Then all things seem'd imbued with life and sense,  
And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,  
Happy in beauty and in innocence ;  
While, pleased our inward quiet to partake,  
Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,  
This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,  
Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,  
Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.  
Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes  
With colours brighter than the brightening dove ;  
Beneath that guardian mount a <sup>1</sup> cottage lies  
Encircled by the halo breathed from Love !  
And sweet that dwelling <sup>2</sup> rests upon the brow  
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,  
As if it smiled on Windermere below,  
Her green recesses and her islands still !

<sup>1</sup> At that time the residence of Mr. Wordsworth's family.

<sup>2</sup> The author's cottage on the banks of Windermere.

Thus, gently-blended many a human thought  
With those that peace and solitude supplied,  
Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought  
With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,  
And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark ! a laugh, with voices blended, stole  
Across the water, echoing from the shore !  
And during pauses short, the beating oar  
Brings the glad music closer to the soul.  
We leave our tent ; and lo ! a lovely sight  
Glides like a living creature through the air,  
For air the water seems thus passing bright,  
A living creature beautiful and fair ;  
Nearer it glides ; and now the radiant glow  
That on its radiant shadow seems to float,  
Turns to a virgin band, a glorious shew,  
Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.  
Towards the tent their lingering course they steer,  
And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,  
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,  
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,  
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band !

Scarcely from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,  
Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke ;  
Scarcely had a more familiar kindness broke  
From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes,  
Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound  
Of many voices ; in an instant stood  
Men, women, children, all the circle round,  
And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd.

Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd  
Our late so solitary dwelling fill ;  
And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud  
Where all before was undisturb'd and still."

The professor describes, in after years, the killing of trout in Awe Loch, in Scotland, in the following stirring language :—

" Lie on your oars, for we know the water. The bottom of this shallow bay—for 'tis nowhere ten feet, in places sludgy, and in places firm almost as green-sward ; for we have waded it of yore many a time up to our chin—till we had to take to our fins—there ! Mr. Yellowlees was in right earnest, and we have him as fast as an otter. There he goes, snoring and snuving along, as deep as he can—steady, boys, steady—and seems disposed to pay a visit to Rabbit Island. There is a mystery in this we do not very clearly comprehend—the uniformity of our friend's conduct becomes puzzling—he is an unaccountable character. He surely cannot be an eel ; yet, for a trout, he manifests an unnatural love of mud on a fine day. Row shoreward—Proctor, do as we bid you—she draws but little water—run her up bang on that green brae—then hand us the crutch, for we must finish this affair on *terra firma*. Loch Awe is certainly a beautiful piece of water. The islands are disposed so picturesquely—we want no assistance but the crutch—here we are, with elbow-room and on stable footing ; and we shall wind up, retiring from the water's edge as people do from a levee, with their faces towards the

king. Do you see them yellowing, you Tory? What bellies! Why, we knew by the dead weight that there were *three*; for they kept all pulling against one another; nor were we long in discovering the complicated movement of triplets. Pounders each—same weight to an ounce—same family—all bright as stars. Never could we endure angling from a boat. What loss of time in getting the *whoppers* wiled into the landing-net! What loss of peace of mind, in letting them off, when their snouts, like those of Chinese pigs, were within a few yards of the gunwale; and when, with a last convulsive effort, they whaumled themselves over, with their splashing tails, and disappeared for ever. Now for five flies—wind on our back—no tree within an acre—no shrub higher than the bracken—no, reed, rush, or water-lily in all the bay. What hinders that we should, what the Cockneys call, *whip* with a dozen? We have set the lake afeed; epicure and glutton are alike rushing to destruction; trouts of the most abstemious habits cannot withstand the temptation of such exquisite evening fare; and we are much mistaken if here be not an old dotard—a lean and slippery pantaloon, who had long given up attempting vainly to catch flies, and found it as much as he could do to overtake the slower sort of worms. Him we shall not return to his native element, to drag out a pitiable existence, but leave him where he lies, to die—he is dead already—

‘For he is old and miserably poor.’

Two dozen in two hours, we call fair sport; and we think

they will average not less, Proctor, than a pound. Lascelles and North against any two in England ! We beseech you, only look at yonder noses—thick as frogs—as pow heads ! There, that was lightly dropped among them ; each fatal feather seeming to melt on the water like a snowflake. We have done the deed, Proctor, we have done the deed ; we feel that we have five. Observe how they will come to light in succession ; a size larger and larger, with a monster at the tail-fly. Even so. To explain the reason why, would perplex a master of arts. Five seem about fifty, when all dancing about together in an irregular figure ; but they have sorely ravelled our gear. It matters not ; for it must be wearing well on towards eight o'clock, and we dine at sunset.

“ Why keep we so far from shore ? Whirr, whirr, whirr ! SALMO FEROX, as sure as a gun ! The maddened monster has already run out ten fathom of chain cable. His spring is not so sinewy as a salmon's of the same size ; but his rush is more tremendous, and he dives like one of the damned in Michael Angelo's ‘ Last Judgment.’ All the twelve barbs are gorged, and not, but with the loss of his torn-out entrails, can he escape death. Give us an oar, or he will break the rope—There, we follow him at equal speed, sternmost ; but canny, canny ! for if the devil doubles upon us, he may play mischief yet, by getting under our keel.—That is noble ! There he sails, some twenty fathom off, parallel to our pinnace, at the rate of six knots, and bearing—for we are giving him the *bull*—

right down upon Laracha Ban, as if towards spawning ground, in the genial month of August: but never again shall he enjoy his love. See! he turns up a side like a house. Ay, that is, indeed, a most commodious landing-place, and ere he is aware of water too shallow to hide his back fin, will be whallopping upon the yellow sand."

The *Salmonia* of Sir Humphrey Davy, was published in 1828. It is an interesting work; and furnishes us with many observations on the natural instincts of fish; on the natural influence of lights and shadows on our judgments of external things; and on a variety of matters and things, which suggested themselves to his highly cultivated and philosophical mind. The author tells us, the work was written during several months of severe illness, and that it constituted his amusement in many hours, which otherwise would have been unoccupied and tedious. On this circumstance Sir Walter Scott, in reviewing '*Salmonia*' observes that "the languid hours, in which lassitude succeeds to pain, are more interesting and instructive than the exertion of the talents of others, whose minds and bodies are in the fullest vigour."

The collection of songs, called the 'Fisher's Garland,' published at intervals at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, are worthy of notice. They amount to about twenty-five in number; one being published, every year, from that of 1821, to 1845. The number of copies of each song struck off the press was only about twenty, and were chiefly confined to the members of an Angling club, who were the original con-

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coctors of the songs. These effusions have been, in 1852, reprinted in a complete volume. Fourteen of these songs were written by Mr. Robert Roxby, of Newcastle, a keen and zealous angler on the river Coquet. The following lines, called in the collection "The Fisher's Call," is now given by way of specimen.

"The thorn is in the bud,  
The palm is in the bloom,  
The primrose, in the shade,  
Unfolds her dewy bosom ;  
Sweet *Coquet's* purling clear  
And summer music making ;  
The trout has left his lair,  
Then waken, fishers, waken.

The lavrock's in the sky,  
And on the heath the plover,  
The bee upon the thyme,  
The swallow skimming over ;  
The farmer walks the field,  
The seed he's casting steady,  
The breeze is blowing west,  
Be ready, fishers, ready.

The violet's in her prime,  
And April is the weather ;  
The partridge on the wing,  
The muircock in the heather ;  
The sun's upon the pool  
His morning radiance wasting,  
It's glittering like the gold,  
Oh ! hasten, fishers, hasten.

The *Felton* lads are up,  
They're looking to their tackle;  
The sawmon's in the stream,  
And killing is the hackle.  
If there's a feat to do,  
'Tis *Weldon* boys should do it;  
Then up and rig your gads,  
And to it, fishers, to it."

A few years ago, Mr. Stoddart, of Kelso, published, in an octavo volume, among other poetical productions, about fifty songs on angling. We shall insert one of them.

"Where torrents foam,  
While others roam  
Among the yielding heather;  
Some river meek,  
We'll forth and seek,  
And lay our lines together.

Some sylvan stream,  
Where shade and gleam  
Are blended with each other;  
Below whose bank  
The lilies rank  
All humbler flowers ensmother.

Where cushats coo  
And ring-doves woo  
The shining channel over,  
From leafy larch  
Or birchen arch—  
Their unmolested cover.

There daily met,  
 No dark regret  
 Shall cloud our noon of pleasure;  
     We'll carry rule  
     O'er stream and pool,  
 And none to claim a measure.

With tackless care  
 On chosen hair,  
 March fly and minnow tender,  
     We shall invite  
     The scaly wight  
 To eye them and surrender.

And when out-worn  
 We'll seek some thorn  
 With shadow old and ample—  
     The natural ground,  
     Moss laid around,  
 An angler's resting temple!

'The North Country Angler,' by Stephen Oliver (W. A. Chatto), appeared about 1838. It is an agreeable and ably written volume. We shall give one of the songs from the work.

"The wild bull his cover in Chillingham wood  
 Has left, and now browses the daisy-strewed plain;  
 The May-fly and swallow are skimming the flood,  
 And sweet in the hedge blooms the hawthorn again;  
 The young lambs are skipping on Cheviot's broad mountain.  
 The heather springs green upon Whitsunbank side;  
 The streams are as clear as the limestone rock fountain,  
 And sweet is the palm blossom's scent where they glide.

O leave for a while the dull smoke of the city ;  
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,  
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,  
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky.  
Sons of pleasure, come view the sweet primroses springing,  
Leave the scene where the light figurante whirls round ;  
Come list to the lark in the blue ether singing,  
Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound."

"The glad trout is roaming in every clear stream,  
And the gilse and the salmon now drink the May flood ;  
Then, anglers, be up with the sun's early beam,  
Let your flies be in trim and your tackle be good.  
In Till there's good store of fat trouts to be won—  
Let your skill load your creels as you wander along,—  
And at night, as you tell of the feats you have done,  
Cheer your talk with a cup of good wine and a song."

A great number of first-rate books on angling have issued from the press in England within the last twenty years. Our limits will not allow us to indulge in extracts from them. We shall, however, briefly enumerate a few of them.

Captain Medwin's 'Angler in Wales,' is an agreeable work, and conveys much useful information relative to the art of angling in that part of Britain. The same thing may be said of Mr. O'Gorman's work on Fishing in Ireland. Poulet Scrope's 'Days and Nights' of salmon fishing is a recent production of high character ; so likewise is Wilson's 'Rod and the Gun.' We have had several volumes from the pen of Mr. Pulman on angling generally,

with a volume of angling songs, under the title of *Rustic Sketches* ; ' all of which are able publications. The songs are given in the Somersetshire dialect ; one of which we insert by way of specimen.

“ Come rummage up yer tackle, buoys—

Yer rods, and lines, and reels ;

Ver once agen th' seysn's come,

Sa ramble in th' fiel's.

Old blust'ring wenter's pass'd away,

Its ice, and vrost, and snow ;

And zmilin' spring her mantle gay,

O'er natur's face da drow.

On, on she come wi' stealthy paze,

Now ling'ring, now advancing ;

As maidens prove ther lover's faith,

Coqueting and entrancing.

Th' air wi' new-born insects teems,

An' ev'ry copse and grove

From veather'd drots a chorus pours

Ev warbled notes of love.

In meads an' banks the vlowers de spring,

An' buds an' leaves da sprout ;

An' spoorting in th' crystal stream

's th' sparkid zided trout.

Then o'er es haunt, wi' gentle zweep,

Unvold yer treach'rous vlies ;

And wi' yer cunning, practised hand,

Allure and gain the prize.

O be not we, like foolish fish,  
- Wi' glittering things deceived;  
We snatch th' boit, and veel th' sting,  
Too late to be relieved?"

The two volumes on angling by Theophilus South (Mr. Chitty), with many fine engravings, are pleasant reading; and the various writings of Ephemeris on angling, are held in high esteem. The second edition, just recently published, of Stoddart's Scottish Rivers, has added new trophies to British angling literature. The establishment of the Sporting Magazine so far back as 1792, forms a distinctive era in the history of piscatory writing. In almost every volume, there are several articles devoted to the craft, either in prose or verse. This periodical was, for several years, under the able management of Mr. Pitman, of Warwick Square, who greatly improved it; and since it has come into the hands of Mr. Tuxford, its present Editor, it has fully sustained its well-merited reputation.

## CHAPTER IV.

On Foreign Angling Literature during the present Century.

WITHIN the last fifty years there have appeared several lyrical productions at the Hague, and in other towns in Holland, as well as in those situated in the higher districts of Belgium, on the pleasures of angling. We have songs on the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Sambre, possessed of great merit. One of these songs 'On the Rhine,' we shall attempt to give the substance of in the following lines.

The Rhine, the Rhine, thou noble stream,  
Where warlike deeds are told ;  
Where on thy banks, St. Goar once stood,  
His mission to unfold.

Thy waters pure from mountain top  
Come rushing down the vale ;  
A pointed emblem of those feats  
Wrapp'd in thy wond'rous tale.

The peaceful angler treads the banks  
Where warriors oft hath led  
Their armies ; and patriots bold  
For freedom's cause hath bled.

With waves of clouds, rich and glowing,  
Which leared upon thy breast,  
Thou seem'st a spot to charm the sense,  
Where anglers might be blest.

In summer heats I've sought thy shades,  
Where cooling breezes blow ;  
Thy glorious landscapes, fresh and fair,  
Make anglers' bosoms glow.

Thy murmuring streams, pour'd o'er the rock,  
Fall sweetly on the ear ;  
And soothe the troubl'd mind to rest  
When sadd'ning thoughts appear.

Flow on, proud Rhine, and may thy streams  
For ever sacred flow,  
For those who tread their margins gay  
The "gentle fly" to thrôw.

It must be remembered that in Belgium angling is a very ancient art or amusement. Fishing with rod formed a part of the education of young burgesses of Flanders, at a very early period of history.<sup>1</sup>

There are a few French treatises on angling in this century, which are written in a descriptive and sentimental strain. Since the peace of 1814, the French officers of the army have cultivated rod-fishing after the English fashion ; particularly in Normandy and Brittany, the Upper Pyrenees, at the towns of Bagnières de Bigorre and Tarbes on the river Adour, and other localities on the Switzerland side of the kingdom. There have been several small works on rod-fishing published at Paris, Lyons, Rouen, &c, within the last forty years, containing descriptive pieces in verse on the chief rivers of France. We shall venture to trans-

<sup>1</sup> Montfaucon, Book iv, c. 9 ; Froissart, 4—131.

cribe one of these, *minus* the spirit and vivacity of the original, to impart, if we can, some general idea as to the manner that French angling tourists treat the subject. The following lines appeared at Rouen in 1840, and refer to the river Saone.

No fairer land can meet the eye,  
Than skirts thy banks, O Saone!  
Nor groves so sweet, and gardens green,  
Nor lovelier skies e'er shone.

Thy gorgeous shades ne'er seem to tire  
The angler's graphic eye ;  
When streams gush out with sparkling foam,  
And purple fires the sky.

Thy waters play and flowers adorn  
Thy banks so fair and green ;  
And birds of richest plumage rest  
In wooded copse unseen.

The trout regales in purest streams,  
And shows his golden hue ;  
And anglers ply their art with zest,  
Nor need their labours rue.

Thy upper streams, when near thy source,  
No richer scene can show ;  
And e'en when traffic soils thy breast,  
They still in grandeur flow.

No angling pleasures can be found  
More racy and more sweet,  
Than on thy hallow'd banks to roam  
When prudence guides the feet.

The following piece is extracted from a Poem called  
Le Pêcheur, published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,'  
for May 1853.

## LE CHANT DES PECHEURS,

PAR A. BRISEUX.

Ah, quel bonheur d'aller en mer,  
Par un ciel chaud, par un ciel clair,  
La mer vaut la campagne.  
Si le ciel bleu devient tout noir,  
Dans nos cœurs brille encore l'espoir,  
Car Dieu nous accompagne.  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

Saint-Pierre, André, Jacques et Saint-Jean,  
Fêtes tous quatre une fois l'an,  
Etaient ce que nous sommes,  
Et ces grands pêcheurs de poissons  
A leurs filets, leurs hameçons,  
Prirent aussi les hommes.  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

Sur les flots ils l'ont vu, léger  
Vers eux tous venir sans danger,  
Aussi léger qu'une ombre ;  
Mais Pierre à le suivre eut grand peur,  
Il cria, " Sauvez moi, Seigneur,  
Sauvez moi, car je sombre."  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

Sur ton bateau, Pierre Simon,  
Que Jésus fit un beau sermon  
A la foule pieuse.  
Puis dans tes filets tout cassés,  
Combien de poissons amassés,  
Pêche miraculeuse !  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

Dans la barque Il dormait un jour—  
Te souvient-il comme à l'entour  
S'élevait la tempête ?  
Lui, réveillé par ton effroi,  
Dit à la vague, " Assaise-toi !"  
Elle baissa la tête.  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

Aussi la barque du pêcheur  
Où s'est assis notre Sauveur  
A toujours vent arrière ;  
Sans craindre la mer et le vent ;  
Elle va toujours en avant  
La bargue de Saint Pierre.  
Le bon Jésus marchait sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

O Jésus, des pêcheurs l'ami,  
Avec nous venez aujourd'hui  
Dans cette humble coquille ;  
Allons, prenez le gouvernail  
Et bénissez notre travail,  
Il nourrit la famille.  
Jésus nous conduira sur l'eau,  
Va sans peur, mon petit bateau.

## TRANSLATION OF LE CHANT DES PECHEURS,

*The Fisherman's Song.*

Fairer than fields is the silver sea,

Better far is it there to be

Where the blue sky shineth clear.

Should storm-clouds rise

To darken the skies,

Yet God will be with us there.

Fearless will our boatie be—

Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

Peter and Andrew, John and James,

Holy-days now bear their names,

Fishermen, like ours their trade

Following their blessed Lord,

By the power of his Word

Fishers of men's souls were made.

Fearless will our boatie be—

Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

In the night-watch on the tide

They behold their Master glide

Spirit-like upon the wave—

Peter his dear Lord to meet

Went—but soon with sinking feet

Cried out to Him to save.

Fearless will our boatie be—

Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

Precious words did Jesus speak,  
Peter, from thy boat—when meek  
Listened hushed th' attentive throng,  
By thy broken nets were caught  
Fish unnumbered, Faith was taught  
Where alone doth power belong.  
Fearless will our boatie be—  
Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

Sleeping in thy boat he lay—  
Mind'st thou of that stormy day  
When loud winds whistled shrill.  
Wakened by thy fears, the Lord  
Spake—and instant at his word  
The angry waves grew still.  
Fearless will our boatie be—  
Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

So prosperous goes the boat along,  
Where *He* is whom the seas obey  
No contrary winds can harm.  
Reck we not of wind or wave,  
He saves us who did Peter save—  
We trust *the Saviour's* arm.  
Fearless will our boatie be—  
Jesus hath walked the troubled sea.

Jesus—friend of fishermen—  
Our cockle-shell awaits Thee then,  
Deign, Lord, to enter in.  
Take the helm—direct our way—  
Bless our toil—give us each day  
Food for our homes to win.  
Captain of our boat shall be—  
Jesus who walked the troubled sea.

Germany has contributed several good things, within the present century, to piscatory literature, both in prose and verse. We shall insert a few lines from Göethe's *Angler*, of a playful and imaginary caste:—

“There was a gentle angler who angled in the sea,  
With heart as cool as any heart, untaught of love, could be.  
When suddenly the waters rushed—and swelled—and up there  
sprung,

A humid maid of beauty's mould—and thus to him she sung.  
'Why dost thou strive so artfully to lure my brood away,  
And leave them then to die beneath the sun's all-scorching ray?  
Could'st thou but tell how happy are the fish that swim below,  
Thou would'st with me, and taste of joy which earth can never  
know.

Does not bright Sol, Diana too, more lovely far appear  
When they have dipped in ocean's wave their golden silvery hair?  
And is there no attraction in this heavenly expanse of blue,  
Nor in thy image mirrored in this everlasting dew?'  
The water rushed, the water swelled, and touched his naked feet,  
And fancy whispered to his heart it was a love-pledge sweet.  
She sung another syren lay, more witching than before,  
Half-pulled—half-plunging—down he sank, and ne'er was heard  
of more.”

In the northern parts of Europe, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Hungary, &c. &c. angling has long formed a portion of the recreations of the people. There have several small works appeared of late years, in which there is more or less of imaginary and descriptive writing. For the translation of the following Norwegian ballad, we

are indebted to a good Norse Scholar, resident in Edinburgh.

“Have you seen my shepherd lad,  
Do you ken him weel?  
Have you seen him by the rill,  
With his rod and creel?  
His golden locks—dimpled chin,  
Make him dear to me;  
Gentle smiles play round his lips,  
When he throws the flee.

Up the knowle there’s rippling streams  
That display his art;  
But the cottage down the glen  
Steals away his heart.  
Here the hours he whiles away  
The rod is laid aside;  
He vows with love and fealty  
He’ll make me his bride.”

In the United States, and British America, angling literature has been cultivated with considerable ardour and success, particularly within the last thirty years. We find books on the subject in every section of this vast continent, where the English language is known, and English habits and amusements prevail, of more or less merit and pretensions, both in poetry and prose. In Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and the New England States generally, angling has been long a fashionable amusement among the literary and active minds of the country; and the whole of the continent, considerably

beyond the White Mountains, has been visited by these zealous piscatory rambles. Some have even penetrated into the unfrequented tributaries of the Missouri.

“SAM SLICK ON ANGLING.

“So, sais I: “Jemmy, my boy, did you ever see a salmon caught with a fly?”

“No, sir,” said he.

“Well, then, s’posen you and I go down to where the Eskisoony stream jines the river, and I will raise one for dinner in less than half no time. It’s beautiful sport.”

“I will jist run up and put on my bonnet, and walk with you,” said Sophy. “I have often heerd of fly-fishin’, but never saw it. This week is my holidays for it’s Mary’s turn to be housekeeper.”

“Any chance of a shot, my little man?” sais I: “shall I take my rifle?”

“O yes, sir: the minks and otters, at this season, are very busy fishin’.”

“There’s some chance for a fur-cap for you then this winter, my boy,” sais I. Having prepared all things necessary, and loaded little Jemmy with the fishin’-rod and landin’-net, I took Sophy under one arm, and slung my rifle over the other, and in a few minutes was on the best spot on the river for salmon. “Now, my little squire, look here!” sais I. “Do you see where the water shoals above that deep still pool? Well, that is the place to look for the gentleman to invite to dinner. Choose a fly always

like the flies of the season and place, for he has an eye for natur' as well as you; and as you are agoin' to take him in so, he shan't know his own food when he sees it. You must make it look the very identical thing itself, or else he turns up his nose at it, laughs in his gills, and sais to himself: 'I ain't such a fool as you take me to be.' Then throw your line clear across the stream; float it gently down this way, and then lift the head of the rod, and trail it up considerable quick—tip, tip, tip, on the water. Ah! that's a trout, and a fine fellow too. That's the way to play him to drown him. Now for the landin'-net. Ain't he a whopper?"

In a few minutes, a dozen and a half of splendid trout were extended on the grass. "You see the trout take the fly afore I have a chance to trail it up the stream. Now, I'll not float it down, for that's their game, but cast it slantin' across, and then skim it up, as a nateral fly skims along. That's the ticket. I've struck a nobliferus salmon. Now you'll see sport."

The fish took down the stream at a great rate, and I in and arter him, stayin' but not snubbin', restrainin' but not checkin' him short; till he took his last desperate leap clear out of the water, and then headed up stream again. But he grew weaker and weaker, and arter awhile, I at last reached the old stand, brought him to shore nearly beat out, and pop he went into the net.'

## “ ON SPEARING THE SALMON IN UPPER CANADA.

The lake's gold and purple have vanished from sight,  
And the glimmer of twilight is merged into night.  
The woods on the borders in blackness are massed,  
And the waters in motionless ebony glassed :  
The stars that first spangled the pearl of the west  
Are lost in the bright blazing crowds of the rest ;  
Light the torch ! launch the boat ! for to-night we are here,  
The salmon, the quick-darting salmon, to spear.  
Let us urge our light craft, by the push of the oar  
Through the serpent-like stems of the lilies near shore :  
We are free—turn the prow to yon crescent-shaped cove,  
Made black by the down-hanging boughs of its grove.  
The meek eddy-gurgle that whirls at our dip,  
Sounds low as the wine-head which bursts on the lip.  
On the lake, from the flame of our torch, we behold  
A pyramid pictured in spangles of gold,  
While the marble-like depths, on each side of the blaze,  
Is full of gray sparkles, far in as we gaze.  
From his bank-sheltered nook, the loon utters his cry,  
And the night-hawk darts down with a rush from on high :  
In gutturals hoarse, on his green, slimy log,  
To his shrill piping tribe, croaks the patriarch frog ;  
And the bleat and the bark from the banks mingle faint  
With the anchorite whip-poor-will's mournful complaint.  
We glide in the cove—let the torch be flared low,  
And the spot where our victim is lurking 'twill show ;  
Mid the twigs of this dead sunken tree-top he lies,  
Let the spear be poised quick, or good-bye to our prize.  
Down it darts—to the blow our best efforts are bent,  
And a white bubbling streak shows its rapid descent ;  
We grasp it, as upward it shoots through the air ;  
Three cheers for our luck ! our barbed victim is there !

Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our prow points to shore,  
Give way, boys ! give way, boys ! our labour is o'er.  
As the black mass of forest our torch-light receives,  
It breaks into groups of trunks, branches, and leaves :  
On his perch in the hemlock, we've blinded with light  
Yon gray-headed owl—see him flutter from sight !  
And the orator frog, as we gild with the glow,  
Stops his speech with a groan, and dives splashing below.  
One long and strong pull—the prow grates on the sand,  
Three cheers for our luck, boys ! as spring we to land.”

The Rev. Dr. Beecher, of New York, has recently (1853) written a series of delightful papers, in the *New York Independent*, on his favourite amusement of angling. We shall give a specimen or two of his style and the spirit with which he enters into the sport.

#### “ TROUTING.

Where shall we go ? Here is the More brook, the upper part running through bushy and wet meadows, but the lower part flowing transparently over the gravel, through the grass and pasture grounds near the edge of the village, where it curves and winds and ties itself into bow knots. It is a charming brook to catch trout, when you can catch them, but they are mostly caught.

Well, there is the Candy brook. We will look at that. A man might walk through the meadows and not suspect its existence. The grass meets over the top of its upper section and quite hides it ; and below, through that iron-tinctured marsh land, it expands only a little, growing

open-hearted by degrees, across a narrow field ; and then it runs for the thickets—and he that takes fish among those alders will certainly earn them. Yet, for its length, it is not a bad brook. The trout are not numerous, nor large, nor especially fine ; but every one you catch renews your surprise that you should catch *any* in such a ribbon of a brook. Still farther north is another stream, something larger, and much better or worse, according to your luck. It is easy of access, and quite unpretending. There is a bit of a pond, some twenty feet in diameter, from which it flows, and in that there are five or six half-pound trout, who seem to have retired from active life and given themselves to meditation in this liquid convent. They were very tempting, but quite untemptable. Standing afar off we selected an irresistible fly, and with long line we sent it pat into the very place. It fell like a snowflake. No trout should have hesitated a moment. The morsel was delicious. The nimblest of them should have flashed through the water, broke the surface, and with a graceful but decisive curve plunged downward, carrying the insect with him. Then we should in our turn very cheerfully lend him a hand, relieve him of his prey, and admiring his beauty, but pitying his untimely fate, buried him in the basket. But he wished no translation. We cast our fly again and again ; we drew it hither and thither ; we made it skip and wriggle ; we let it fall plash like a surprised miller ; and our audience calmly beheld our feats.

Next we tried ground bait, and sent our vermicular hook down to their very sides. With judicious gravity they parted, and slowly sailed toward the root of an old tree on the side of the pool. Again changing place, we will make an ambassador of a grasshopper. Laying down our rod, we prepare to catch the grasshopper ; that is in itself no slight feat. The first step you take at least forty bolt out, and tumble headlong into the grass ; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be in reach. You step again ; another flight takes place, and you eye them with a fierce penetration, as if you could catch some one with your eye. You cannot though. You brush the grass with your foot again. Another hundred snap out, and tumble about in every direction. At length you see a very nice young fellow climbing a steeple stem. You take good aim and grab at him. You catch the spire, but he has jumped a safe rod. Yonder is another, creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him and all the neighbouring herbage too. Stealthily opening your little finger, you see his leg ; the next finger reveals more of him ; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when out he bounds and leaves you to renew your entomological pursuits. Twice you snatch handfulls of grass, and cautiously open your palm to find that you have only grass. It is quite vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling on that blade, leaping off from that stalk,

twisting and kicking on that vertical spider's web, jumping and bouncing about under your very nose, hitting you in your face, creeping on your shoes, and yet not one do you get. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such cruelty as to impale an insect, let him hunt for a grasshopper in a hot day among tall grass, and when at length he secures one, the affixing him upon the hook will be done without a single scruple, and as a mere matter of penal justice, and with judicial solemnity.

Now then the trout are yonder. We swing our line to the air, and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it strike, and whirl over and over, so that no gentle pull loosens it; you draw it north and south, east and west; you give it a jerk up and a pull down; you give it a series of nimble twitches; you coax it in this way and solicit it in that way in vain. Then you stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there anything so vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact you feel very much like it. The very things you wanted to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, there they are looking at you, and laughing as sure as ever

trout laughed. They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant of it, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook, catch another grasshopper, and move on down stream to catch a trout.

But let us begin. Standing in the middle of the stream, your short rod in hand, let out twelve to twenty feet of line, varying its length according to the nature of the stream, and, as far as it can be done, keeping its position and general conduct under anxious scrutiny. Just here the water is mid-leg deep. Experimenting at each forward reach for a firm foot-hold, slipping, stumbling over some uncouth stone, slipping on the moss of another, reeling and staggering, you will have a fine opportunity of testing the old philosophical dictum, that you can think of but one thing at a time. You *must* think of half-a-dozen; of your feet, or you will be sprawling in the brook; of your eyes and face, or the branches will scratch them; of your line, or it will tangle at every step; of your far-distant hook and dimly seen bait, or you will lose the end of all your fishing. At first it is a puzzling business. A little practice sets things all right.

Do you see that reach of shallow water gathered to a head by a cross-bar of sunken rocks? The water splits in going over upon a slab of rock below, and forms an eddy to the right and one to the left. Let us try a grasshopper there. Casting it in above, and guiding it by a motion

of your rod, over it goes, and whirls out of the myriad bubbles into the edge of the eddy, when, quick as a wink, the water breaks open, a tail flashes in the air and disappears, but re-appears to the instant backward motion of your hand, and the victim comes skittering up the stream, whirling over and over, till your hand grasps him, extricates the hook, and slips him into the basket. Poor fellow ! you *want* to be sorry for him, but every time you try you are glad instead. Standing still, you bait again, and try the other side of the stream, where the water, wiping off the bubbles from its face, is taking toward that deep spot under a side rock. There ! you've got him ! Still tempting these two shores, you take five in all, and then the tribes below grow cautious. Letting your line run before you, you wade along, holding on by this branch, fumbling with your feet along the jagged channel, changing hands to a bough on the left side, leaning on that rock, stepping over that stranded log. Ripping a generous hole in your skirt as you leave it, you come to the edge of the petty fall. You step down, thinking only how to keep your balance, and not at all of the probable depth of water, till you splash and plunge down into a basin waist-deep. The first sensation of a man up to his vest pockets in water, is peculiarly foolish, and his first laugh rather faint ; and he is afterward a little ashamed of the alacrity with which he scrambles for the bank. A step or two brings him to a sand-bank and to himself. But while you are in a scrape at one end of

your line, a trout has got into a worse one at the other. A little flurried with surprise at both experiences, you come near losing him in the injudicious haste with which you overhaul him."

The late Hon. Daniel Webster was an enthusiastic rod-fisher, and used to sally out from his country residence at Marshfield Marsh: and wander for days together among the streams of that part of the country. He wrote several interesting papers on the gentle craft, in one of the leading journals of the union. In the *Journal of Commerce*, New York, there have been, for several years, articles now and then, on angling, of great literary merit.

We have been very much interested by the perusal, through the hands of a friend, of a little volume, printed at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1852, *On Angling*. There are some lines in it *On the Salmon Fly*, which struck our fancy. They are penned in the true English fishing tone; and had we not found them where we did, we should have thought them an emanation from the banks of the Tweed, or Tay, or some of the famous salmon streams in the North of Scotland, rather than in the heart of the American Continent. Such productions as these distinctly show how extensively the English practice of Fly-fishing, and the literary tone and sentiment that accompany it, are extending themselves over the world.

## " THE SALMON FLY.

O! let me dress a salmon fly  
With feathers bright and gay,  
Of every hue and brilliant dye  
That tempt the scaley prey,  
With azure pinion of the rhom,<sup>1</sup>  
The tail of buzzard brown,  
Mix'd with the gorgeous colours from  
The prairie-pheasant's crown.

With harle of the peacock's tail  
I'll wrap the polish'd steel;  
And carefully will blend the whole  
With freakles from the teal.  
The flossy silk so soft in feel  
Right down the breast will hang;  
While hackles, bright as cochineal,  
Will form the under wing.

With purple wing of gay maccaw  
The topmost wings are dress'd;  
And tinsel bright in many a row  
Binds round the gaudy vest.  
A plume from out his orange crest  
The cockatoo must lend,  
Which drooping o'er, in graceful rest,  
Will cover barb and bend.

My fly is dress'd, I'll throw the lure  
To tempt the salmon bold;  
With deadly barb, both sharp and sure,  
All swath'd in shining gold.

<sup>1</sup> The *jay* in England.

The brightest rose bears 'neath its fold  
 The prickly thorn conceal'd ;  
 While sweets that mankind dearly hold  
 Oft rankest bitters yield.

Vice oft appears in pleasure's garb ;  
 Let giddy youth beware !

Beneath may lie the polish'd barb,  
 'Mong feathers bright and fair.  
 Deep hidden 'neath such tinsel glare  
 The wiles of life may lie ;  
 And brilliant follies yield a smart  
 As deadly as my fly."

" LINES ON ONE OF THE CHIEF TRIBUTARIES TO THE  
 GREAT ST. LAWRANCE.

Dark, rushing, foaming river,  
 I love thy solemn sound,  
 That makes thy shores quiver,  
 Spreading soft murmurs round.

Thy waters, like unbridled steed,  
 Fly onward in their course ;  
 Pouring thy waters down the mead  
 With unrelenting force.

I love thee, lovely river,  
 Thy cedar-girted shores,  
 The rocky isles that sever  
 The waves that round them pour.  
 But now I leave thy streams  
 To angle other rills ;  
 Where a brighter eye beams,  
 To soothe my present ills.

Montreal, 1850."

We have the following observations from the pen of Mr. Washington Irving, on the art of angling.

“ There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure sincerity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to a perfect rule and system. Indeed it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly-cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along these limpid streams, which meander like veins of silver through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading us through a diversity of small scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes running along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets; and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then greatly interrupted by the song of the bird, the distant whistle of a peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish leaping out of the still water, and skimming transiently about its glassy surface.”

## FLY-FISHING IN AFRICA.

*From a Cape Town Newspaper, 1852.*

“ Having a few days for sport, a friend and I set off with our fly-rods, to try our luck at the ‘gentle craft’ in the African streams. We passed through a most romantic valley, but were awfully annoyed with the thick brushwood which impeded our path. At length we got into open ground, and neared the banks of a fine looking stream, which we afterwards found was a tributary to the *Ngotwani*. Having fitted up our rods, and put our lines in proper *fettle*, we threw our line upon the waters, with something like a superstitious fear or ominous apprehension, that we had broken a spell in these solitary regions. Well; we had not thrown our line half-a-dozen times, till my partner hooked a very large trout, weighing about three pounds. He floundered about in fine style. It took full half-an-hour to land him. Soon after I hooked and killed another, a little less, but found him equally frisky and full of sport. We had not fished an hour till we killed nearly three dozen of prime fish. The flies we used were light-coloured ones, with large wings. It was astonishing to us how voraciously the fish seized the bait, and how firmly they hooked themselves. After a fine day’s ramble, we found our way to a farmer’s house, where we lodged all night, and changed our sport the next day, by going out in search of wilder sport with the gun and our dogs.”

## ANGLING IN SURINAM.

The negroes of Surinam take their fish by implements which may be denominated the *spring hook* and the *spring basket*; the first of which consists of a strong elastic rod or pole stuck in the ground under water, and to the other end of which are attached two lines of unequal lengths, the shorter having fastened to it a small stick ten inches long, and the other the same, but fixed lower; while at the extremity of this line is hooked a small fish by the fins, in such a manner, however, as to be able to swim to and fro, and serve as a bait, for the larger species. Two long sticks being next placed in the ground, so as to appear above water, a third stick is laid across, forming them into the appearance of a gallows; above this gallows is bent and fixed the elastic rod or pole, by means of the double line and the sticks fixed thereon, as mentioned above, but in such a manner that, at the least pull at the bait, the apparatus gives way, the elastic rod instantly assumes an upright position, and the fish that occasioned the spring, by taking the bait, is immediately suspended above water. The spring basket is upon a similar construction. The basket is made of warimbo-reeds in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the small end of which the elastic rod is fastened, while at the other end is an open trap-door, the whole being supported in a proper position by a forked stick. No sooner has a large fish entered the basket and taken the bait, than the elastic rod, as in the former

instance, erects itself with a spring, the trap-door closes, and the game is thus secured. In this mode of angling there is, of course, no occasion to watch the line as in the common method, when it frequently happens that the philosophic fisher displays no ordinary degree of patience in calmly waiting for hours, or perhaps for days, in expectation of a very fine nibble at least, if not a fierce bite. The spring hook, or spring basket, if set at night, may be conveniently examined the next morning, and will seldom be found empty, unless fish be very scarce.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE  
OF  
BOOKS ON ANGLING.

*The present Catalogue is founded on those published by Sir Henry Ellis in the British Bibliographer in 1811, the late Mr. Pickering's Bibliotheca Piscatoria in 1836, and that in the Appendix to the New York edition of Walton and Cotton's Angler in 1847. I have corrected and greatly augmented them all, omitting many works under the titles of British Sportsman, Field Sports, Country Gentleman's Companion, &c. &c. which only treat incidentally on Angling. In their place I have given, for the first time, a complete List of the English Writers on Ichthyology. Those who wish to know what further has been written in Magazines, Reviews, the Transactions of Learned Societies, &c. &c. may consult with advantage Poole's Index to Periodical Literature, New York, 1853, and Agassiz and Strickland's Bibliographia Zoologiæ et Geologiæ, 4 vols. 8vo, London, Ray Society, 1848-54.*

J. R. S.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE  
OF  
BOOKS ON ANGLING.

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In an Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the first edition, and in the Dedication of the second to Lord Montague, Barker speaks of himself as having practised Angling for half a century; adding, "if any noble or gentle Angler have a mind to discourse of these ways and experiments, I live in Henry VIIIth's Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westminster: where I shall be ready to satisfie them and maintain my art; my name is Barker."

The second edition, so called, 12mo, Lond. 1657, with Commendatory Verses prefixed. This is the first edition that has the title of "*Barker's Delight*." The second edition (likewise so called), Lond. 1659, is in fact the same, with only a new title-page.

**BATHURST** (The Hon. and Rev. Charles) *Notes on Nets, or the Quineux practically considered, to which are added Miscellaneous Memoranda*. 12mo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1837.

**BENNETT** (John W.) *Fishes of Ceylon*. 4to, Lond. Bull, 1830. New edit. Lond. Bohn, 1851.

**BERNERS, BARNES, OR BERNES (LADY JULIANA).**

i. *The Bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng; and also of cootarmuris. Compelyt at St. Albons*. 1486. Folio, bl. l.

The volume commences with signature *ij*; the first leaf was, in all probability, a blank one.

On the recto of *a ij*, at top, we read:—

"In so much that gentill men and honest persones have greete delite in haukyng, and desire to have the maner to take hawkys; and also how and in waat wyse they shulde gyde theym ordynateli; and to know the gentill termys in communying of theyr hawkys; and to understonde theyr sekeneses and enfirmittees; and also to knawe medicines for theym accordyng; and mony notabull termys that ben used in haukyng, both of their hawkys and of the fowles that their hawkys shall sleigh. Therefore thys booke, fowlowyng in a dew forme, shewys veri knowlege of suche plesure to gentill men and personys disposed to se itt."

This may be considered the title of the first treatise, 'The Book of Hawking,' which terminates on the recto of *d, iiij*; *a, b*, and *c*, having each 8 leaves (including *a j* blank). No two pages are alike as to the number of lines; and every page exhibits one or more breaks or spaces, with a larger lower-case letter.

On the recto of *d, iiij*, which is a short page of only 18 lines, we read:—

"Here endyth the proceis of hawkyng. And now foloys the naamys of all maner of hawkys, or to whom they belong."

On the recto of *d, iiij*, the author concludes thus:—

"Ther is a muskyte; and he is for a holiwater clerke: and theis be of an oder maner kynde, for thay flie to Ouerre and fer Jutty and to Jutty ferry."

Explicit.

The reverse is blank. On the recto of the following signature, *e, j*, the introductory sentence to the "Treatise upon Hunting," reads thus:—

"Lyke wise as i', the booke of hawkyng aforesayd are writyn and noted the termys of plesure belongyng to gentill men havyng delite therein. In thessame maner thys booke folowyng shewith: to sych gentill personys the maner of huntyng for all maner of beestys, wether thay be beestys of venery, or of chace, or kascall. And also it shewith all the termys conveyent as well to the howndys as to the beestys a forsayd; and in certayn ther be many dyverse of thaym, as it is declared in the booke folowyng."

On the recto of *f, iiij*, we read the ensuing colophon:—

"Explicit Dam Julyans Barnes, in her boke of huntyng."

On the reverse, we have an account of "bestis of the chace, of the swete fewte and stinking," followed by sundry other curious matter. The three following pages contain an account of "The Compaynys of Beestys and Fowlys." At the end of them, "Explicit." On the reverse of *f, viij*, "Here folow the dew termys to speke of breekyng or dressing of dyverse beestis and fowlis, &c. And thessame is shewed of certayn fysshes." On *f, viij*, recto, the shires, bishoprics, and provinces of England. The reverse is blank. On the recto of the following leaf, *a, i*, we read the introduction to the third and last Treatise, upon "Coat-Armour," beginning thus:—

"Here, in thys booke folowyng is determyned the lyndge of Coote armuris: and how boudeage began first in aungell and after succeded in man kynde; as it is shewede in processe boothe in the childer of Adam and also of Noe, and how Noe devyded the worlde in iii parties to his iii sonnys," &c. &c.

On the reverse of *b, v*, in sixes, "the Book of the Lynage of Coote armuris," ends thus: "Explicit prima pars." On the recto of the following leaf, *c, i*, we read at top:—

"Here begynnith the blasying of armys." Every page, within the last four of the work, is decorated with one, two, or three blazonings of coat armour, to the number of 117.

On the reverse of *f, ix*, after the word "Explicit," is the following colophon:—

"Here in thys boke afore are contenyt the bokys of hawkyng and huntyng, with other plesuris dyverse as in the boke apperis, and also of cootarmuris, a nobull werke. And here now endyth the boke of blasying of armys, translatyt and compylt togedyr at Seynt Albons, the yere from thincarnation of owre Lorde Jhu' Crist, M.CCCC.LXXXVI."

The following and concluding leaf contains, on the recto, the device of the printer (a coat-armour, within a circle, surmounted by a cross, all in

white,) upon a red back-ground, surrounded by a two-line frame-work, in red.

The top line reads thus:—

“Hic finis divsorx genosis valde utiliū ut ituetibz pateb.”

The bottom is as follows:—

“Sanctus Albanus.”

The reverse is blank.

A fine copy of this rare book, upon paper, is in the Collection of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, in the British Museum. Though wanting two leaves, it is in the most extraordinary condition, being uncut throughout, and apparently never having been bound, but only prepared for binding. Other copies are in the Collections of Earl Spencer, the Earl of Pembroke, the Marquis of Bute, the Bodleian Library, and in the Public Library at Cambridge; the last three copies are however said to be imperfect.

- II. This present boke shewyth the manere of hawkyng and huntynge: and also of diuysynge of Cote armours? It shewyth also a good matere belongynge to horses: with other cōmenable treatyses. And ferdermore of the blaysynge of armys: as here after it may appere. Small folio.

Juliana Berners, or Barnes, to whom the above Treatises were ascribed, is supposed to have been sister to Richard, Lord Berners, of Essex, and prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans. She is said to have flourished about the year 1460, and is celebrated for her learning and accomplishments.

Besides being the first printed Treatise on the subject in the English language, this work affords us rude representations of the different kinds of tackle in use, and contains directions and remarks which have been copied in some recent Treatises on Angling.

On the first page a wood-cut of birds, and on the reverse a group of men with a hawk, underneath the title above.

Sig. a, 5 leaves, the first blank, making 6. b, 6 leaves. c, 6 leaves (Hawkyng ends on c, 5, and Huntynge commences on c, 6.)

d, 6 leaves. e, 6 leaves (Coat-armour commences on e, 6). f, 4 leaves. g, 4 leaves (on reverse of g, 4, “Here begynneth the treatise of fysshynge wyth an Angle.”) h, 6 leaves. i, 4 leaves, “Here begynneth the blaysynge of arms.” a, 6 leaves. b, 6 leaves. c, 6 leaves. d, 7 leaves.

Here in this boke afore ben shewed the treatyses perteynyng to hawkyng and huntynge with others dyuers playsaunt materes belongynge unto noblesse: and also a ryght noble treatise of Cot armours: as in this present boke it may appere. And here we ende this laste treatyse whyche specyfeth of blaysynge of armys. Emprynted at Westmestre, by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of thyncarnacon of our lorde, M.CCCC.LXXXVI.

On the last leaf (d, 8) is the device of Wynkyn de Worde, and on the reverse that of Caxton. This leaf is wanting in the copy in the British Museum.

Copies upon Vellum are in the Collections of the Earl of Pembroke and the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville: and upon paper in the British Museum; in the late Mr. Douce's Collection, now in the Bodleian; and in the late Mr. Dent's Library. Probably the finest extant upon paper was Mr. Hanrott's, which is now (1836) in the Collection of the Hon. George John Vernon.

This edition was reprinted in facsimile, by Mr. Haslewood, Lond. 1810; and the Treatise of Fysshing wyth an Angle, from this edition, was reprinted by W. Pickering, in crown 8vo, with Baskerville's Types. London, 1827.

The first edition was printed at St. Alban's, 1486, containing the Treatises of Hawking, Hunting, and Coat-Armour; and reprinted by Markham, under the title of "The Gentleman's Academie, or the Booke of St. Albans: containing three most exact of excellent Bookes: the first of Hawking, the second of all the proper termes of Hunting, and the last of Armorie: all compiled by Juliana Barnes, in the yere from the incarnation of Christ, 1486. And now reduced into a better method by G. M. (Gervase Markham), London: printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-Yard 1595." 4to.

### III. Here begynnnyth a treatyse of fysshynge wyth an Angle. Small 4to.

The title over the wood-cut of a man angling: on the reverse of D, iiii. Here endeth the boke of Fysshynge wyth other dyuers maters. Imprynted at London, by Wyukyn de Worde, dwellynge in Flete-strete, at the sygne of the Sonne.

Small 4to, with wood-cuts. A to Diiij. This edition appears to have been published as a distinct treatise: the concluding paragraph of the former edition is omitted, stating, "And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone, whyche wolde desire it yf it were enprynted allone by itself, & put in a lytyll plaunflet; therfore I haue compylid it in a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll & noble men. To the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche scholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshynge, sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it." The only copy known, which was formerly Mr. Haworth's, is now in the collection of George Wilkinson, esq.

### IV. The boke of hawkyng, and huntynge, and fysshynge. Small 4to.

Wood-cut group of Men with hawk, as in W. de Worde's edition 1496.

Reverse of C 7 || Thus endeth the boke of hawkyng.

C 8, Here begynneth the boke of huntynge; on reverse of F 1, four lines of the ballad:—Therefore assaye them euerych one, &c.

¶ Thus endeth the treatyse of huntynge, and other thynges.

And here begynneth a treatyse of fysshynge wt an angle. Wood-cut underneath.

F, 2, commences Salomon, &c., and ends on reverse of H, iv.

Here endeth the boke of hawkyng, huntynge, and fysshynge, and with many other dyuers maters. Imprynted in Flete-street, at ye sygne of ye sonne, by Wykyn de Worde, with his colophon.

46 leaves.

The catchword throughout the volume is "Huntynge;" this edition reads "Of Saynt Thomas tyde of Caunterbure."

A copy of this edition, now in the possession of Mr. George Daniel, of Islington, is supposed to be unique.

### V. The booke of hauking hunting and fysshing, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Over a rude engraving on wood, at the end of this portion there is no colophon.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, whereunto is added the measures of blowing. Over a wood-cut, no colophon.

Here begynneth a trefytse of Fysshynge with an Angle. Over a wood-cut of a man angling.

Imprynted at London, in Flete-streate, at the Sygne of the Rose Garlande, by Wylliam Coplande.

B. L. 4to, p. 96.

Described in the "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica," p. 12.

- VI. The booke of hauking huntyng and fysshing, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks, same as in Wynkyn de Worde, edition of 1496, folio.

Imprinted at London, in Saynt Martyns paryshe in ye vinetre, upon the thre crane wharfe, by Wylliam Coplande. A to E, iiiii.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, where unto is added the measures of blowyng.

Rude cut with the Hares.

Imprint as above. Fi to Jiiii.

Here begynneth a trefy of Fysshynge wyth an Angle. Ki to Miiii.

Heere endeth the booke of Hauking, Hunting, and Fysshing, with other diuers matters.

Imprynt as above.

Formerly in Mr. Haslewood's Collection. A to M, each 4 leaves.

- VII. The booke of hauking huntyng and fysshing, wyth all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

[Most probably the same cut as in the preceding edition, but the title is wanting.]

Imprynted at London in the Vyentre, uppon the Thre Craned Wharfe, by Wylliam Copland.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, where unto is added the measures of blowyng.

Imprynted at London in the ventre, upon the Thre Crane Wharfe, by me, William Copland.

Here beginneth a trefy of Fysshynge, with an Angle. Wood-cut.

Imprinted at London in the Ventre, upon the Three Crane Wharfe, by Wylliam Copland. 4to, A. to M., each 4 leaves. Now (1836) in the possession of Mr. Pickering.

- VIII. The Booke of hauking huntyng and fysshing, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks.

Imprynted at London, in Paules Church-yard, by Robert Towe.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, where unto is added the measures of blowyng.

Rude wood-cut.

Imprynted at London, in Flete-strete, at the signe of the Rose Garland, by Wylliam Copland, for Robert Towe.

Here beginneth a trefy of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.

Imprinted at London, in Flete-strete, at the sygne of the Rose Garland, by Wylliam Copland. In the Collection of Earl Spencer.

- IX. The booke of hauking huntyng and fysshing, with all the

properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks, as in Wynkyn de Worde's edition.

Imprynted at London, in Paules Church-yard, by Abraham Vele.

Here begynneth the booke of Hunting, where unto is added the measure of blowing.

Rude wood-cut with the hares.

Imprynted at London, in Flete-strete, at the signe of the Rose Garland by Wylliam Copland, for Robert Toye.

Here beginneth a trefyfe of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.

Same cut as in Copland's edition.

Imprynted at London, in Paules Church-yard, at the sygne of the Lambe, by Abraham Vele. 4to, A. to M., in 4's, containing 48 leaves.

h, i, reads: "Of Saynt Benet, the xi July."

In Mr. Pickering's possession (1836), formerly Mr. Milner's. Another copy, imperfect, is in the British Museum.

x. The Booke of haukyng, huntyng, and fysshynge, with al the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

Wood-cut of men and hawks, beneath the above title.

On the recto of *A*, ii. "The true fourme of keping of haukes, as hath ben used in tymes past. And fyrst to speake of haukes, from an egge tyll they ben able to be taken."

On the reverse of *E*, iii, "Thus endeth the boke of haukyng."

*F*, i. "Here beginneth the booke of Hunting, wherunto is added the measures of blowing." Above a rude wood-cut, representing a man holding a spear and blowing a horn, with dogs in chace.

Reverse of *F*, i, commences with "Lykewyse as in the booke of Haukyng," &c.

*J*, ii. "Here nowe folowyng shall be shewed all shyres and the byshop-ryches," &c.

*J*, iii. "The measures of blowyng of a horne."

*J*, iv. "The ende of the whole measures of blowyng."

Reverse of *J*, iv, is blank.

*K*, i. "Here beginneth a trefyfe of Fysshynge wyth an Angle." Above a wood-cut of a man angling.

Reverse of *K*, i, commences "Salomon in his parables," &c.

Reverse of *M*, iv. "Here endeth the booke of haukyng, huntyng, and fysshynge, with other dyvers matters."

"Imprynted at London, in Flete-streate, at the Sygne of the Rose Garlande, by Wylliam Coplande: for Rychard Tottell."

B. L. 4to, 96 pages.

There is a copy of this edition in the Library of the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, at the British Museum. In a note at the end of the volume, Mr. Grenville observes, "This edition is not known to Ames or Herbert, nor has a second copy of it come to my knowledge, though there is one nearly the same, printed for Toye and Coplande. There is no date of the year of printing this book, but it appears, from Ames, that Coplande was fined by the Company of Stationers, in 1561, for printing these three Traacts. The present Edition of Tottell's differs in its colophon at least from those pointed out by Herbert as printed by Coplande, and except the re-

versed cut before the treatise of Fishing, accords exactly with Toye's in its contents."

There is probably another edition, by Coplande, yet undescribed—one in Lothbury, over against St. Margaret's Church.

- XI.** The boke of hawkyng huntynge and fysshinge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kept. Small 4to.

The treatise of Hawking ends on reverse of E, iij, of Hunting on F, ij, and of Fishing on reverse miiij.

Each treatise has a distinct colophon; the last is "Here endeth the boke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Fyshyng, with other dyuers matters. Imprynted at London, in Paul's Chyrch-yerde, by me, Hery Tab. Finis." A. to M., in 4's.

The only copy known is among Cryne's books in the Bodleian Library.

- XII.** The boke of hawkyng huntynge and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessarye to be kepte. Small 4to.

On title, wood-cut, group of 8 birds.

On the reverse of E, 4. Imprynted at London, in Forster-laen, by me John Waley. Finis

On F, 1. Here begynneth the boke of huntynge; and ends on the reverse J, ii. Imprinted at London, in Forster Laen by John Waley.

On K, 1, commences. Here begynneth a treatyse of fysshynge with an angle. Ends on M, 4.

Here endeth the boke of Haukyng, Huntynge, and fysshynge, with other dyuers mathers. Imprynted at London, in Forster laen, by John Waley. Finis.

A. to M. in fours, except 1, which has two leaves only. In all 46 leaves.

h. i. reads: "Of saynte Thomas tyde of Canterbure."

N.B. This copy may or may not be imperfect; in most copies the measures of blowing are printed on I, iii, and I, iv, with the imprint of the 2nd part. But in this edition the imprint is at the end of the ballad, therefore it appears perfect; it is not mentioned on the title. In the possession of Mr. Pickering (1836).

- XIII.** The boke of haukyng huntynge and fysshynge, with all the properties and medecynes that are necessary to be kepte. Small 4to.

On title wood-cut of the Hawk within 6 scroll blocks and 2 flowers.

Imprynted at London in Flete strete by Wyllyam Powell.

Here begynneth the booke of huntynge. Where unto is added the measures of blowing.

Wood-cut with two dogs and a stag, and an ornament composed of four blocks, two on each side.

Imprynted at London in Flete strete, at the sygne of the George, next to saynt Dunstones church by Wyllyam Powell.

Here begynneth a trefyse of fysshynge with an angle.

Wood-cut as in Coplande, with a border added in the outer and inner margin.

Imprynted at London in Flete strte at the sygne of George next to saynt Dunstones Church by Wyllyam Powell.

h. i. reads: "Of saynt Benet the xi. of July."

In Mr. Pickering's possession (1836), formerly "Tho. Baker. Col. Jo. Socius ejectus." A. to M. in 4, containing 48 leaves.

**BEST** (Thomas) Concise Treatise on the Art of Angling. 12mo, Lond. 1787. 2d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1789. 3d Edit. 1794. 4th Edit. 1798. 5th Edit. 1802. 6th Edit. 1804. 7th Edit. 1807. 8th Edit. 1808. 9th Edit. 1810. 10th Edit. 1814. (N.B. This Edition contains Nobbes' Treatise on Trolling). 11 Edit. 18mo, Lond. advertised 1827. Royal 18mo, Lond. 1832.

**BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA.** A Catalogue of Books upon Angling. (By William Pickering.) 12mo. Lond. 1836.

Forming the Appendix to the "Piscatorial Reminiscences." Some copies were printed separately. It was formed upon Sir Henry Ellis's List, which he contributed to the British Bibliographer, in 1811.

**BINNELL** (Robert) Description of the River Thames, &c. with the City of London Jurisdiction and conservancy thereof, to which is added a brief description of those Fish, with their seasons, spawning times, &c. that are caught in the Thames, or sold in London. With some few observations on the nature, element, cloathing, numbers, passage, weirs, and sensation, &c. peculiar to Fish in general, &c. 8vo, Lond. 1758.

**BLACKER** (W.) ART of ANGLING, and Complete System of Fly Making and Dying of Colours. Illustrated with plates, showing the different Processes of the Fly before it is finished; giving the Angler a perfect knowledge of every thing requisite to complete him in his noble Art. 12mo, Lond. for the Author, 54, Dean Street, Soho, 1842.

**BLAGRAVE** (J. Gent.) Epitome of the Art of Husbandry. 12mo, Lond. 1669, contains brief experimental Directions for the right use of the Angle. Reprinted 8vo, Lond. 1670, 8vo, Lond. 1685.

**BLAKEY** (Robert) ANGLER'S Complete Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of England and Wales. 12mo, Lond. Whittaker, 1853.

**BLAKEY** (Robert) ANGLER'S Guide to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland. 12mo, Lond. Bogue, 1854.

**BLAKEY** (Robert) ANGLING; or how to Angle, and where to go. 12mo, Lond. Routledge, 1854.

**BLAKEY** (Robert) Historical Sketches of the ANGLING LITERATURE of all Nations. 12mo, Lond. J. R. Smith, 1856.

- BLAKEY (Robert). *Vide* ANGLER'S SONG BOOK; HINTS ON ANGLING.
- BLOME (R.) Gentlemen's Recreations, treating on the Art of Horsemanship, Hunting, Fowling, Fishing, and Agriculture. Fol. Lond. 1686. Fol. Lond. 1710.
- BOAZ (Herman), the Angler's Progress, written July 4th, 1789. (A broadside.) 2d Edit. 8vo, Lond. J. H. Burn, 1820. 3d Edit. Lond. 1820. 4th Edit. Newcastle, 1820.
- BOCCIUS (Gottlieb) Treatise on the Management of Fresh-Water Fish, with a View to making them a source of profit to Landed Proprietors. 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1841.
- BOCCIUS (Gott.) Fish in Rivers and Streams, a Treatise on the production and management of Fish in Fresh Waters by artificial spawning, breeding, and rearing, showing also the causes of the Depletion of all Rivers and Streams. 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1848.
- BOOK of the Salmon, in Two Parts. Part I, The Theory and Principles of Fly Fishing for Salmon, with Lists of Salmon Flies for every good River in the Empire. Part II, The Natural History of the Salmon, all its known habits described, and the best way of artificially breeding it explained. Usefully illustrated with numerous coloured engravings of Salmon Flies and Salmon Fry. By EPHEMERA, Author of a "Hand Book of Angling," assisted by ANDREW YOUNG, of Invershin, Manager of the Duke of Sutherland's Salmon Fisheries. 12mo, Lond. Longman, 1850.
- BOOSEY (Thomas). *Vide* PISCATORIAL REMINISCENCES.
- BOWDITCH (Mrs. S.) Freshwater Fishes of Great Britain. 4to, Lond. 1828.
- BOWLKER (Richard), of Ludlow, The Art of Angling, improved in all its parts, especially Fly-Fishing. 12mo, Worcester (supposed date 1746). 2d Edit. by Charles Bowlker, of Ludlow, his son; 8vo, Birmingham, Baskerville, 1774.. 3d Edit. 1780. 4th edit. 1786. 5th edit. 1792. A New Edition, 8vo, Ludlow, 1806. 8vo, Ludlow, 1814. 12mo, Ludlow, 1829. Many subsequent Editions have been printed at Ludlow and Birmingham.

- BRABAZON** (Wallop) on the Deep Sea and Coast Fisheries of Ireland. 8vo, Dublin, McGlashan, 1848.
- BRIEF** Treatise of Fishing; with the Art of Angling. 4to, Lond. 1614. (This forms a part of the Jewell for Gentrie, by T. S. and is in fact but a reprint of the work ascribed to Juliana Barnes.)
- BRITISH** Fish and Fisheries. 18mo, Lond. Religious Tract Soc. 1849.
- BROOKES** (Dr. R.), The Art of Angling, Rock and Sea Fishing, with a Natural History of River, Pond, and Sea Fish. 8vo, Lond. 1740. (The cuts chiefly borrowed from Willoughby, and the Treatise of Angling from Chetham.) 2d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1743. Improved, with additions, and formed into a Dictionary, 8vo, Lond. 1766. 2d Edit. 17—. 3d Edit. Lond. 1770. 4th Edit. 1774. 5th Edit. Lond. 1781. 6th Edit. Lond. 1785. 7th Edit. Lond. 1789. A New Edit. Lond. 1793, 1799, 1801, 1807, and Dublin, 1811. Also other Editions.
- BROOKES** (R.), The Natural History of Fishes and Serpents, to which is added an Appendix, containing the whole Art of Float and Fly Fishing. 8vo, Lond. 1763. 8vo, Lond. 1790.
- BROWN** (J. J.) **ANGLER'S GUIDE**, or complete Fisher's Manual. 12mo, New York, 1849.
- BROWNE** (Moses) Piscatory Eclogues (first published without his name) 1729. A Second Edition was published, with his poems on various subjects, in 8vo, 1739. (The Author states that these poems were written in his twenty-third year.) A Third Edition, under the title of "Angling Sports" accompanied with Notes, was published in 8vo, 1773.
- In 1750, Moses Browne edited Walton and Cotton's Angler, with a Preface and Notes, and some valuable Additions; this was republished in 1759 and 1772, in the former year drawing him into a controversy with Sir John Hawkins, who happened to be then publishing an improved edition of the same work.
- BUSHNAN** (J. S.) Nature, Structure and Economical use of Fishes. 12mo, Edinb. Lizars, 1840.
- Forming Vol. 35 of Jardine's "Naturalist's Library."
- CANTOR** (Theodore E.) Notes respecting some Indian Fishes, collected, figured, and described. 8vo, 1838.
- CANTOR** (Th. E.) Catalogue of Malayan Fishes. 8vo, Calcutta, 1850.

CARPENTER (William) ANGLER'S ASSISTANT, comprising practical Directions for Bottom Fishing, Trolling, &c. with ample instructions for the preparation and use of Tackle and Baits; a descriptive Account of the habits and haunts of Fish, and a Geographical and Ichthyological Account of the Principal Rivers and Streams in England. 12mo, London, Bogue, 1848. Re-issued by Routledge, Lond. 1852.

CARROLL (W.), The Anglers' Vade Mecum, containing an Account of the Water Flies, their seasons, the kind of weather that brings them most on the water, the whole represented in twelve coloured plates; to which is added a description of the different baits used in Angling, and where found. 8vo, Edin. 1818.

CHARFY (Guiniad), The Fisherman; or, Art of Angling made easy. 8vo, Lond. *n. d.* 2d Edit. 8vo.

A compilation by George Smeeton, printer, of St. Martin's Lane, who with his wife were burnt to death.

CHARLETON (T. W. Royal Navy), The Art of Fishing, a poem, 8vo, North Shields, 1819.

CHATTO (W. A.). *Vide* ANGLER'S SOUVENIR; NORTH COUNTRY ANGLERS' GARLANDS; OLIVER (Stephen).

CHEEK (J.) YOUNG ANGLER'S INSTRUCTOR. 12mo, Lond. Cheek, 1837-8 and 1840.

CHETHAM (Jas. of Smedley) Angler's Vade Mecum; or, a compendious, yet full discourse of Angling. 8vo, Lond. 1681. 2d Edit. 8vo, London, 1689. 3d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1700.

CHITTY (Edw.). *Vide* FLY FISHER'S TEXT BOOK.

CLARKE (Capt.). *Vide* ANGLER'S DESIDERATUM.

CLERICUS. *Vide* RAMBLES and RECOLLECTIONS.

CLIFFORD (Charles), The Angler, A Didactic Poem. 12mo. Lond. 1804.

The real Author was William Henry Ireland, best known as the Forger of the Shakespeare Papers.

COKAYNE (Benjamin) Rules for Angling.

The original and unpublished manuscript in the autograph of the Author, who was a relation and friend of Charles Cotton, occurs in the Rev. H. S. Cotton's Sale Catalogue, 20th Dec. 1838, Lot. 61.

COLE (Ralph, Gent.) The Young Angler's Pocket Companion. 12mo, Lond. 1795 & 1813.

COLQUHOUN (John) The Moor and the Loch, with an Essay on Loch Fishery. 8vo, Edinb. Blackwood, 1840; 2d Edit. Lond. Murray, 1841. 3d Edit. Edinb. Blackwood, 1851.

COMPLEAT FISHER; or, the true Art of Angling. By J. S. *See* True Art of Angling.

COMPLETE FISHERMAN, or Universal Angler; to which is added the whole Art of Fly Fishing. 12mo, Lond. Fielding, N.D.

COQUET-DALE Fishing Songs. Now first collected and edited by a North Country Angler (Thomas Doubleday). 12mo, Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1852.

Comprising the Fishing Garlands and Songs written by Robert Roxby (*vide* p. 322-3), with a history of their composition and biography of the Author, edited by his coadjutor and friend, Thomas Doubleday.

CORNISH (J.) View of the Salmon and Channel Fisheries. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1824.

COTTON (Charles) Compleat Angler, being instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear stream. Lond. 1676; forming a second part to Walton. *Vide* Walton.

COX (Nicholas) Gentleman's Recreations, in four parts, viz. Hunting, Hawking, Fowling, Fishing, and Agriculture. 8vo, Lond. 1674. 2d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1677. 3d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1686. 4th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1697. 5th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1706. 6th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1721.

DANIEL (Rev. W. B.) Rural Sports. 2 vols. 4to. Lond. 1801-2. 3 vols. royal 8vo, Lond. 1801. 3 vols. 4to, Lond. 1805. 3 vols. royal 8vo, 1812. Large Paper, in 4to.

The edition of 1805 has considerable additions, which have extended the work to three volumes. It likewise contains additional plates, and proofs of all the larger subjects, which were originally taken off for separate sale.

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Supplement to the Rural Sports. Royal 8vo, 4to, and imperial 4to, Lond. 1813.

The Supplement contains Anecdotes of Fish and Fishing, an Account of the Rivers of Great Britain, &c.

DAVY (Sir Humphry, Bart.) Salmonia; or Days of Fly-Fishing, in a series of conversations, with some accounts of the habits of Fishes belonging to the genus *Salmo*. 12mo, Lond. Murray, 1828. 2d Edit. with engraved views, 12mo, Lond. 1829.

3d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1832. 4th Edit. with additions by his brother, Dr. John Davy, 12mo, Lond. 1851.

\* \* A review of this work appeared in the Quarterly, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and another by Professor Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine.

DAVY (John, M.D.) *The Angler and his Friend, or Piscatory Colloquies and Fishing Excursions.* Fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longmans, 1855.

DAWSON (T. W.) *The TROUT FISHER'S GUIDE.* Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1850.

DEKAY (James E.) *Fishes of New York.* 2 vols. 4to, Albany, 1842.

D[ENNYS] (J[ohn], Esq.) *Secrets of Angling, teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons for taking of any Fish in pond or riuer, practised and familiarly opened in three bookes,* by J. D. Esquire. 12mo, Lond. 1613. 2d Edit. augmented with many approved experiments, by W. Lauson. Lond. printed by Roger Jackson, 1652.

This poetical treatise is entered in the Stationers' Books as by John Dennys; but Walton ascribed it to John Davors, and by others without sufficient authority it is ascribed to Davies and Donne. It contains commendatory verses by Jo. Davies, and is dedicated by the Stationer R. J. to Mr. John Harborne, of Tackley, in the county of Oxford.

In the title of this book is a wood-cut, representing two men, one with a sphere at the end of his angle, and on a label,

Hold, hooke and line,  
Then all is mine—

the other with a fish,

Well fayre the pleasure  
That brings such treasure.

Reprinted in the *Censura Literaria*, with a short advertisement, and an index. 8vo, Lond. 1811. (A hundred copies taken off separately.)

Beloe says, "Perhaps there does not exist in the circle of English Literature a rarer book than this.—Sir John Hawkins confessed he could never get a sight of it."—*Anecd. of Literature*, vol. ii, p. 64.

DODD (James Solas) *Essay towards a Natural History of the Herring.* 8vo, Lond. 1752.

DONOVAN (Edward) *Natural History of British Fishes,* 5 vols. royal 8vo, Lond. 1802–8.

DOUBLEDAY (T.) *Vide COQUET-DALE FISHING SONGS; and NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.*

DUBRAUIUS's *Newe Booke of good Husbandry,* very pleasant and of great profite both for Gentlemen and Yeomen, conteining the order and manner of making fish pondees, with the breed-

ing, preserving, and multiplyinge of the Carpe, Tench, Pike, and Troute, and also divers kinds of other fresh Fish. Translated from the Latine. 4to, Lond. 1599.

ELLIS (Sir Henry) Catalogue of Books on Angling, with brief notes of several of their authors. 8vo, Lond. 1811.

Printed in the British Bibliographer, and a few copies taken off separately. Reprinted in the Supplement to Daniel's Rural Sports, without acknowledgment.

EPIHEMERA, *i.e.* Edward Fitzgibbon. *Vide* SHIPLEY, HAND BOOK OF ANGLING. BOOK OF THE SALMON. WALTON & COTTON.

ESSAY on the Right of Angling in the River Thames and in all other public Navigable Rivers. 8vo. Reading, Smart, *n.d.* A letter to a proprietor of a Fishery in the River Thames, in which an attempt is made to show in whom the Right of Fishing in public streams now resides. 2d Edit. 8vo, Reading, 1787.

EVANS (W. of Uxbridge), The Art of Angling; or, Complete Fly Fisher. 8vo, Uxbridge, Lake, 1820. 8vo, London, Richardson.

This book is taken almost verbatim from Bowlker's Treatise.

FISH; how to choose and how to dress. By Piscator. 12mo, Lond. 1843—Second edit. 12mo, Lond. Longman, 1854.

FISHERMAN'S Assistant in the Thames. 8vo, 1697.—

See Thomas Martin, of Palgrave's Catalogue. 8vo. Lynn, 1772. Probably the same work as Laws and Ordinances of the City of London relating to Fishing. 1697, *post.*

FISHERMAN (The); or, Complete Guide for Anglers. Lond. 1814.

FISHING, with Angle or Net. Public Right of, with Observations by Piscator.

FISHING and HUNTING. 12mo, Lond. printed by Bailey.

FLETCHER (Rev. Phineas, Rector of Hilgay, Norfolk) Sice-lides, a Piscatory, as it hath been acted in King's College. 4to, Cambridge, 1631.

FLETCHER (Rev. P.) Purple Island, or the Isle of Man; together with Piscatorie Eclogs and other Poeticall Miscellanies. 4to, Cambridge, 1633.

FLETCHER (Rev. P.) Piscatory Eclogues, with other Poetical Miscellanies, with copious notes [by Lord Woodhouslee]. 8vo, Edin. 1771.

FLY FISHER'S (the Illustrated) TEXT BOOK. By Theophilus South, Gent. (*i.e.* Edward Chitty, Barrister-at-Law,). 8vo, with 23 Engravings. Lond. Ackermann, 1841—with additional Engravings, Lond. Bohn, 1845.

FLY FISHING in Salt and Fresh Water, with 6 Plates, representing Artificial Flies. 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1851.

FORD (D.D.) Piscatio ; or, Angling, a Poem, written originally in Latin, and inscribed to Arch. Sheldon. 8vo, Oxon, 1733. Again published with original poems by the same author, by George Sylvester, Gent. 8vo. Lond. 1733. The original is in Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta, &c. 8vo, Oxon, 1692. p. 129.

FRANCK (Richard) Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland. To which is added the Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of diversion. With a narrative of that experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary parts of Scotland. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made publick. 8vo, Lond. 1694. New Edit. with Preface and Notes, by Sir Walter Scott. 8vo, Edin. 1821.

N.B. Only 250 copies of the last Edition printed. One of the most curious parts of this work, p. 272, relates to the Burbolt, a fish rarely found, even in the Trent, &c.

FRASER (Alexander) Natural History of the Salmon. 8vo, Inverness, Carruthers, 1830.

FRASER (Robert) Review of the Domestic Fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland. 4to, Edinb. 1818.

FRY (W. H.) A complete Treatise on Artificial Fish-Breeding, including the Reports on the subject made to the French Academy and the French Government, and particulars of the Discovery as pursued in England. Translated and edited by W. H. Fry. Post 8vo, New York, 1854.

GARDINER. A Booke of Angling or Fishing. Wherein is showed, by conference with Scriptures, the agreement betweene

the Fisherman Fishes, and Fishing of both natures, Temporall and Spirituall. By Samuel Gardiner, Doctor of Divinitie.

Matthew iv, 19. I will make you fishers of men.

18mo, London: Printed by Thomas Parfoot, 1606.

Dedicated to Sir Henrie Gaudie, Sir Miles Corbet, Sir Hamond Le Strange, Sir Henry Spellman, Knights, my verie kind friends.

**GENTLEMAN ANGLER**, containing short plain instructions whereby the most ignorant beginner may, in a little time, become a perfect artist in Angling for Salmon, &c. &c. 8vo. Lond. 1726. 2d Edit. 8vo, 1736. 3d Edit. 8vo, Lond. Hitch, without date. 8vo, Lond. 1753. 12mo, Lond. Kearsley, 1786.

This work was again printed as a novel publication, in 1786, viz. as above, by a gentleman, who has made it his diversion upwards of fourteen years. (In the first and other editions twenty-eight years' experience.)

**GENTLEMAN FARMER**, containing North's Discourse of Fish and Fish Ponds. Lond. 1726.

**GILBERT** (William) *Angler's Delight*, containing the whole art of neat and clean Angling; wherein is taught the readiest way to take all sorts of Fish, from the Pike to the Minnow, together with their proper baits, haunts, and time of Fishing for them, whether in mere, pond, or river. As also the method of fishing in Hackney River, and the names of the best stands there; with the manner of making all sorts of good tackle fit for any water whatsoever. Dedicated to Sir Richard Fisher. 12mo, Lond. 1676, and in 1682.

In this book, the *Angler's Delight*, at p. 14, we read of Barbel frequenting London Bridge; p. 31 the fresh title of the second part.

The method of fishing, &c. occurs, p. 38. "Then go to Mother Gilbert's, at the Flower de Luce, at Clapton, near Hackney, and whilst you are drinking a pot of ale, bid the maid make you two or three pennyworth of ground bait, and some paste (which they do very neatly and well), p. 40. There is an excellent stand in the second meddow, on the left hand, beyond the ferry, under a willow tree; in the midst of the meddow by the water side."

Mr. Haslewood, noticing the edition of 1676, says, "there was probably an earlier edition, from the date of the licence for the press that being," with allowance, October 20, 1674, Roger L'Estrange.

**GIRARD** (Charles) *Contributions to the Natural History of the Fresh Water Fishes of North America*. 4to, New York, 1852.

Forming a portion of Vol. 3 of the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.

**GOSSE** (P. H.) *Natural History of Fishes*. 12mo, Lond. Soc. for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1854.

GRAY (John Edward) Catalogue of the Fish in the British Museum. Part I, Chondropterygia. 12mo, Lond. 1851.

GRAY (John Edward) List of British Fish in the Collection of the British Museum, with Synonyma. 12mo, Lond. 1851.

GREEN (W.) *Vide* NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.

GRIFFITH (Roger, Water Bailiff,) Essay to prove that the Jurisdiction and Conservancy of the River Thames, &c. is committed to the Lord Mayor and City of London, both in point of Right and Usage. To which is added, a Description of those Fish which are caught in the River Thames. 8vo, Lond. 1746. *See* Binnell.

GRIFFITH (Edward) Animal Kingdom—Class Fishes. By P. B. Lord, M.D. 8vo, Lond. Whittaker, 1834.

G[RYNDALL'S] (W[illiam]) Hawking, Hunting, Fouling, and Fishing, with the true measures of Blowing, now newly collected by W. G. Faukener. 4to, Lond. Islip, 1596. Hawking, Hunting and Fishing, with the true measures of Blowing. Newly corrected and amended, 4to, Lond. Edw. Alde, 1596.

This book has a square wood-cut in the lower part of the title, of a man with several hooks near him. A copy of the wood-cut occurs in one of Bagford's volumes of scraps, in the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, in the British Museum. In Alde's edition 'Fowling' is omitted.

HAMILTON (Francis Buchanan) Account of the Fishes found in the River Ganges. 4to, with vol. of plates. Edinb. 1822.

HAMILTON (Robert) British Fishes. 2 vols. 12mo, Edinburgh, Lizars, 1852.

Forming Vols. 36 and 37 of Jardine's "Naturalist's Library."

HAND BOOK OF ANGLING, teaching Fly Fishing, Trolling, Bottom Fishing, and Salmon Fishing, with the Natural History of River Fish, and the best modes of Catching them. By Ephemera (Edward Fitzgibbon), of "Bell's Life in London." Fcap. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1847—2d Edit. enlarged, 12mo, Lond. Ibid. 1848—3d Edit. corrected and improved, fcp. 8vo, Lond. Ibid. 1853.

HANOVER MAGAZINE, No. 23, March 21, 1763, contains the translation of a letter giving an account of a method to breed Fish to advantage. 8vo, Lond. 1778.

- HANSARD (George Agar) Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales. 8vo, Lond. 1834.
- HERBERT (W. H.) Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America. 8vo, Lond. Bentley, 1849.
- HERBERT (W. H.) Supplement to Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States, &c. Fcp. 4to, New York, 1850.
- HINTS ON ANGLING, with Suggestions for Angling Excursions in Spain and Belgium, &c. By Palmer Hackle, Esq. (*i. e.* Robert Blakey). 8vo, Lond. Robinson, 1846.
- HINTS TO ANGLERS; or, the Art of Angling epitomised in verse, with explanatory notes by T. F. S[alter], an old Piscator, containing directions for making ground baits, pastes, &c. 8vo, Lond. 1808.
- HINTS on Shooting, Fishing, and the use of the Rod and Rifle, both on Sea and Land, and on the Fresh Water Lochs of Scotland: being the experience of Christopher Idle, Esq. Fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1855.
- HITCHCOCK (E.) Report on the Geology, &c. of Massachusetts (containing a Catalogue of Fishes). 8vo, Amherst, 1835.
- HOFLAND (T. C.) BRITISH ANGLER'S MANUAL, or the Art of Angling in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; with some Account of the Principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams in the United Kingdom, with Instructions for Fly Fishing, Trolling, &c. Numerous Plates. 8vo, Lond. 1839. New Edit. by E. Jesse, 8vo, Lond. Bohn, 1848.
- HORE (H. F.) Inquiry into the Legislative Control and Improvements of the Salmon and Sea Fisheries of Ireland. 8vo, Dublin, 1850.
- HOWITT. *Vide* ANGLER'S MANUAL.
- HOWLETT (Robert, 'near forty years a practitioner in this art') School for Recreation; or, a Guide to the more Ingenious Exercises. (P. 158, to 182 on Fishing) 8vo, Lond. 1784. Lond. 1701. 8vo, Lond. 1710. 8vo, Lond. 1720. 8vo, Lond. 1732. 6th Edit. Lond. 1736.
- HOWLETT (R.). *Vide* ANGLER'S SURE GUIDE.

HUSBANDMAN'S JEWEL, with the Art of Angling, including Fish and Fish Ponds.

HUTCHINSON (J.) Natural History of the Frog-fish of Surinam. 4to, York, 1797.

INNOCENT EPICURE; or, the Art of Angling, a Poem. 12mo, Lond. 1697. 2d Edit. 1713. 3d Edit. 12mo, 1741, with the title of Angling, a Poem, only.

The Preface is by N. Tate, to the first edition, to whom it is sometimes attributed, but the initials of the compiler head the introductory Epistle, J. S. to C. S., supposed to be the same with the author of the True Art of Angling.

IRISH Fisheries, State of. 8vo, Dublin, McGlashan, 1852.

JACKSON (John, of Tanfield Mill) Practical Fly Fisher, more particularly for Grayling, or Umber. 8vo, Lond. Farlow, 1854.

JACOBS (S. L.) Method of Breeding Fish to Advantage. 8vo, Lond. Mackintosh, 1788.

JARDINE (Sir William) British Salmonidæ, Parts 1 and 2. Folio, Lond. Highley, 1839-41.

JARDINE (Sir William) Fishes of the Perch Family. 12mo, Edinburgh, Lizars, 1852,

Forming Vol. 38 of Jardine's "Naturalists' Library."

JESSE (Edward, Esq. Deputy Surveyor of His Majesty's Parks) Gleanings in Natural History, with Local Recollections, to which are added Maxims and Hints for an Angler. Post 8vo, Lond. Murray, 1832. 2d Series, 8vo, Lond. 1834. 3d Series, 1835. The 3 Series, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1838. 6th Edit. in 1 vol. 12mo, Lond. Murray, 1845.

JESSE (E.) ANGLER'S RAMBLES. Post 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1836.

JEWELL for GENTRIE; being an exact Dictionary, or true Method to make any man understand all the Arts, Secrets, and Worthy Knowledges belonging to Hawking, Hunting, Fowling and Fishing, together with all the true measures for winding the Horne. Now newly published, and beautified with all the rarest experiments that are known and practised at this day. Printed at London by John Helme, in St.

- Dunstan's Church Yard, in Fleet Street, 1614, 4to. *Vide* Briefe Treatise of Fishing.
- JOLLY ANGLER; or, Water-side Companion. 8vo, Lond. Wilson, 1833. 7th Edit. Lond. (1853).
- JONES'S GUIDE to Norway, and Salmon Fisher's Pocket Companion. Edited by Frederic Tolfrey. 12mo (with coloured plates of Flies). Lond. Longman, 1848.
- KENTISH ANGLER; or, the Young Fisherman's Instructor, shewing the Nature and properties of Fish, which are angled for in Kent. 12mo, Canterb. 1804.
- KIDD's Instructions for the Art of Angling. 18mo, Lond. Kidd, 1820.
- KIRKBRIDE (John) THE NORTHERN ANGLER, or FLY-FISHER'S COMPANION. 12mo, Carlisle, 1837, Lond. Tilt, 1840.
- KIRTLAND (J. P.) Report on the Zoology of Ohio. 8vo, Columbus, 1828.
- KNOX (Dr.) Fish and Fishing in the lone Glens of Scotland, with a History of the Propagation, Growth, and Metamorphoses of the Salmon. Post 8vo, Lond. Routledge, 1854.
- LAMBERT (James) Country Man's Treasure, to which is added the Art of Hawking, Hunting, Angling, &c. 8vo, Lond. 1676, 1683.
- LANMAN (C.) Adventures of an Angler in Canada, &c. Post 8vo, London, Bentley, 1848.
- LANMAN'S Adventures in the Wilds of North America, including Fishing Adventures in the Lakes, and Chapters on Salmon and Trout Fishing, Basse and Rock Fishing, Pike Fishing, and Fishing in General. Edited by C. R. Weld. 16mo, Lond. Bentley, 1854.
- LASCELLES (Robert, Esq.) Angling, Shooting, Coursing. 8vo, 1815. 2d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1818.
- LATHY (T. P. Esq.), The Angler, a Poem in ten cantos, comprising proper instructions in the Art, Flies, Bait, Pastes, &c. with upwards of twenty beautiful cuts. 8vo. Lond. 1820.
- This Poem is only a rifacimento of The Anglers' Eight Dialogues in Verse, without acknowledgment; some copies are dated 1819, with the following title, "The Angler, a Poem, in ten cantos, by Piscator." *Vide* Gentleman's Magazine, 1819, Part II, p. 405.
- Twenty copies were printed on thick paper, and one on vellum.

**LAWs and ORDINANCES** of the City of London relating to Fishing. 1697, 1785.

**LIST** of Natural Flies, taken by Trout, &c. in the Streams of Ripon. 12mo, Lond. Simpkin, 1854.

**LONDON ANGLER'S BOOK** ; or, Waltonian Chronicle, containing much original information to Anglers generally, combined with numerous amusing songs, and anecdotes of Fish and Fishing, never before published, &c. 8vo, Lond. Baddeley (the Author). 1834.

**LORD (P. B.)** Fishes, 8vo, Lond. Whittaker, 1834.

Forming Vol. 10 of Griffith's "Animal Kingdom."

**MACKINTOSH** (Alexander, of Great Driffield, Yorkshire.) *The Driffield Angler*, in Two parts ; or, *Complete English Angler*. 18mo, Gainsborough. Several Editions.

**MARKHAM** (Gervase) *Cheap and Good Husbandry*. 4to, Lond. 1615, contains a short chapter on Fish and Fish Ponds, 1616, 1631, 1658. 13th Edition, 1676.

**MARKHAM** (Gervase) *Young Sportsman's Instructor in Angling, Fowling, Hawking, Hunting*. 48mo, sold at the Golden Ring, in Little Britain, price 6*d.* Lond. 1652. Reprinted by Gosden, 1820.

(Advertised, 1744, by a second title, as) *A Compleat and Experienced Angler*, in two parts ; or, *the Angler's Vade Mecum*. 12mo, printed for Conyers. There was another Edition (same size) printed by S. Gumidge at Worcester, *n.d.* the portion relating to Hawking is omitted.

Among the additions by Gervase Markham to *Maison Rustique* ; or, *the Countrey Farme*, compiled in the French tongue, by Charles Stevens and John Liebault, also translated by Richard Surfleet. Fol. Lond. 1616. Book iv, chap. xi—xvii, relate to the Poole, Fish-pond, and Ditch, for Fish. In the modern editions of *La Maison Rustique*, will be found much useful matter relating to Angling and Fishing, as now practised in France.

**MARKHAM's** (Gervase) *Countrey Contentments* ; or, *the Husbandman's Recreations*. 1st Edit. 4to, Lond. 1611. 2d Edit. 1613. 3d Edit. 1615. 4th Edit. 1631. 5th Edit. 1635, 6th Edit. 1639. 7th Edit. 1640. 8th Edit. 1649. 9th Edit. 1656. 10th Edit. 1668. 11th Edit. 1675.

The first edition does not contain the Treatise on Angling. The Treatise is headed, "The whole Art of Angling ; as it was written in a small treatise in rime, and now for the better understanding of the reader put into prose, and adorned and enlarged." The rimes from which the Art of Angling was taken, were probably those by John Denny, in his *Secrets of Angling*, 1613. It is word for word the same as the Treatise published under the title of "The Pleasures of Princes," *vide postea*.

**MARTIN (J.)** Angler's Companion and Guide to the Whitehouse Fishery ; to which is added, a Trip to Broxbourn, or a Trolling Excursion. 12mo, London, Cowie and Strange, *n. d.*

**MARTIN (Rev. James)** ANGLER'S GUIDE ; the most complete and Practical ever written. To which is added a graphic and laughable Story, entitled "The Three Jolly Anglers." 12mo, Lond. Cox, 1854.

**MASCALL (Leonard)**, Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and all other instruments thereunto belonging ; also of sundrie Engines and Traps, to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, &c. &c. with very curious woodcuts of the pike and proche hook, instruments, &c. &c. 4to. Lond. 1590, printed by John Wolfe. Lond. 1596. Lond. 1600. Lond. 1606.

This Treatise contains a few improvements on Juliana Barnes, with remarks on the preservation of fish in ponds.

**MAXIMS and HINTS** for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing. Illustrated by Drawings on Stone, to which are added Maxims and Hints for a Chess Player. 12mo, Lond. Murray, 1833. 2d Edit. 1839. New Edition, 12mo, Lond. Murray, 1855.

This volume is attributed to Richard Penn, Esq., the great grandson of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. The author's name is added to the new edition.

**MCCLELLAND (John)** Indian Cyprinidæ. 4to, Lond. Parbury, 1839.

**MEDWIN (Thomas, Esq. late of the Guards)**, The Angler in Wales ; or, Days and Nights of Sportsmen. 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1834.

**MEMOIR** (an authentic historical) of the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State of Schuylkill, from its establishment on that Romantic Stream, near Philadelphia, in the year 1732, to the present time. By a Member. 8vo, Philadelphia, Judah Dobson, 1830.

An amusing account of a very ancient Fishing Club, founded by a few of the original settlers in Pennsylvania, many of them emigrants with Penn to the New World, residents in and near the young thinly inhabited City of Pennsylvania. In the Catalogue are names of very high distinction ; and the Association still exists.—*New York edition of Walton and Cotton.*

**MILLER'S (Dr.)** Letters on the Herring Fishery in the Moray Frith (size, date, &c. not known).

**MITCHELL** (W. A.) on the Pleasure and Utility of Angling, a paper read to the Waltonian Club. Post 8vo, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Charnley, 1824.

**MODERN** Angler, containing the most esteemed Methods of Angling for every species of pond and river fish, &c. 8vo, pp. 24, Derby, Richardson.

**MONRO** (Alexander, M.D.) on the Structure and Physiology of Fishes. Folio, Edinb. 1785.

**MOULE** (Thomas) The Heraldry of Fish. 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1842.

**NAMES** of Fish and their Seasons. 4to, [a broadside?]

**NEIL'S COMPLETE ANGLER**; or, the Whole Art of Fishing. 10th Edit. 8vo, 1804. 20th Edit. 1830.

**NEW** and Excellent Experiments, and Secrets in the ART OF ANGLING; being directions for the whole Art. 12mo, 1st Edit. 1675. 2d Edit. Lond. 1677. 3d Edit. 1684. *Vide Accomplished Lady's Delight.*

**NEWLAND** (Rev. Henry) **THE ERNE**, its Legends and its Fly-Fishing. Post 8vo, Lond. Chapman and Hall, 1851.

**NEWLAND** (Rev. Henry) **FOREST SCENES** in Norway and Sweden, being Extracts from the Journal of a Fisherman. 12mo, Lond. Routledge, 1854.

**NICHOL** (R.). *Vide* NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.

**NOBBES** (Rev. Robert, M. A. of Northampton) Complete Troller; or, the Art of Trolling. 8vo, Lond. 1682. Reprinted in fac-simile, 1790. 3d Edit. prefixed to the Angler's Pocket Book. 8vo, Norwich, no date. 4th Edit. appended to another Edition of the Angler's Pocket Book. 8vo, Lond. 1805. Nobbes' Art of Trolling. New Edition, 8vo, Lond. 1814. There have been several Editions since 1814.

From the circumstance of the author of this work signing himself M. A. at the end of his verses on the Antiquitie and Invention of Fishing, and from the Commendatory Verses by Cambridge men in the first edition of this work, printed 1682, I suspect him to have been the Robert Nobbes mentioned in Bishop Kennet's Manuscript Collections, as holding the Vicarages of Apethorp and Wood Newton, in Northamptonshire, in 1676. I believe he succeeded Dr. Robert South.—Sir H. E.

The second edition was a reprint of 1682 in fac-simile, in 1790, by John Barker.

**NOBLE (Robert) DE ARTE PISCATORIA.** A Manuscript in the possession of the Editor of the New York Edition of Walton and Cotton; it is fully described in the Appendix to that work.

**NORTH's (Hon. Roger) Discourse of Fish and Fish Ponds.** Done by a Person of Honour. 8vo, Lond. printed for Curll, 1713, 1714, 1715, Large 4to, Lond. 1773, with the author's name in the title page.

This work is also found in an appendage to the Gentleman Farmer. 8vo, Lond. 1726. See also Albin's Esculent Fish.

**NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER; or, the Art of Angling, as practised in the Northern Counties of England.** 8vo, Lond. 1786. 2d Edit. 1787. 3d Edit. 8vo, Leeds, 1800. 4th Edit. 12mo, Lond. Richardson, 1801. 5th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1817.

**NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.** A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers. Post 8vo, Newcastle, Charnley, 1842.

A List of the Pieces in this Volume, with the Dates of their original Publication, and Names of the Authors, now first given correctly.

1. The Angler's Progress; a Poem, developing the pleasure the Angler receives, from the dawn of the propensity in infancy till the period of his becoming a complete Angler.
2. The Fisher's Garland for 1821.
3. The Fisher's Garland for 1822.
4. The Fisher's Garland for 1823.
5. The Fisher's Garland for 1824.
6. The Tyne Fisher's Farewell to his Favourite Stream, on the approach of Winter, 1824.
7. The Fisher's Garland for 1825.
8. The Fisher's Garland for 1826.
9. The Fisher's Garland for 1827.
10. The Fisher's Garland for 1828.
11. The Fisher's Garland for 1829.
12. The Fisher's Garland for 1830.
13. The Fisher's Garland for 1831.
14. The Fisher's Garland for 1832.
15. The Fisher's Garland for 1833.

16. The Fisher's Garland for 1834.
17. The Fisher's Garland for 1835.
18. The Fisher's Garland for 1836.
19. The Fisher's Garland for 1837.
20. The Fisher's Garland for 1838.
21. The Fisher's Garland for 1839.
22. The Fisher's Garland for 1840.
23. The Fisher's Garland for 1841.
24. The Fisher's Garland for 1842.
25. The Fisher's Garland, Autumn number for 1842.
26. The Fisher's Garland for 1843.

Thus far were collected into one volume, according to the Title given above, the subsequent ones separately printed are:—

27. The Fisher's Garland for 1844. Printed for William Garret.
28. The Auld Fisher's Invitation to his Friend, 1844. Ditto.
29. The Fisher's Garland for 1845. Ditto.

No. 1 was written by Herman Boaz, and originally printed in 1789. *Vide* BOAZ.

Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29 were written by Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday conjointly—Roxby breathing into them the poetical spirit, and Doubleday making their joints flexible.

Nos. 3, 6, 13, 16, 20, 21, and 22 were written by William Gill Thompson.

No. 9 was written by William Green.

No. 10 and 11 were written by Thomas Doubleday.

No. 15 was written by Robert Nichol.

Nos. 17, 18, and 19 were written by William Andrew Chatto.

O'CONNOR (R.) INTRODUCTION to the FIELD SPORTS of France, being a Practical View of Hunting, Shooting and Fishing. Post 8vo, Lond. (printed at St. Omer) Murray, 1846.

O'GORMAN.—The Practice of ANGLING, particularly as regards Ireland. 2 vols. post 8vo, Dublin, 1845.

OLIVER (Stephen, the younger, of Aldwark, *i.e.* W. A. Chatto) Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing, in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. 12mo, Lond. 1834.

OPPIAN'S Halieuticks of the Nature of Fishes and Fishing of the Ancients; in five books. Translated from the Greck (into

English verse), with an Account of Oppian's Life and Writings, and a Catalogue of his Fishes. 8vo, Oxford, 1722.

PAPPE (L. M.D.) Synopsis of the Edible Fishes at the Cape of Good Hope. 8vo, Cape Town, 1854.

PARNELL (Richard, M.D., F.R.S.E.) Fishes of the Forth. 8vo, Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1838.

PENN (Richard). *Vide* MAXIMS AND HINTS.

PENNANT (Thomas) British Zoology. 4 vols. 8vo, last edit. Lond. 1812.

Vol. iii contains the Fishes.

PERPETUAL MEMORANDUM, and Universal Pocket Book, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Men of Business together with the Complete Art of Angling, with the different baits, &c. in every month of the year. 8vo.

The advertisement of this little treatise, which consists of only thirty-three pages, is dated Penrith, 1791.

PHELPS (S.) Treatise on the Importance of extending the British Fisheries. 8vo, Lond. Simpkin, 1818.

PHILLIPS (Henry) The True Enjoyment of ANGLING. 8vo, Lond. Pickering, 1843.

PICKERING (Wm.) *Vide* BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA.

PISCATORY ECLOGUES: an Essay to introduce new Rules and new Characters into Pastoral. To which is prefixed a Discourse in defence of this undertaking, with practical and philosophical Notes, 8vo, Lond. 1729.

PISCATORIAL Reminiscences and Gleanings, by an Old Angler and Bibliopolist (Thos. Boosey). Fcap. 8vo, Lond. Pickering, 1835.

PLAN for the Improvement of the Fishery in the River Thames. 8vo, Lond. 1787.

PLEASURE of PRINCES; or, Good Men's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the General Art of Fishing with the Angle, or otherwise, of all the hidden secrets belonging thereunto, together with the choyce, ordering, breeding, and dyetting of the fighting cocke, being, a worke never in that nature handled

by any former author. 4to. Lond. 1614. 4to, Lond. printed by T. S. for John Browne, 1615. 4to, Lond. Norton, 1635.

This work forms a part of the second book of G. Markham's *English Husbandman*, but not with a copy of 1613, and also printed in Markham's *Country Contentments*.

**PLEASURES OF ANGLING**, translated from the *Musæ Anglicanæ*; see *Miscellany Poems and Translations*, by Henry Travers, M.A. of Nun-Burnholme, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. York, 1740. 8vo, pp. 131-137.

For some notice of Travers, the Translator, see Pegge's *Anonymiana*, p. 78.

**POLLARD** (Richard, Esq. of Clapton), *The New and Complete Angler*; or, *Universal Fisherman*. 8vo, Lond. 1802.

**PRACTICAL ANGLER**. By Piscator. 8vo, Lond. Simpkin, 1843 and 1846.

**PRACTICAL FLY-FISHING** founded on Nature, with Illustrations for imitating all the most useful Flies, also Remarks on Fly Rods. By Arundo. 12mo, Lond. Johns, 1849.

**PRACTICAL** Observations on Angling in the River Trent; by a Gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, who has made the amusement his study for upwards of twenty years. [Charles Snart, attorney, Newark.] 8vo, Newark, 1801. 12mo, Lond. Robinson, 1812.

**PULMAN** (G. P. R.) **BOOK OF THE AXE**; containing a Piscatorial and Topographical Description of that charming Stream, and a History of the Towns, Villages, &c. on its Banks. Fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1841. 2d Edit. fcp. 8vo, 1844. 3d Edit. post 8vo, with several Illustrations and a Map, 1854.

**PULMAN** (G. P. R.) **VADE VECUM OF FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT**; being a complete practical Treatise on that branch of the Art of Angling, with plain and copious Instructions for the Manufacture of artificial Flies, &c. Fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1841. 2d Edit. 1844. 3d Edit. re-written and greatly enlarged, 1851.

**PULMAN** (G. P. R.) **RUSTIC SKETCHES**, being Rhymes on Angling and other subjects of Rural Life, in the Dialect of the West of England, with Notes and a Glossary. Fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1842. 2d Edit. post 8vo, Lond. J. G. Bell, 1853.

- RAFINESQUE** (C. S.) *Ichthyologia Ohiensis, or Natural History of the Fishes inhabiting the River Ohio and its tributary streams.* 8vo, Lexington, Kentucky, 1820.
- RAMBLES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A FLY-FISHER.** Illustrated, with an Appendix, containing ample Instructions to the Novice inclusive of Fly-making, and a List of really useful Flies. By Clericus. Post 8vo, Lond. Chapman & Hall, 1854.
- RAMSBOTTOM** (R.) *THE SALMON, and its Artificial Propagation.* 8vo, 1854.
- RENNIE'S** (James, M.A. Professor of Zoology, King's College,) *Alphabet of Scientific Angling, for the use of Beginners (with a portrait of Christopher North).* 12mo, Lond. 1833.
- REPORT** of the Commissioners of Fisheries in Ireland for 1853. Folio, Dublin, Thom. 1854.
- REPORTS** on the Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds of Massachusetts (By D. H. Storer and W. B. O. Peabody). 8vo, Boston, 1839.
- RICHARDSON** (Sir John) *Fauna Boreali-Americana. Fishes.* 4to, Lond. Bentley, 1836.
- RIVER DOVE**; with some quiet Thoughts on the happy practice of Angling near to the Seat of Mr. Charles Cotton, at Beresford Hall, in Staffordshire. (By J. L. Anderdon), 12mo (no place or printer's name.)  
 This edition was printed for private circulation. Six copies were printed in 4to; six copies also of the 12mo size were printed on tinted paper.
- RIVER DOVE**; with some quiet Thoughts on the happy practice of Angling. (By J. L. Anderdon), 12mo, Lond. Pickering, 1847.
- RONALDS** (Alfred) *Fly Fisher's Entomology, illustrated by coloured representations of the natural and artificial Insect, with observations and instructions relative to Trout and Grayling Fishing.* Post 8vo, Lond. 1836. 2d Edit. Lond. 1839. 4th Edit. Lond. Longman, 1850.
- ROXBY** (R.). *Vide NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.*
- RULES AND REGULATIONS** of the Walton and Cotton Club, instituted 19th March, 1817. 4to, Lond. 1821.  
 ————— Revised, 8th April, 1840. Sq. 8vo, Lond. 1840.
- RULES AND REGULATIONS** of the Cambridge University Walton and Cotton Club. Instituted 25th April, 1825. 4to, Camb. 1826.

RULES AND ORDERS for Fishing in the Thames and in the Waters of the Medway, 8vo, 1785. 8vo, Lond. 1827. *Vide* Binnell and Griffith.

RUSSELL (Patrick) Descriptions and Figures of 200 Fishes collected on the Coast of Coromandel. 2 vols. folio, Lond. 1803.

SALTER (Robert, Esq.), The Modern Angler, being a practical Treatise on the Art or Fishing, &c. in a series of Letters to a Friend. Oswestry, 1811.

The letters were addressed to the Rev. Morgan Pryse.

SALTER (T. F. Gent. of Clapton), The Angler's Guide, being a New, Plain, and Complete Practical Treatise on Angling, for Sea, River, and Pond Fish, deduced from many years' experience and observation. 8vo, Lond. 1814. 2d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1815. 3d Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1815. 4th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1816. 5th Edit. 8vo, Lond. ——. 6th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1826. 7th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1830. 8th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1833. 12mo, Lond. Maynard, 1841. 12mo, Lond. Bohn.

The Troller's Guide was added to the 12mo. and later editions.

SALTER (T. F.) *Vide* HINTS TO ANGLERS.

SALTER'S Young Angler's Guide; abridged from the above work, 18mo. 2d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 3d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1829.

SALTER'S Troller's Guide, being a Complete Practical Treatise on the Art of Trolling or Fishing for Pike and Jack, with twenty-eight plates. 12mo, Lond. 1820. 12mo, 2d Edit. 1830.

SANNAZARIUS (Ja.) Osiers, a Pastoral, translated from the Latin of Sannazarius, with some account of Sannazarius and his Piscatory Eclogues. 4to, Camb. 1724.

SANNAZARIUS'S Piscatory Eclogues, by Rooke. 8vo, Lond. 1726

SAUNDERS (James, Esq. of Newton Awbery, upon Trent), The Compleat Fisherman, or Universal Angler, being a large and particular account of all the several ways of Fishing now practised in Europe. 12mo, Lond. 1724. 2d Edit. Lond. 1778. 4to, Edit. Fielding and Walker, Lond. *n. d.*

The first author that mentions silk-worm gut.

SCHOMBURGK (Sir Robert H.) Natural History of the Fishes of Guiana. 2 vols. 12mo, Edinb. Lizars, 1841-3.

Forming vols. 39 and 40 of Jardine's "Naturalist's Library."

SCHULTES' (Henry), Essay on Aquatic Rights, intended as an illustration of the law relative to Fishing, &c. 8vo, Lond. 1811.

SCROPE (W.) DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SALMON FISHING IN THE TWEED; with a Short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon, Instructions to Sportsmen, &c. Royal 8vo, Lond. Murray, 1843.

SECRETS of ANGLING, by C. G., a brother of the Angle. 12mo, Lond. 1705.

SHAW (J.) Observations on the Growth of Salmon Fry. 4to, Edinb. 1840.

SHILLINGLAW (Rev. Thomas), A New System of Angling. 2 vols. 18mo. (*Vide* Pickering. *Bib. Piscat.*)

Intended to have been published by subscription, but never appeared.

SHIPLEY'S (William) True Treatise on the Art of Fly-Fishing, Trolling, &c. as practised on the Dove, and on the principal Streams of the Midland Counties. Edited by Edward Fitzgibbon. 8vo, Lond. 1838.

SHIRLEY'S (Thomas, of Richmond, Surrey), Angler's Museum; or, the whole Art of Float and Fly-Fishing, with portrait of Kirby, the celebrated Angler. 12mo, Lond. 1784. 2d Edit. 12mo. 3d Edit. 12mo.

SMITH (Thomas) Every Man his own Fisherman. 24mo, Lond. published about 1770 or 1776.

SMITH'S ART OF ANGLING. 1814.

SMITH'S (Dr.) Account of the Fishes in Massachusetts, and Observations on Angling. 8vo, Boston, 1833.

SNART (Chas.). *Vide* PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS.

SOUTH (Theop.). *Vide* FLY-FISHER'S TEXT-BOOK.

SPORTSMAN (The) in Ireland and Scotland. 2 vols. post 8vo, Lond. Colburn, 1840.

STEELE (Sir Richard) Account of the Fishpool, consisting of a vessel so called, lately invented and built for the importation of Fish alive and in good health from parts however distant, by Mr. Joseph Gillman, Mathematician. 8vo, Lond. 1718.

- STEVENSON (M.), *The Twelve Months; or, a pleasant and Profitable Discourse of every action, whether of Labour or Recreation, proper to each particular Month, branched into directions relating to Husbandry, as Plowing, Sowing, Gardening, Planting, &c. &c. also the ordering of Cattle and Bees: of Recreations, as Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling, Coursing, &c. Likewise is added necessary advice touching physick, &c.* 4to, Lond. 1661.
- STODDART (Thomas Tod) *ANGLING REMINISCENCES.* 12mo, Edinburgh, 1837. Lond. 1848.
- STODDART (Thomas Tod) *ANGLER'S COMPANION to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.* Post 8vo, Lond. Blackwood, 1847. 2d Edit. 1853.
- STODDART (Thomas Tod) *Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland.* 12mo, Edin. 1835.
- STOPFORD AND ANDREWS. *Royal Irish Fisheries Company. First Report 1849—Second Report 1851.* 8vo, Dublin, Browne and Nolan.
- STORER (David Humphreys) *Fishes of North America.* 4to, Cambridge, U. S. 1846.
- STORER (D. H.) *History of the Fishes of Massachusetts.* 4to, Boston, 1854.
- STORER (D. H.) see Reports.
- SWAINSON (William) *Natural History of Fishes.* 2 vols. 12mo, London, Longman.  
Forming Vols. 109 and 116 of "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia."
- SYLVESTER'S POEMS, containing also *Piscatio*; or, *Art of Angling.* 8vo, Oxford, 1733. *Vide Ford.*
- S—— (G.) *Vide ANGLER'S MAGAZINE.*
- T  
TAVERNER'S (John) *Certaine Experiments concerning Fish and Fruite, practised by him, published for the benefit of others.* 4to, printed by W. Ponsonby, 1600.
- TATE'S *ART OF ANGLING*, a Poem. 1741. *Vide Innocent Epicure.*
- TAY. *The Fisheries in the River Tay.* 8vo, Edinburgh, Ramsay, 1824.

TAYLOR (J.) *The Trent Fisher.* 8vo, Stafford, 1781.

TAYLOR'S (Sam. Gent.) *Angling in all its Branches, reduced to a Complete Science, in three parts.* 8vo, Lond. 1800.

THOMPSON (J.) *HAND-BOOK OF ANGLING.* Bristol, 1825.

THOMPSON (W.G.). *Vide* NORTH COUNTRY ANGLER'S GARLANDS.

THOMSON (James) *on the Value and Importance of the Scottish Fisheries.* 12mo, Lond. Smith and Elder, 1849.

TRUE ART OF ANGLING, by J. S. Gent. a Brother of the Angle. 24mo, Lond. 1696. 2d Edit. Lond. 1697. Compleat Fisher; or, True Art of Angling, by J. S., the 3d Edit. 24mo, Lond. 1704. 4th Edit. 24mo, Lond. 1716. 5th Edit. 24mo, Lond. 1725. 6th Edit. *n. d.*

In the next edition the title was altered as follows:

THE COMPLEAT FISHER, or True Art of Angling; revised and corrected by W. Wright and other experienced Anglers. Sold by John Osborn, at the Golden Bull, Paternoster Row. 1740.

At the back of the title is a recommendation of the work, signed

Wm. Wright,	J. Turner,	Phillips Brice,
Rob. Cole,	Rob. Lewes,	J. Hollings,
Wm. Andrews,	Roger Filewood,	

which asserts that "this book has passed several editions." The places round London for Angling noticed in this work are worth attention.

Sir H. Ellis has another edition of this work in his library, printed for J. Hazard and J. Wright, fronting Stationers' Hall, *n. d.*

There is another edition, of the same size, title, and date, with a different wood-cut at the beginning, and with material variations.—(*Pickering's Bib. Piscat.*)

The work was reproduced as the

TRUE ART OF ANGLING being a clear and speedy way of taking all sorts of Fresh-water Fish, with the worm, fly, paste, and other baits in their proper seasons, &c. 12mo. Lond. Onesimus Ustonson. 1770.

Between this and Hazard and Wright's edition, there was one, "printed for John Herro in Bell Yard, Temple Bar," Ustonson's predecessor, which we have not met with.

TURTON (John, of Sheffield, Yorkshire,) *ANGLER'S MANUAL, or Fly-Fisher's Oracle, with a brief Compendium of Bottom-Fishing.* 12mo, Lond. Groombridge. Sheffield: Ridge, 1836.

UNIVERSAL ANGLER; or, that Art Improved in all its parts,

especially in Fly-fishing. The whole interspersed with many curious and uncommon Observations. 12mo, Lond. 1766.

This book is copied from Bowlker's Art of Angling, printed at Worcester, with some few additions taken from Walton, Cotton, and Hawkins.—*Wm. White.*

**VANIER'S** Book upon Fish, translated by the Rev. J. Duncombe, with a brief Introduction, and passages from English Writers, selected as notes. 8vo, Lond. 1809.

This Translation of Vanier was inserted entire in the *Censura Literaria*, by Mr. Haslewood, the separate copies to which the title was added were but few; the whole was printed by Daniel, in his Supp. to *Rural Sports*.

**VENABLES** (Colonel Robert), **THE EXPERIENCED ANGLER**; or, Angling Improved, being a General Discourse of Angling. 8vo, Lond. 1662.

Advertised as now newly extant, in the *Kingdom's Intelligencer* of Sept. 9, 1661.

2d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 3d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1668. 4th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1676. 5th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1683. 6th Edit. 8vo, Lond. 1825. A reprint, with a Memoir of Colonel Robert Venables by J. H. Burn.

The second edition was probably printed about 1666, and burnt in the great fire; no copy is at present known.

Col. Venables' name first appears in the third edition.

The fourth edition forms the third part of the fifth edition of Walton and Cotton.

**WALCOTT** (John) **Figures, Description and History of Exotic Animals** comprised under the classes *Amphibia* and *Pisces* of Linnæus. 4to, Lond. 1788.

**WALTON'S** (Isaac, of Stafford) **COMPLEAT ANGLER**; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. 12mo, Lond. 1653. 2d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1655. 3d Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1664. 4th Edit. 12mo, Lond. 1668. 5th Edit. 12mo, forming the first of the *Universal Angler*, by Walton, Cotton, and Venables. 12mo, Lond. 1676.

A facsimile reprint of the 1st edition appeared in 1810. 12mo, Lond. Bagster.

The 2d edition, which was published only two years after the first, appears to have been almost re-written, with the introduction of a third interlocutor in *Auceps*, and great additions in every part.

The 3d edition, Lond. 1661 and 1664, has titles of both dates, no other variance.

The 3d edition is the first that has the postscript touching the Laws of Angling, and an index.

The 4th edition is a paginary reprint from the third edition.

The 5th edition is augmented, and the second part added on fishing for Trout and Grayling, written by Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford.

The above are all the editions of the Complete Angler, published during the author's life.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, edited by **MOSES BROWNE**. 12mo, Lond. 1750. Other Editions, 1759, 1772.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, edited by **JOHN HAWKINS**, Esq., afterwards Sir John Hawkins. 8vo, London, 1760. Other Editions, 1766 (the previous Edition with a new title page), 1775, 1784, 1792, edited by John Sidney Hawkins, Esq.; 1797, edited by the same, but without the large plates; 1808, printed by Bagster (in three sizes—demy 8vo, royal 8vo and 4to); 1815, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, with new Notes, &c. printed by Bagster, at Broxbourne (in two sizes, demy 8vo and royal 8vo).

Advertised 27th Sept. 1759, as in the press and speedily will be published in opposition to Moses Browne's 7th edition, published in that year. On the 1st July, 1760, it appeared announced as the only correct and complete edition, "and the reader was informed that cuts are now added of the principal scenes, designed by Mr. Wale, and engraved by Ryland, in which the characters are dressed in the habits of the times, which cuts, the reader may be assured, cost, in designing and engraving, upwards of one hundred pounds." Browne put forth a rival advertisement, showing his own emendation of the poetry, declaring the boasted plates "copied from the designs in his and the life of Walton, in chief part borrowed from the one printed by him."

In 1765, in May and June, advertisements were put forth of this edition, by Rivingtons, with a new title.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, with Notes. By Sir John Hawkins. 18mo, Lond. Dove, 1825.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, with Notes. By Sir John Hawkins. Edited by James Rennie. 12mo, Lond. Orr, 184, 12mo, Manchester, Johnson, 1851.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**. Edited by T. Gosden. 8vo, London, J. Smith, 1822.

**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER**, edited by **JOHN MAJOR**. Royal 12mo and 8vo, Lond. Major, 1823. 2d Edit. Lond. *ib.* 1824. 3d Edit. 1835, reprinted, Lond. L. A. Lewis, 1839; reprinted, Lond. Washbourne, 1842. 4th Edit. re-edited, with a new set of plates, Lond. Bogue, 1844.

- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. 48mo, Lond. Pickering, 1825. Another, 32mo, Lond. Pickering, 1827.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. 2 vols. 12mo, Chiswick, printed by Whittingham, for T. Tegg, 1824 & 1826.
- WALTON'S AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER, with Lives of the Authors by Sir Harris Nicolas, and Illustrations by Stothard and Inskipp. 2 vols. imperial 8vo, Lond. Pickering, 1835-6.
- This splendid edition contains the variations of all the editions, and additional notes, with original and elaborate Memoirs of Walton and Cotton, which present many new facts of the writers.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. 2 vols. 24mo, miniature edition. Lond. Tilt. 1837.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER, with copious Notes, for the most part original; a Bibliographical Preface, giving an account of Fishing and Fishery; Books from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, and a Notice of Cotton and his writings, by the American Editor. To which is added, an Appendix, including illustrative Ballads, Music, Papers on American Fishing, and the most complete Catalogue of Books on Angling, &c. ever printed; also a General Index to the whole work. Post 8vo, New York, Wiley and Putnam, 1847. Wiley, N. Y. 1848.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER, with a new Biographical Introduction and Notes. 12mo, Lond. Causton, 1851.
- WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. Edited by EPHEMERA (Edward Fitzgibbon), of 'Bell's Life in London.' 12mo, Lond. Ingram and Cook, 1853.
- WARD (Rev. Samuel) Natural History of Fishes. 2 vols. 12mo, Lond. Newberry, 1770.
- WAYTH'S (C.) TROUT FISHING, or the River Darent. A Poem. Post 8vo, Lond. 1845.
- WHEATLEY (Hewett) THE ROD AND LINE; or, Practical Hints and Dainty Devices for the sure taking of Trout, Grayling, &c. Fcp. 8vo, with coloured plates. Lond. Longman, 1849.
- WHITNEY (John, a Lover of the Angle,) GENTEEL RECREATION; or, the Pleasures of Angling: a Poem, with a Dialogue between Piscator and Corydon. 12mo, Lond. 1700. Reprinted (only one hundred copies) 1820.

Whitney appears to have been a native of Kent, and was born about 1640.

WHOLE ART OF FISHING ; being a Collection and Improvement of all that has been written on the subject, with many new experiments. 8vo, Lond. Curl, 1714. 2d Edit. entitled 'The Gentleman Fisher ; or, the Whole Art of Angling.' 8vo, Lond. 1727.

WILKINSON'S ANGLER'S COMPLETE ASSISTANT. 4to.

WILLIAMSON (John, Gent., with above thirty years' experience), THE BRITISH ANGLER ; or, a Pocket Companion for Gentleman Fishers. 8vo, Lond. —. 8vo, Lond. 1740.

WILLIAMSON (Capt. T., Author of the Wild Sports of India), THE COMPLETE ANGLER'S VADE MECUM, being a perfect Code of Instruction on that pleasing science. 8vo, Lond. 1808.

WILLUGHBEII (F.) *Historia Piscium* cura J. Raii. Folio, Oxon. 1686.

WILSON (James) THE ROD AND THE GUN. 8vo, Edinb. 1840. 2d Edit. post 8vo, 1844.

WILSON (James) Introduction to the Natural History of Fishes, 4to, Edinburgh, Black, 1838.

WOOD (William) Illustrations of British Fresh Water Fish. 3 Nos. (all that were printed). Royal 8vo and 4to, Lond. Wood.

YARRELL (William) History of British Fishes. 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. Van Voorst, 1835-6. 2nd edit. 2 vols, 8vo, 1841.

Copies were printed on royal 8vo and imperial 8vo. A supplement to the first edition was published in 1839.

YARRELL (William) on the Growth of the Salmon in fresh water. Folio, Lond. Van Voorst, 1839.

YOUNG ANGLER'S ASSISTANT ; or, a New and Complete Treatise on the Art of Angling. 32mo, Lond. Mason, 1813.

YOUNG ANGLER'S COMPANION ; containing the Whole Art, &c. 1682. A reprint of Gilbert varying the title, and has added "how to Fox Fish," to fill what was a blank page in the preceding editions.

YOUNG ANGLER'S COMPANION ; illustrated with fifty engravings 12mo, Lond. March, *n. d.* (A Sixpenny Pamphlet.)

YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S MISCELLANY in Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Angling, &c. 12mo, 1826.

YOUNG (The) ANGLER'S INSTRUCTOR. 18mo, 1840.

YOUNG ANGLER'S GUIDE in Fly-Fishing, Bottom-Fishing, Trolling, &c. 8vo. 1839.

YOUNG (Andrew) Natural History and Habits of the Salmon. 18mo, Lond. Orr, 1848—fcp. 8vo, Lond. Longman, 1854.

YOUNG (Andrew). *See* Book of the Salmon.

YOUNGER (William) RIVER ANGLING for Salmon and Trout in the Tweed and its Tributaries. 12mo, Edinb. Blackwood, 1840.





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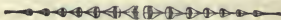
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